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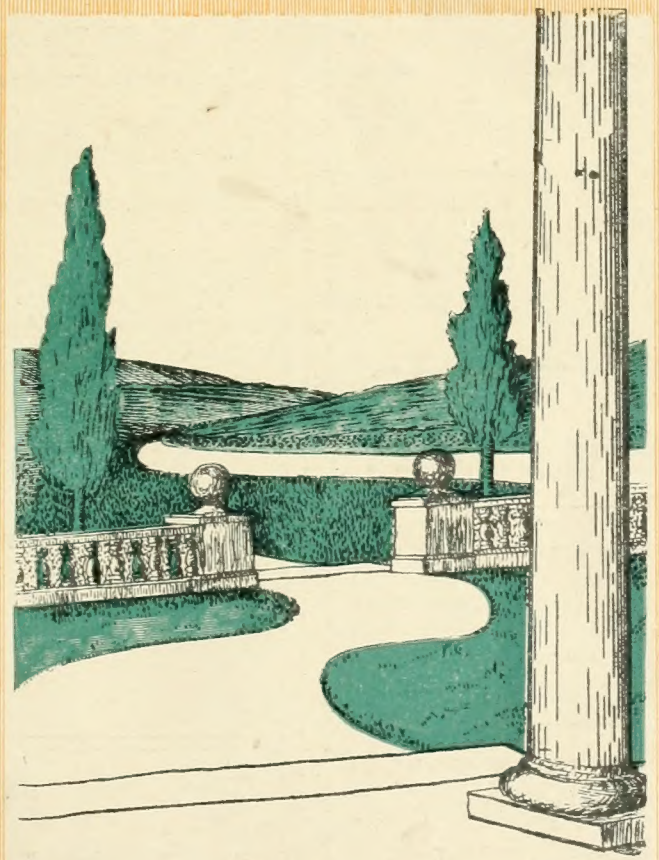

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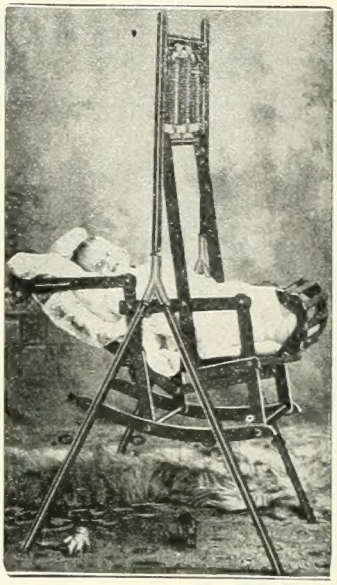

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THE
NATIONAL MONTHLY
OF CANADA

VOL. II TORONTO, JANUARY, 1903 No. 1

CURRENT COMMENTS

LIFE IN THE FOOTHILLS MAKES KEEN, LITHE MEN

TERRITORY AROUND CALGARY CAPABLE OF PRODUCING HORSES TO MOUNT THE EMPIRE'S ARMIES AND BEEF TO FEED HER MILLIONS —EDMONTON THE MAGNET WHICH DRAWS GREATEST AT PRESENT.

I want a free life and sweet fresh air ;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The cracks of the whips like shots in a battle,
The mellay of horn and hoof and head,
That war and wrangle and scatter and spread ;
Give me the green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger and life and love.

THIS is the song of the rancher, and a wild, free melody it is, as wild and free as the life he leads amid the foothills of the Rockies, or eastward along the prairies. Mining means gold, farming means wheat, but ranching means men, real men every time. It is an industry that produces a distinctive type of westerner, a man keen of eye, lithe of limb, and fearing neither man, devil, nor woman. Take a thousand Albertan ranchers, form them into a regiment under their own officers, and you would have a cavalry corps that would make the crack regiments of Europe look silly; Life Guards, Kaiser's Guards, and the Cossacks of the Czar would be as butterflies before a hawk to these cool, hard, fearless sons of the plain. They wear no plumes, brass buttons, or patent leather boots, but they breathe an air that fills a man with health and pluck, and they live a life that's a man's game and takes a man to play it, and makes him perfectly self-reliant and self-contained in the playing. Finally, they're gods among horsemen, and the best of good fellows. Such are the ranchers, and of such is the territory of Alberta.

LEARN HAPPINESS OF HEALTH.

There are millions of acres of prairie lands in this territory covered all the year around with nutritive grass and capable of raising beef enough to feed the empire and horses enough to mount its armies. No place has a sunnier or a more exhilarating climate. It is kept mild in winter by the Chinook winds from the Rockies, and in summer it is kept cool by the breezes that come over the eternal snow of the mountains out to the east. The number of people who come to this territory seeking recovery from lung and throat trouble is amazing, and its an amazing compliment to the climate to find that a large number do recover, and learn what the happiness of health really means.

There is an optimism in the air out here that makes the blood run warm and hopes run high. Once imbued with the itching spirit of the plains you cannot live anywhere else. An old Scotchman, who has lived for twenty years and waxed wealthy on his ranch near Calgary, went to Scotland for a visit this summer. He intended to remain a year; he was on his way back to the ranch in ten days after landing, and was not happy an hour until he caught sight of the familiar Rockies again. You cannot duplicate the climate, the air, the almost illimitable prairie, and the inspiring background of snow-clad steepled mountains that make Alberta so much beloved by all her people. There is a fascination about these Rockies that holds you bound while in their presence and grips your memory as long as memory is yours.

GRANDEUR OF THE ROCKIES.

You see them first when about one hundred miles to the east. As you approach, they seem to grow up out of the earth, until they loom up into the sky from the north horizon to the south like some huge saw with upturned, jagged, whitened edge cutting into the blue dome of heaven itself. They are ever changing yet immovable. They glisten under the moon, sparkle under the sun, and grow grey and cold and black in the twilight, but they stand the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. This solid immovability has a restful effect upon the happy mortal destined to live within the shadow of the mountains.

Perhaps it is because in these giant hills, the human heart finds at last that unchanging sincerity that is the yearning of all of us.

To come down from the mountains and get right down to facts, Alberta sold last year for export about $2,000,000 worth of beef, to say nothing of sheep, horses, and farm products. The Albertans have the advantage of two great outside markets, one the Motherland, and the other the boundary country of British Columbia. At the present moment there are 300,000 cattle, 125,000 sheep, and 50,000 horses growing fat within the borders of the territory, and there's room for millions more. Trainloads—not carloads—trainloads of fine fat cattle are daily leaving stations on the C.P.R., most of them booked right through to London or Liverpool, a run of 5,000 miles from the Canadian foothills to the dinner table of old John Bull. Better, cleaner beef there cannot be. Prices average $40 per head on the cars, and the ranchers of Alberta are singing or thinking the Doxology all the day long.

HORSE RANCHING.

If the wiseacres who rule, or misrule, the Remount Department of the War Office in London would only establish ranches in Alberta, or better still if they would tell the Albertan horse-breeder exactly what they want, and guarantee to buy at paying prices, the British cavalry would, in a few years, be mounted on animals worthy of the name horses. This climate gives the horse lung power and staying power, the soil and hills suit his feet and strengthen his limbs, he has a hundred thousand square miles to gambol in, with the grass and water always at his nose, and, as he stays out in the open all the year around, he becomes hard as nails and full of spirit. Staying power is the prime essential of a soldier's horse, and your English-bred horse lacks that essential because he is reared in a mild, enervating climate. It takes a rigorous climate to make a stayer in horseflesh. Surely this is one of the obvious lessons of the war. Alberta would produce ideal cavalry mounts, if the home government would only give the territory half a chance. But, if Albertan horses were sent to England, it might perchance be necessary to send Albertan cowboys to mount them. Tommy Atkins looks well in spanking uniform and spurs, but it takes more than

fine clothes to handle a three-year-old fresh from the foothills. Still, that's a compliment to the horse and the country that produces him.

AS TO SHEEP RANCHING.

During recent years, sheep-ranching has become one of the great industries of the territory, and as the animals can stay out and find grass all winter, the sheep has come to stay and multiply. The local and British Columbian demand for mutton is far greater than the supply, and woollen mills near Calgary afford a good market for a great deal of the wool. Calgary has the coal, the water and the wool, and why should not Albertan woollens become as famous as any other goods? There is none of your Mary's little lamb gentleness about these flocks that scamper on the foothills. They are literally a wild and woolly lot, but they make good mutton and grow good wool, and what more can any sheep do?

THE DELIGHTFUL CAPITAL.

Calgary, the capital city of Alberta, is now a delightful town of 6,000 people, and promises to be the Winnipeg of the territories. It has a much more beautiful situation than Manitoba's capital, and has that which Winnipeg has not, viz., coal. There's a man here who has struck a splendid seam of coal on his land. He can't raise the capital to work it; but anyone who wants coal goes up to the mine, picks out his own load, and pays the owner one half dollar for it. Sounds strange, doesn't it? But it's sadly true; and this is only one of many paystreaks of natural wealth in this wonderful West that await the enterprise of the capitalist.

The city is on a plain, surrounded by a circle of hills, that give a cosy, comfortable effect to the situation. An old Indian legend says that the present site was once a great lake, and this is probably true. The cold, green Bow River, fresh from its Rocky Mountain source, comes rushing at the back of the city, and furnishes water-power for mills and lighting.

The C. P. R. engine shops yield a payroll of $12,000 per month to the city. Two big saw mills, one of the largest of saddlery companies, two cold storage firms, and a go-ahead milling company, give earnest of a great industrial future for this fine town. The Calgary stone is used in the principal buildings between Winnipeg and Victoria. It is the distributing point for farm produce, going either west or east, and always has a good market. Just at present Edmonton draws the crowds, as the boom is going strong in that town; but next to Winnipeg, no place in the West appeals to one like Calgary. It's a well laid out, clean, healthy, up-to-date city, with a substantial present and a splendid future. Here follows a quotation from a witty scribe of the local press: "Given a well-mannered man, of good humor, brains and money enough to set 'em up once in a while, there is no reason why he should not rise on these stepping-stones to higher things, live to a happy old age, an honored and respected citizen of this town. Gall alone will not carry a man over the stile in the West, because every one else has lots of it!" Who could fail in Calgary?

MAGNET OF THE WEST.

These are great days for Edmonton. It is the magnet of the West at present, and people of all kinds are changing cars at Calgary and going north to Edmonton. It is said here that the Canada Northern will run from Battleford to Edmonton, and not south of it as originally surveyed. Thence through the mountains to the Pacific Coast. This certainly seems the logical route, and if carried out means the further making of Edmonton, already pretty well made. It is the magnificent wheat land round about this boom town that justifies its boom. Angus Mackay, of Indian Head Experimental Farm, who knows more about wheat than Moses

knew about manna, puts it on record that the natural home of the Manitoba No. 1 hard is in the Peace River country north of Edmonton. Here, he claims, the soil and climate is just exactly right for producing this best of wheat. Although several degrees north of Winnipeg, the temperature never falls as low as at Winnipeg, for instance. In fact, there is a strip from one hundred to two hundred miles wide, lying under the lee of the Rockies, that has the best climate in Canada.—*The Toronto World.*

Canada's Growing Dairy Trade

AS the North-West is the part of Canada to which the eyes of nearly all outside observers are turned, progress in other parts of the country is likely to escape attention. Ontario and Quebec have as many claims to notice on the score of increased agricultural production as have Manitoba and the Territories. While the West is annually increasing its crop of wheat, the East is adding to its output of dairy products. In the last fiscal year the value of Canada's exports of dairy products exceeded the value of her wheat and flour exports. Her wheat and flour sales abroad amounted to $22,656,942, while her sales of dairy products in other countries amounted to $25,346,632. Probably not many people are aware that the country received more for its exports of butter and cheese than for its exports of wheat and wheat flour.

LAST SEASON'S EXPORTS.

In the season of navigation that has just come to a close Canada exported, via Montreal, 2,109,171 boxes of cheese, valued at $18,455,246, as against 1,791,613 boxes, valued at $13,168,355; in the season of 1901. This increase of upwards of $5,000,000 in the cheese trade done through the chief shipping port is a very notable one. When the whole twelvemonth's trade through all the ports is ascertained, it will be found to be considerably more than the above figures show. In the season of 1900 there were exported via Montreal 2,077,000 boxes, valued at $17,077,500. This was the largest cheese trade in point of value ever done through that port before the present year. In 1897 a larger trade in point of volume was transacted. In that year 2,102,985 boxes were shipped from Montreal, but the price being low, the total value was only $14,720,000. As usual, of course, almost the total quantity exported this year went to the United Kingdom where 60 per cent. of the cheese imported is of Canadian make. Competition is waning instead of gaining against Canada. The United States, which once had the lion's share of the British import market for cheese, can no longer be dignified with the name of rival. That country's cheese exports are steadily dwindling. There was a time when the term "American," as applied to cheese in Britain, completely eclipsed the Canadian name. It was impossible to get the British people to speak of Canadian cheese, no matter what its merit. Our product was obscured under the blanket appellation "American." But for the last dozen years or more the Canadian signboard has been elevated above the American. So far from care having to be taken to prevent Canada's offerings being lost in the mass of the United States offerings, precautions have for some time been necessary to prevent American cheese being smuggled into Britain as Canadian. Our reputation for cheese-making has become so famous that American makers have more than once tried to palm their cheese off as Canadian.

BUTTER TRADE.

An export trade which has been slower in the building up is that of butter. At the outset, before Canada had become a great cheese producer, a very promising business in Canadian butter was developed on the British market. In those

days scientific methods of butter-making were unknown. The creamery had not come into use, and cold storage systems were a thing of the future. We could not land butter in the Mother Country in a state so saleable as that in which the Danish makers supplied it. We were not able to hold the ground we gained, and the exportation of Canadian butter fell off to almost nothing. With modern methods of manufacture, with equipment for preserving the butter in transit, and with consequently more steadiness and uniformity in the supply, Canadian butter has of late rapidly recovered its old place in the United Kingdom, and the sale of it there shows gratifying increase. Our shipments via Montreal this season exceeded in value those of last season by nearly $2,000,000. But there is still room for a mighty expansion of our butter trade in the Mother Country. We supply an insignificant proportion of the 386,000,000 pounds she imports, our exports to the United Kingdom in the last fiscal year being but 26,846,205 pounds.

CATTLE RAISING.

Of course the growth of our dairy production involved the increase of our herds of cattle. Of the million of calves from our milch cows, a large proportion was not necessary for the keeping up of the dairy industry. These could be slaughtered for their veal or reared into beeves. The latter course has of late been found far the more profitable. High prices have been obtainable for butchers' cattle, and the returns from this source have beeen growing. Last fiscal year they amounted to more than ten and a half million dollars. They would not have been nearly so large had our dairy industry been of less magnitude. Thus the expansion of the dairy industry has brought about other changes, of which the raising of beef cattle is the most immediate. The feeding of milch cows and beeves necessitated alterations in farming conditions. A large acreage had to be given to grass, and by that change the land benefited, deriving both rest and fertilization from it. More than that, the production of barley, for which Ontario soil is peculiarly suited, was rendered profitable once more, as barley is one of the best feeding grains.

A UNITED STATES MARKET.

Among the changes which time has brought about, one is the practical elimination of United States competition in the over-sea dairy trade. From large exporters of butter and cheese our neighbors seem likely to become large importers. The tremendous home demand across the line has provided a market for the greater part of the butter and cheese produced there this year, and some shipments have been made from Canada to American points. Just when the surplus production of the United States is declining to the vanishing point, and is becoming in fact a negative quantity, the capacities of production here are being brought more and more into activity. Consequently our dairy trade is likely to increase henceforth by greater leaps and bounds than those by which it has reached its present volume.—*The Mail and Empire.*

Our Western Influx

CANADA can afford to view with a good deal of satisfaction, and without any apprehension whatever, the influx of settlers into our great West from the States to the south. It is a natural migration, and one which will grow to yet larger dimensions. The influences that tend to bring it about are influences that have served to draw population to the Western States. First of all, there is the cheapness and fertility of the land. In the Middle States the farmer works land that represents an investment of from $50 to $100 an acre. He looks westward and he sees, as a Chicago paper has pointed out, farms that are quite as good, if not better,

offered for $25 an acre. That means that with the same capital, and probably with less labor proportionately, because the soil is better, the Western farmer may work from double to four times the area, or he may operate the same area with a greatly reduced capital. For this reason he moves westward, and for precisely the same reason Canada draws agriculturists from the States. They see that land is cheap, that the yield is quite as large, and on an average much larger, than that of Dakota or Minnesota, and they realize that it is good business to become Canadian farmers. The exodus is not the result of evercrowding, for the Republic has millions of acres of land still unoccupied. It is caused by the land values being so much higher in the United States than in Canada. In course of time this will probably equalize itself in some measure, for the sale of farm property in the United States will depress values, while the growing demand in Canada will serve to increase values. But long before that takes place Western Canada will have attracted a great population, not only from the United States, but also from Eastern Canada and from Europe. Of course this movement could not have taken place if we had not previously shown our faith in the country by giving it railway connection with the East. Without that the country would lack a market, and the farmers would be unable to dispose of their crops. This railway progress must go on, for it is the pioneer of settlement. One of the evils that we must guard against, however, is the monopolization of land by great corporations, which will raise the prices above the level that is so attractive to immigrants. This would retard settlement, and, in fact, kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Our Western influx should be the subject of careful study, in order that its inspiration may be well understoood and preserved. We have for many years been preparing the way for this movement, and must be alert to take full advantage of our investments and of our enterprise. —*The Mail and Empire.*

Canadian Rails for Canadian Subsidized Railways

THE announcement that the Clergue concern at Sault Ste. Marie has stopped its rolling mill for want of orders is discussed in our news columns. The World regrets very much that a single rail for Canadian railways should be imported either from the United States or Europe. Years ago The World advocated such a prohibitory tariff on rails as would have resulted in the establishment of half a dozen steel rolling mills of the first class. Canada, as a Dominion, and the various provinces, are to-day voting immense subsidies to various railways. To our mind, one of the specified conditions in all this voting of subsidies ought to be that the rails to be used shall be Canadian rails, made of Canadian iron. It is not too late yet to have that policy go into force, and the responsibility must rest with the powers at Ottawa for neglecting to adopt such a measure for the welfare of the country. We have the ore, we have all the facilities for smelting it, we have the water power and sites for smelters, we have the transportation facilities, and we are in just as good position to make steel rails in Canada as they are in the United States. It is not so very long ago that it was said in the United States that the steel rail industry could not be built up there; but high protection has put that country in a position where she can beat the world in the production of steel rails, or, as a matter of fact, in the production of iron of any kind. If the United States to-day is raiding the foreign market for rails it is because of the home market that protection gave them to start with. The duty on steel rails will certainly have to be considered by the Liberal party when it meets in February next to decide on the tariff revision which the Globe promises is then to be taken up.—*The Toronto World.*

Awakening of Canada as One Yankee Sees It

BRANCH BANKING CONCERNS BEHIND ALL MANNER OF DEVELOPMENT ENTERPRISES

THEODORE M. KNAPPEN, staff correspondent of The Journal, writing from Toronto, says: In Winnipeg a few days ago I met a Scotchman who remarked that he liked the Canadians better than the Americans because they could talk about something besides money and money-making. "I have been all through the United States," he said, "and everywhere I went they were talking about making $550,000, and would not under any circumstances discount it more than 20 per cent."

That Scotchman will not much longer have any cause for preferring the Canadians. They, too are rapidly getting to the point where they don't talk anything else but money. Like the Americans, they will leave such insignificant affairs as have not a financial bearing to the women's clubs. The fact is that the Canadian, pretty well Americanized already in everything except political relations, is now becoming quite as keen and eager and quite as relentless in the pursuit of the dollar as the American. The Canadians always were a successful business people in a calm and substantial way, and it needed only a little more alertness and a little more concentration on the main chance to put them on a basis of equality with the Americans in the great twentieth century sport of making more millions than your neighbor.

MONEY FEVER.

Clergue ,of the "Soo," the Dominion Iron and Steel Company at Sydney, C.B., the second discovery of the argricultural regions of the Canadian Northwest, the Klondike's revelations of wealth, the inrush of American capital, have all combined to give the Canadian the fever of wealth-getting. And so to-day, in hotel lobbies and on trains from one end of Canada to the other, the talk is all of investments, of combinations, of new companies, of franchises, of subsidies, of higher tariffs, of new railroads, with their new opportunities. Toronto is said to be, in proportion to population, the greatest stock-gambling city on the continent.

The Canadians are now thoroughly awake to the possibilities of their country, and eager to develop its resources. The same abundant prosperity that the United States has had these four years past permeates Canada—on a lesser scale, of course, as becomes a smaller country, but, possibly, on a more substantial basis. In consequence, Canadian capital has accumulated until the bank deposits to-day exceed $500,000,000.

AVAILABLE FOR BUSINESS.

The Canadian banks have entered with zeal and rather more boldness than they formerly evinced into the spirit of the new era, and have made practically the whole of that $500,000,000 available for business, whether in the form of old and assured undertakings or those of a newer and somewhat less certain nature. These great branch bank systems, with their agencies all over the Dominion and elsewhere, are in a splendid position to feel the new impulse of national development in whatever section it may show itself, and to distribute credits for its assistance and encouragement. Any undertaking that can enlist the co-operation of one of these powerful, argus-eyed banks is bound to succeed, if it has any merit, because the bank at once takes a fatherly interest in it, and cannot afford to see it fail for lack of funds. The system is also particularly adapted to the promotion of large business enterprises. It is able to put at the service of any large patron that it serves the resources gathered from far and wide.

Hence, no one need be surprised to see Canada become within a short time a more trust-ridden country, and, in propor-

LOOK OUT FOR TRUSTS.

tion to its size, a more industrially and commercially consolidated country than even the United States at the present time. The bankers cannot fail to see the analogy between their own large institutions and the large commercial and industrial schemes that come to them asking for help.

Another important fact to be borne in mind in this connection is that subsidies and government assistance in other forms for almost any promising enterprise of large proportions are the order of the day in Canada. This is not surprising when the situation is studied closely. As a nation, or colony, or whatever you please, Canada is not yet of much consequence among the nations, however great its possibilities may be. After all, it has only a little more than 5,000,000 people and its total revenues are not so large as those of Greater New York alone. At the same time the country is far better developed than was the United States when it had only 5,000,000 people, as, of course, would be the case with any nation of 5,000,000 at the beginning of the twentieth century, be the case with any nation of 5,000,000 at at the beginning of the nineteenth century, before the age of steam and electricity and invention.

GOVERNMENT PRESSED.

Consequently the Canadian Government, small as it is comparatively, is beset by pressure for special privileges, subsidies, high tariffs, concessions, etc., such as the American Government did not have to meet when it represented four times as many people as Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government does. It would be extraordinary, therefore, if Canada should not turn out to be the home par excellence of monopoly and special privilege. Remember, too, that with so much of the rest of the North American continent pretty well occupied and developed, Canada has great natural resources almost untouched, and that a considerable part of the surplus capital of a nation of 80,000,000 people is competing with or uniting with home capital to exploit these virgin fields, and you begin to have a good idea of the situation in Canada. Conditions, then, are ripe for capital and the capitalistic point of view to dominate Canada in the near future, remembering always that self-interest and a very definite purpose will see to it that the capitalistic point of view is continually kept before the public and the government as the view of the whole country.

PRESENT SITUATION.

This, then, is the present situation in Canada. The whole country is becoming infected with the modern commercial spirit that has found its highest expression in the United States. The government is the government of only 5,000,000 people. The development of the commercial and industrial organization of the country is already far advanced. The people are not well organized politically, and have not for many years given a mandate that means anything. The country is full of shrewd men with their eyes intent upon the wealth-giving possibilities of the country's resources. It is overrun with other shrewd men from the United States with the same intention. What will be the result? We may see later.—*The Toronto World.*

Will Make Millions—Sale of Niagara Power

THE development of electrical power from Niagara Falls is described by Harlan W. Brush, United States Consul at Niagara Falls, Ont., in a consular report to the State Department. Mr. Brush says:

"The most important development of the year in this consular district is the enlarged production of electric power at Niagara Falls. This has been in use at Niagara Falls, N.Y., for several years

past, and the demand for this cheap and constant power has been so urgent that it has been impossible for the power company to keep pace with it. The original development of 50,000 horse-power at Niagara Falls, N.Y., was utilized some time ago, and the company has been working night and day to double the capacity of the plant, the tunnel providing for a discharge of water that would develop 100,000 horse-power. The second shaft has been completed, the machinery has been installed, and within a few months the full capacity of the Niagara Falls, N. Y., plant will be at the service of the Niagara frontier.

WORK ON CANADIAN SIDE.

"Realizing that the plant on the New York side of the cataract would only suffice for a short period, the power company commenced operations on the Canadian side of the river in August of last year. The work has been pushed rapidly, and it is expected that by next August 50,000 horse-power will be available. Already the demand is so great that last week the power company let a contract for extending the wheel pit at once, so as to develop 110,000 horse-power, instead of the 50,000 horse-power first contemplated. The two companies are practically identical as to stockholders, the Canadian company being officially designated as the Canadian Niagara Power Company.

"A radical departure from the installation on the New York side of the river is the utilization of dynamos of 10,000 horse-power each instead of the 5,000 units that were installed in the original power-house. The 5,000 horse-power dynamos were such mammoth experiments that it was feared they would prove impracticable, but now they are to be succeeded by dynamos of twice their capacity. Quite a marked saving is effected in the construction of a 10,000 horse-power dynamo over two of 5,000 each.

AN ASSURED SUCCESS.

"The fact that cheap Niagara power is going to do all that was claimed for it in the way of attracting industrial concerns to the Niagara frontier is being so thoroughly demonstrated that a second company—the Ontario Power Company—has secured rights from the Canadian Government. The development of its plant commenced last April, and 50,000 horse-power will be the initial product, but this will be increased to 150,000 horse-power. Instead of being carried in an underground tunnel, the water is directed into flumes, carried to the brink of the Niagara gorge and then dropped into the river through penstocks, which develop the power.

"These two companies are backed almost exclusively by United States capital. A third company, which claims to be wholly Canadian, has applied to the Government for the privilege of developing 100,000 horse-power near the two plants now under construction. A full hearing of all the parties interested was given by the Government on Friday, December 19, at Toronto, and a decision will be announced shortly. As special stress is laid on the fact that a Canadian company should have preferential rights, it is believed that the petition will be granted. The Canadian Government exacts in all cases that 50 per cent. of the power developed must be provided to Canadian consumers, if called for, the balance will be exported to the United States.

ENORMOUS REVENUES.

"While millions of dollars are being expended in developing these various power plants the revenue will be enormous. Comparatively little labor is required once the energy of Niagara is under control. When the 350,000 horse-power now in process of development is placed on the market, the gross income of the power companies will be in the neighborhood of

$7,000,000 per year. This is figuring the price at $20 per horse-power per year, which is somewhat lower than the present average rate. As this provides constant power every day of the year, twenty-four hours every day, with thorough cleanliness, little fire or accident insurance, no expensive equipment for generating steam, with its heavy annual wear and tear, no engineers or firemen—simply the turning of a lever—it is seen that for many lines of industry Niagara electric power presents remarkable inducements.

PROSPEROUS FRONTIER.

"The industrial growth of the Niagara frontier in the past few years has been marvellous. It is prophesied that within ten years 1,000,000 horse-power will be in course of development. Up to the present time, the effect on the volume of water passing over the falls is not noticeable, even with the most careful measurements. A short time since, for the purpose of inspection, all the water was shut off from power development for a number of hours. Competent men were stationed at different points on the river and at the brink of the falls to measure the difference in the river level when the water producing 100,000 horse-power was cut off. The men were unanimous in their reports that they could not detect the slightest variation. A heavy wind blowing up or down Lake Erie will raise or lower the Niagara River several feet, but only those who are well acquainted with it will notice any special difference in the discharge at the cataract. The main change is in the middle channel of the river and is principally shown in the rate of discharge, rather than in the raising or lowering of the river."—*The Toronto World.*

Canada Appreciated

AT last week's United States Reciprocity League Convention at Detroit, Mr. E. N. Foss, a foremost Bostonian, made the remark that the farmers of the Dominion of Canada would soon be absolute masters of the British markets.

And Mr. Foss was followed by Hon. John Lind, ex-Governor of Minnesota, who observed that "Canada is fast becoming the granary of most of the Old World, and will have some day to feed America, too."

That Canada's possibilities are beginning to be appreciated by at least some of our cousins across the line is evident, and we believe that ere long the civilized world will awake to the vast natural wealth latent within our borders.—*The Toronto World.*

THE UTILISATION OF NATURAL RESOURCES.

AVAILABLE STORES OF MATERIAL IN TIMBER, COAL, OIL, AND PEAT, AND OF POWER IN FALLING WATER.

(Abstract from Presidential Address by M. J. Carl Hambleton to the Institution of Civil Engineers.)

IN many parts of the world wood is extensively used for fuel, and unlike coal, it may be made a fuel which is self perpetuating.

It is true that the great virgin forests of the tropics are not now available for lack of proper transport facilities, but it must not be forgotten that these regions may and doubtless will yet become the dwelling places of civilized and industrial nations, capable and desirous of utilising these stores of Nature's resources.

At the present time, however, the cost of coal, in most countries, is the important element in the cost of iron and of power. Notwithstanding the great advance in mining processes, tending to lessen the cost of production, the price of coal is more likely to rise than fall in the years to come. At the same time there are supplies in other parts of the world to be considered.

Many thousands of million tons still remain of the world's store of coal. China has an enormous supply as yet almost untouched. In one province alone, that of Shan-si, it is said, there is coal equal to our present yearly output for 3,000 years. There is coal to meet the world's requirements for many years to come. Even if this were not so, the world is no longer so dependent on fuel now that we are again calling on falling water to aid us in our work, as it was when our forefathers first tried to apply the forces of Nature to the use of man.

We cannot estimate the total power which the water falling on the earth's surface would produce in its descent to the sea; but we can form some idea of the limits within which it would lie. Assume a depth of 10 in. of rainfall to flow off each square mile of land surface, the mean height of which may be taken as 2,250 ft. above sea-level. Then water from the whole surface falling through the mean height would give 10,340 million horse-power in perpetuity. Our present yearly output of 225 million tons of coal would only give that amount of horse-power for little over half a day.

It is estimated that 263,000 horse-power could be supplied by the larger rivers of Norway south of Trondhjem without regulation; by regulation the power would probably be quadrupled.

Africa with its four great rivers and notable waterfalls, has a vast amount of water power in store for the future. Notwithstanding the requirements for irrigation, some water should be available for power at Assouan. Above the first cataract are six more, and further south are the Murchison Falls, where the Nile descends 700 feet in from 10 to 15 miles. On the Zambesi there is the Victoria Fall, which will soon be accessible by rail. Its height is 420 feet, more than two and a half times that of Niagara. At Stanley Pool, on the Congo, Stanley estimates the discharge when the river is lowest at 1,436,850 cubic feet a second—more than four times the maximum discharge at Niagara.

The world has yet another supply of fuel in mineral oil, which, being liquid, is one stage in advance towards combustion. It has many obvious advantages as regards cost, economy of space and handling,

etc., especially for steamships, as was shown by Sir William White in his address at Dover, in 1899, saving stokehold staff and weight, which, for an equal evaporation, was put, he said, as low as 30 per cent. of the corresponding weight of coal. It is used exclusively on the river fleet of steamers on the Volga, and, to some extent by the Russian, German, and Italian navies. On the South Caspian Railway, 1,600 miles in length, no other fuel is used. In the United States the South Pacific Railway has 300 engines fitted to burn oil, and its use on railways in America is extending. In this country, the Great Eastern was the first railway to burn oil fuel on a large scale, and others of our railways are following the example of the Great Eastern. New sources of oil supply are continually being discovered, but the uncertainty of supply is the difficulty in the way of its being adopted on a larger scale for steamships, for which it affords such obvious advantages.

There is another reserve of fuel in the world in the form of peat. The most productive area for it is the North of Germany and the adjoining parts of Denmark and Holland. In Friesland there are bogs 1,500 square miles in extent, and Germany has more fuel in peat than in coal. A square mile of bog 10 ft. deep contains peat equal in heating power to over 300,000 tons of coal. Ireland has a million acres of large bogs from 10 ft. to 30 ft. deep. The bog of Allan alone has an area of 372 square miles, with an average depth of 25 ft. In Sweden, where peat is more largely used than in other countries, a Crown peat engineer has been appointed. It is estimated that the bogs would yield an equivalent of 3,000 million tons of coal. In Central Sweden as much as one million tons of peat are prepared annually, mostly for metallurgical purposes. For years it has been used in Martin steel and glass furnaces. In Finland, Russia, and Germany locomotive boilers are fired with it. It is now proposed to use peat fuel for electric power stations in Germany. It has been manufactured for fuel for many years, and much ingenuity has been displayed in devising machines for preparing peat fuel. In Germany peat pulp has been treated like paper pulp, being delivered in thin sheets on rollers to drying cylinders. Briquettes made in this way have not much less heating power than coal.

THE LEVELING OF HODGSON'S SUMMER ISLAND

A ST. LAWRENCE RIVER STORY

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

I HAD to go down the River to Captain Clamp's some day about the end of the week, anyway, to pick up my canoe. The cow that had used it as a landing-stage at Pleasure Island the Saturday before, had punched two neat souvenir foot-prints through the egg-shell cedar, and I had towed it across to the old skiff-builder's for repairs. When I heard of the Hodgson affair, I went for it that same evening.

Captain Joshua seemed to know all about it. And with him, sitting amid the work-bench shavings, like Job among his ashes, was the afflicted McKeown himself. The whole matter was being laid before me within the first five minutes.

"You see," explained the ancient constructor of pleasure-craft, "this here Hodgson was mean as a double-warped plank, right from the beginnin'. Ever sence they put up the hotel, and this part of the River begun to be turned into a summer place, the City crowd him and his wife belongs to,—their *set,* I reckon you'd call it,—has been pickin' up the islands hereabouts right and left. And Hodgson's wife and his two girls were at him from the start-off to get one, too. If he was mean, they were the everlastin', naggin' kind,—which, I reckon, is a way Providence has of evenin' things up.

"But, as far as that goes, Hodgson wanted to get an island and make a splurge with the rest, *himself.* Only he was the sort that wants to make their splurge *cheap.* And he knowed that old Fields, over there on the Point, owned them 'Three Sisters'; and bein' land-poor, and gettin' poorer all the time, he ought to starve down to a good bargain, if only the man with the money held back long enough. So while Hodgson was out here about once a week lookin' hankerin' round, he couldn't get himself, nor his women couldn't drive him, to take anything offered in the *reg'lar* market. And he stood that home ding-dangin' for *one, two,* and *three* summers, just waitin' for poor Fields to get to the bottom of his meal-barr'l!

"And so it come that by this Spring, the 'Three Sisters' was the only islands not picked up. Then one mornin' about a month ago, he learned that Fields had parted with the two biggest. He was down here boilin', by the next train, and you'd 'a' thought by his talk and actions that the old feller had worked a reg'lar *do* on him.—Well, the only island left now was that little loaf-shaped half-acre, fringed about with dwarf ma'sh-grass like a tired-out growth of Galway whiskers. But it was a case of 'Hodgson's choice,' so to speak, and he had to have it. So he jewed Fields down to rock-bottom, and took it right there.

"But that island was rock-bottomed, too. And what's more, it was rock-topped, with a gambrel roof of fine old Laurentian onto it as well. And it would have to be levelled off before he could do anything with it at all. So he commenced castin' 'round to see how he could jew somebody on the levellin'. Well, just as it happened, he met up with Mr. McKeown here, who looks after the explosives for the Channel Deepenin' Company down yander at the Cut. And as soon as Mr. McKeown saw he wanted some

blastin' done cheap, he saw in it *his* opportunity, too; for he'd been havin' trouble storin' his dynamite."

McKeown interrupted cankerously,—"'*Trouble!*' I sh'd think I *had* had trouble! I've been made to feel as if I was no more'n a darnation anarchist, ever since I took hold of the job! No man knows how fool hostile people can be, till you get near them with a few boxes of *kieselguhr* and nitroglycerine. You see, we don't need, and can't use, more'n two hundred weight or so at a time down there at the borin's; and I had the bulk of it on a shedded-over scow, anchored up here among the 'Islands.' But every new campin' crowd that'd come in would seem to steer straight for it first time they was out rowin'; and o' course, they had to pull in and climb aboard to see what it was. And then when they'd read the card on the shed door they'd fall over theirselves to get into their boat again, and come raisin' all sorts of a howl and a holler to the boss because we had no sign out;—and generally they'd write to the papers about it as well!

"Then when we done our best to set that to rights and painted shed and scow pea-green, with '*Dynamite*' across it in white so big you could read it from the trolleys on this side of the River, the hotel people opened up on me hotter'n old-style Gehenna for scarin' off trade!—I as't them, as between man and man, what they'd do with it if they was me. But they said 'when they wanted to guess conundrums they could get five dollars apiece for them from the Sunday Supplements,—but if I'd take that dynamite up with me in a balloon, that ought to solve it all right,—so long as I didn't come down again,'—and a lot more darn-fool stuff like that!

"And there you are. It looked as if, in the end, I'd have to bring it back down stream to where the boys was camped and workin'. And I tell you I didn't feel right to do that, for it would 'a' been askin' them to run risks, now, and that's a fact!—So there's how I come to let this dad-fetched Hodgson hitch onto me.—" The custodian of explosives choked, and went out on the landing to cool himself. "Yes," said Captain Joshua,—"that's the way he was fixed. And Hodgson come to him insinuatin' and soft-solderin' about 'what wonderful skilful work they was doin' with dynamite now-a-days; and how he supposed it'd be no more trouble for him to table off the top of that island of his than as if it'd been so much chalk; and how, as they was doin' so much blastin', a little extry oughtn't to cost much,—if only McKeown knowed his own interests, and chose to do the right thing for him.'

"*Well,* McKeown took him up straightaway! 'They'd only be needin' the explosive for another month or six weeks longer, and they'd be almost certain to have some of it left over, and if Hodgson'd let him house it on his island till he was ready to go ahead and level'—he thought—'yes, he could pretty nigh *guarantee,* that they could do his job for nothin'.—And as for hisself, that'd square *him,* too.'

"And Hodgson agreed quick enough, *you* bet! Then, feelin' considerable chirped up over his bargain after all, he went home and told his wife and girls he'd been able to get them their island at last,—and he'd made arrangements to get it levelled and put in shape while he was at it. 'Only, as it was to be a kind of surprise for them, he didn't want them to go down and see it till all was ready.' Y' see, he didn't feel by any means certain how they'd take that nubbin' o' rock, especially as it looked *then,*—and he was bound to stave off the improvin' for the five or six weeks that'd let him get it done for nothin'.

"I suppose he worked harder holdin' back them women than as if he'd come down here every other day and flatted out his blessed island with a stone hammer. And the more he made a mystery of it,

and kept throwin' off vague, glitterin' hints of the improvements that were goin' forward on it, the more they just gnawed their fingers and wanted to know! . . . Then, after a month of that, comes yesterday, so blisterin' hot that no sane person would stay in the City that could get out of it.—Hodgson didn't go home for dinner at all, but got it down-town and then came straight on down the River. And Mrs. Hodgson and the girls, once they saw he wasn't comin' home, all of a sudden decided they'd just put in that afternoon the way they'd been eetchin' to for weeks past, and have a look at that Garden-of-Eden island of theirs!—'How'd I know all that?'—Because, before they went back again that day, the whole family of them stood jawin' for a good half hour on the landin' there. And there wan't much that didn't come out in that half hour, now you can be sure of that!

"Well, as usual there was a tie-up on the Shore Line, and when they got transferred at last, they all got on the same trolley. But in the rush, they didn't know it at the time; for they'd got off on opposite sides, and Hodgson'd taken the back platform to finish his smoke. So they only met when they arrived here at the Bay. . . . .

"It must a' been touched off by them young eediots with the target rifle.—But whatever it was, that explosion was our Mount Peely and Charleston earthquake, all in one! I know, to me, a mile across the Bay from it, it was like as if that whole twenty-two hundred of dynamite was an-under my varnishin' shed! And the wave from it come in here right up to that strippin'!

"The Hodgsons were a good hour the other side of Pleasure Island when it went off, but it jolted their car like a ton of rock on the track. And, when they reached here, if they hadn't got out at the curve and come straight across the meadow to my place,—they wouldn't have had to wait for Mr. McKeown to inform them as to where the trouble'd occurred. Then again, though, they'd have missed havin' it broke to them tactful and diplomatic.—But he'll tell you how he done it himself."

McKeown had come in again, and the night air had seemingly been no cooling balm to him.—"I tell you, now, I *didn't* try to be 'diplomatic.' I only wanted as between man and man, to sort of let him down to it easy. And I'd no particular call to go rowin' across over there with him and his women, neither; for I'd just come back from it, and I knowed what it looked like too mighty well!—And didn't I have enough to think about myself, too, with a sure prospect of dancin' on the carpet before the superintendent, Monday mornin'? But for all that, I only concerned myself about Hodgson and his people."

"And I take it,"—put in Captain Joshua, getting his second pipeful to the third comfortable puff,—"I take it that you invited me to come along just to kind o' round out that little picnic party?"

"I asked you to come along," replied McKeown, very unamiably,—"because I reckoned that between him, and the old woman, and the two girls, there'd be information wanted and questions bein' asked mebbe more'n I could keep up with by myself."

"There was!" said the Captain: "There cert'nly was!"

McKeown continued to hold an acrimonious eye upon him for some moments longer, and then proceeded. "Well, we got out that sixteen-footer, there, and started across the bay. The older girl was in the stern, holdin' the rudder-lines; then come the old dame, then me an' the Captain and Hodgson,—him facin' to the back, too; and in the bow, squirmed about so as to face frontwards, the youngest girl. I could see from the beginnin' that Hodgson was in an ugly temper. And he would be, naturally, along of meetin' in with his women out here unexpected the way he'd done. And it was plain that

they'd had talk about it, too. He set there a-glarin'; and the women was holdin' their chins fightin' high, but yet not worryin' themselves any too much, you could see that. And we were more than two-thirds the way over there before anybody said a word.

"Then the girl in front sings out: 'Why, *Paw,* you said there was three islands together, and there's only two!'

"He didn't bother to turn 'round. 'Oh, use your eyes, you idiot,' he snarls, —which was no way for a father to talk to his daughter, and shows what kind of a man he was, anyway.

"But the old dame had been cranin' her neck, too. And now she turns on the trouble for fair.—'But there *is* only two!' she says, 'And rully, something awful must have happened to them, Richard, for the trees on them are shredded out all to rags!'

"'Mr. Hodgson,' I says,—and if I said it grave, I tell you honestly now, I *felt* a lot that way,—'Mr. Hodgson, if you'd got here an hour earlier, you wouldn't 'a' been alive to-day,—at least not *now,* anyways.'"

"By this time we'd all twisted ourselves around, the Captain and me to see where we were goin', and Hodgson to get the first view of where the near end of that summer place of his ought to be beginnin' to show.—And such a look to come on a well man's face! —You could fairly see his mouth go dry, and his tongue lickin' about, helpless, inside it; and his jaws swelled purple like a fatted rooster's."

"'*Well,* Richard, *well!*' says Mrs. H., 'What's—the—matter?—Can *you* see three islands now?'—And then, to me: 'What *has* happened out here *anyway,* in *this* world?'

"Well, that seemed to me my chance to give Hodgson a little help out of the hole,—and enlighten him, as well. So I says: 'Well, ma'am, the truth is I've been doin' some levelin' work for Mr. H., and that last blast went mebbe a little loose,—and I don't know, too, but what it's took off just a few inches too much.'

"Now, do you suppose that wind-suckin' old gonough had sense enough to climb into that openin'?—No sir, he just simply busts out like, like,—well, talk about 'blowin off cylinder-heads',—I thought the whole *boiler* was goin' with him! And at that moment we got the whole way 'round the 'Big Sister,' and there right in front of us, laid his island. . . . ."

Captain Joshua respected the pause for a rhetorically effective minute, then he took it up.—"And that island," he deposed, with almost judicial deliberation,— "And that island looked to me like nothin' so much as the pictur' of 'The Crater of a Submerged Volcano' in the old Upper-Canady geography. Only it was forty times raggeder around the edges, and the front of it was open, collar-like. And when we pulled into it, the whole inside was a ten-foot deep pond of lathery yalla water, with dead fish floatin' white side up in all directions!—I reckon mebbe it was that all-surroundin' death that started Mr. McKeown on the 'merciful preservation' tack again.—"

"No it wasn't, neither," fiercely returned the luckless dynamiter, "It was because I had a mighty good right to remind him of his life bein' preserved. But the way he acted,—why the darn', rearin', roarin' fool didn't seem to have no gratitude to the Creator *into* him! I tell you now, it ain't often you feel like remindin' a man of religious things; and when you do, you naturally expect him to slop over a little and show *some* solemn feelin's. But Hodgson—'You blackguard!' he bawls,—'you miserable, sneakin' bunco-steerer! How am I going to get back the rest of it?—I give you free storage room, and you go and leave me like this! But I'll fix you! Before this night's over you'll be lookin' for a new job, be sure of that! And your Company'll pay for it, too, and pay dear!

I'll make you dredge it up again, if I have to take it to the Privy Council! You're a swindler, do you *hear,* do you *hear?'* he bellers;—'You're a dirty, Yankee blackleg!'

"But by this time his women begun to get the lay of the land, or what the lay of the land had been,—and now, as fast as he could throw it into me, they was sawin' it into him!—'It's just like you!' says the oldest girl, openin' up the weeps, —'We might have known that you'd,— you'd find some way to do us out of it at —at the last moment!—You and your improvements!'—

"'And the Hales are moving out this week,' sobs in the other,—'and the McNaughts—Monday,—and the Tinnings, and—and—they'll all be laughing at us— everybody will be,—and—and—'

"'But never you mind, my girls,' interrupts the old woman—'*He*'ll be laughed at, too! *He*'ll hear of it more than we will! Wherever he is, *up*-town or down, he'll hear nothing else *this* summer!—And exactly right it'll serve him, too!—Oh, *he*'ll be laughed at enough, never doubt of that!'

"And *I*,"—came in the Captain,—"*I*'d got a-goin' laughin' already! And to save my body an' soul, I couldn't seem to do anything *but* laugh! I wanted to suggest they take some of them dynamited fish home with them; for most of them were hardly tore up at all, and I tell you a good bass dinner'll make you forget a lot of trouble.—But it wa'n't no use. I had the yoopin' cackles, and I couldn't get out a word. When the old lady had cooled off a little, and was prepared to whet her knife for Hodgson at leesure, she turns to me, one freezin' dignity and says: 'May I ask, sir, if you're quite through with your amusement,—may I ask how long he's allowed this dynamite to, to go on?'

"And I just fetched another snort, and went off worse than ever. I know I'm a ditherin' old eediot, and I've been ashamed of myself ever sence—(he promptly 'fetched another snort' to prove it), but I was just like some second-book sonny that's got the sniggers in school,— and the teacher might 'a' near to flayed the pelt off me before I could 'a' stopped. And if that old girl had reached out *like* a school-ma'am and just batted me one, —and to tell the truth I was kind of half afeared she would, too,—I'd have took it as my just desserts without a word of back talk!—But, dang it all, now, it *was* funny, too,—if only you looked at the gol-danged thing in that kind o' way!"

"Yes!" said McKeown, who plainly did not "look at it in that kind of way" even yet,—"you *set* there, you did, not only helpin' me none, but aggravatin' them every minute a hundred times worse, till I thought they'd all end by blowin' up one after the other like that dynamite itself. A lot of good it done for me to get out my line and plumb the hole, and show the blattin' old yappy that it wasn't no deeper'n a gravel-pit *any*wheres, and that eight or nine scow-fulls of rubble and a few feet of concretin' a-top of it would make it as good as ever. With *your* performance goin' on between us, that idea was like a red rag to him. And when I advised buildin' out his island from behind and thereby givin' him a little harbor-bay in front that there'd be nothin' else to compare with from here to the City,—you blows off as if you'd got a gallon of soda-water down the wrong way,—and he goes clean crazy, *al*together —and at *me,* too!

"And there you are! Now he's swearin' he won't take no rest till he's had me sacked, and collected damages from the Company, and started a gover'ment investigation into the way we're storin' explosives,—and all about that darn', baldheaded gull-roost of channel-rock, that was an obstruction to navigation anyway, and if he'd had any philanthropy into him, he'd have blowed it up himself!"

"The last I see'd of him," said the Captain, and his wrinkled cheeks worked and twisted in feeble reminiscence of it,—

"The last I see'd of him, he was rushin' for the trolley, pretty nigh frothy-mouthed, with the women hangin' to him like his own coat-tails. And you could tell by the way he was fightin' to shake them off that it was like as if they all had their hat-pins out, and every time they could pull up with him, they'd jab it to him, harder than before!

"Howsomever," he added, after a feeling pause, "I reckon he's due to get an island *after* all, for my son William tells me that while they was a standin' waitin' for their car, that real-estate man, Harkness, come over to soothe and comfort him by offerin' him the second biggest of them 'Sisters' for about five times what the little one had cost him.—And before them women got through with him, I should say he was goin' to take it!"

"Yes," said McKeown, biliously,—"But that won't be no recompense for all that good dynamite wasted."

THE MAN WHO DID NOT SWEAR

By BERNARD K. SANDWELL

THERE was no denying that the old man used to swear dreadfully. Otherwise he might have been a pillar of the church; for the one concomitant vice to which he was also addicted—an inordinate love of bullying his family and his employees—is one easily forgiven by a struggling congregation when it occurs in the person of the leading property-owner and manufacturer of the township. But to have admitted John Philp to the deaconate would have been simply to invite scandal, which, in view of the fact that there were three other churches in the town besides that which John Philp favored with his presence and his *sotto voce* profanity, and that all were striving to be more respectable than the rest, would have been equivalent to sectarian suicide. Hence came it that Hezekiah Hotrum, who could not keep absolutely unrumored his discreet periodic celebrations in Detroit, was nevertheless admitted to the coveted degree, while Philp, who swore in season and out of season, at home and abroad, never attained a loftier dignity than the silent task of passing the plate.

He was the only man his daughter knew. Here lay the latent cruelty, and hence developed, in a single act and a single scene, the manifest tragedy of a life that seemed to the envious maidens of the township as though it ought to be absolutely happy and desirable. Helen Philp had beauty, money, and her own way.

When Mr. Roland Patterson, C.E., came over from Toronto to design and erect her father's new beet-sugar mill, she had her "theory of man" all worked out. It was beautifully simple, and admitted of no exceptions, thus resembling most theories elaborated by maidens of seventeen. Man to her was an animal of violent and passionate temper, and domineering will, possessing, it is true, certain natural affections, which, however, could but seldom be reached through the impervious veneer of selfishness around them. He spoke a different language from that of woman, a language which her mother had taught her was vile and sacrilegious, a language which jarred every fibre of her sensitive, emotionally religious nature. If a man could conceal from casual feminine acquaintances the true character of his vocabulary (as her father could if callers did not stay more than fifteen minutes), he was so much the more dangerous and the more to be despised for his duplicity.

The pure voice and the humble heart belonged to-womanhood and the ministry of the gospel alone.

As she could not respect her father, she did not obey him, except when necessary. Mr. Philp's library reflected Mr. Philp's tastes, not to say the tastes of two generations of very similar Mr. Philps before him. It was not expurgated. The girl, although forbidden under terrible penalties to touch them, read every book it contained, and applied to the society of to-day the ideas she gained from licentious and free-spoken novels of the society of the eighteenth century. There was no circulating library in the town, her father took no magazines, and little as she liked them, these big, leather-bound volumes, relics of an English country squire's bookshelves, brought to this side in 1820, were almost all that she had to read. She fully determined never to marry, for she would not subject herself to the domestic conversation of another layman like her father, and she did not feel herself strong or worthy to be the helpmeet of one of those sacred men who had to stem this awful tide of vice and passion. After nine years of life alone with a housekeeper and her picturesque father, for her mother died when she was eight, she still shuddered at every irreverent use of a consecrated term; she would probably have given much for the Roman Catholic privilege of crossing herself. Very rarely, too, the paternal blood in her veins showed itself, and she flamed up in a white cold passion and upbraided her father like an accusing fury. Philp never loved his daughter better than at these moments, but she did not know that. Constitutionally she was nervously timid, though capable of isolated instances of heroism.

Roland Patterson was a young man of considerable promise, a brilliant graduate in Practical Science and Architecture, and a connection of a distinguished man who carried an Ottawa portfolio. For these reasons, and also because it would be less expensive than boarding him at the village hotel, John Philp invited the young architect to spend the time of his services at the Philp homestead. Helen was at first rebellious and suspicious. There had not been a guest there since her mother died.

When Patterson, seated beside Philp in the new and highly uncomfortable Sunday buggy, drove up the avenue from the station road he saw, standing in the shadow of a wide, cheerless, drooping verandah, a slim, rather tall figure in white, with one hand resting on the heavy wooden pillar of the porch. The attitude was one of gracious, dutiful hospitality, but it betrayed no interest, no expectancy, rather an "armed neutrality," determined to enforce the strictest limits of the relations of hostess and guest. Patterson was used to effusiveness, and the novelty interested him. But the face interested him more. It made an impression so vivid that he could analyze it long after in all its phases.

It was the face one sometimes sees in a girl whom fate has introduced to the bitter of life before she has had time to value its sweet. Still ethereal and almost childish in its outline, it had a little weary droop to the mouth, and a haunting loneliness in the eyes. Intensely sensitive and expressive, it seemed to answer much more to strange currents of feeling within than to impressions from without. For the moment the expression was contentment. She loved every one of the refinements of social intercourse that her father perpetually brushed aside, and she enjoyed standing proudly there in her own doorway to welcome one who, surely for a day or so at least, would preserve the external semblance of a gentleman. Patterson had an intuition, not far from the truth, that she was thinking much less of him than of the situation generally—probably of how her mother might have acted in her place. He had heard about Helen's mother from his own, and he had already formed a pronounced dislike for her father. A vague idea of the tragedy of

Helen's life began to shape itself in his mind.

It made his voice very soft and caressing when he leaped from the buggy, and with a nervous apprehension that the old man would probably say "damn" in the middle of the introduction, anticipated him by climbing the steps and introducing himself. Deference is very sweet to woman—sweeter sometimes in proportion to its rarity; and for a moment she enjoyed his courtliness to the full. Then the old suspicion returned; she drew back her hand suddenly, and her face clouded.

"You are a friend of my father's, Mr. Patterson," she said, with absolute formality. "I am glad to see you."

It was the strangest of courtships. Patterson began by pitying, he ended by loving, and loving not a whit the less because he could not understand. The fact that he was loving a girl who, even while her heart was bending towards submission, still made firmer the protecting barriers she had put about her, did not trouble him in the slightest; it seemed only natural. He was a man who liked difficulties, and it would not have seemed natural to him to worship a facile divinity. At times, however, he worried himself with the question, what could the girl have heard or fancied about him, that she withheld her trust when she so plainly did not withhold her affection? She sought his society and enjoyed it, but except for brief moments of abandonment, which were always followed by a protracted retreat to security, she was invariably reserved and distant. She came down to the factory almost every day, carefully choosing those times when her father was certain to be engaged elsewhere, and insisted on the young engineer's explaining everything as the building grew under his hands.

There was no episode in Patterson's career which he would have been ashamed to confess to the woman he wished to make his wife; but he nervously reflected that there were one or two which might be misunderstood by a girl of narrow prejudices and unsympathetic outlook. Besides which, a man might be innocent as morning, and yet be the hero of lurid stories or still more lurid innuendos at the hands of the gossips about town.

On the occasion of one of these visits to the growing beet-sugar plant, in the theory of which she showed a remarkably comprehensive interest—so much so, that on this particular day Patterson began to think she really did come out of pure scientific curiosity—it befell that the man in charge of the cementing operations, who was recovering from a protracted spree, was in consequence in an exceedingly bad temper.

"Get to h-ll out of here," was the first remark they heard him make as they entered. It was not addressed to the young engineer and his companion, and he did not at the time notice the hot flush that went over her face; but he was none the less deeply annoyed. He went up to the dissipated cement foreman and said a few words to him in an undertone.

The cement foreman looked up with very bleary eyes, and a very aggrieved expression. "No, I won't," he said, with an angry wave of his trowel. "I'm not drunk, an' I know I'm not drunk, an' I'm going to swear just as much as I damn please." Following which he proceeded to give very evident proof of his intention.

Patterson glanced over at the girl. The glance told him what he most wanted to know—that while she was very much hurt, she was not frightened for herself. He wrenched the trowel from the foreman's hands, sent it flying across the courtyard, and indulged in the luxury of a form of exercise to which he had been almost a stranger since leaving college. The fun of it was somewhat modified by the shaky condition of his opponent, but the foreman was a husky specimen, and put up sufficient resistance to be interesting for the space of one minute, after which Patterson took him by the collar, escorted him

out of the courtyard, where the girl could not see, and gave him one final and soul-satisfying kick down the main road. Then he came back and put his hand on her arm.

"I am awfully sorry," he said, feebly. This was not nearly so easy as laying out the profane foreman.

"Why did you do it?" inquired the girl, wonderingly. "Father would never have noticed him."

"No, I guess he wouldn't," admitted the young engineer, and then laughed as if the subject were not worth pursuing. "After all, the poor fellow didn't know what he was doing; but I think he'll remember not to swear when there are ladies around next time."

"Did you do that because I was here?" said the girl, rather softly.

"Well, it would keep me awfully busy if I had to thrash every man who swore when there was nobody round but me. It doesn't hurt me so very much, you know. But where's the use of talking about it? His getting punched doesn't make what he said any the nicer. Do you forgive me for bringing you down here?"

She put both her hands on his big shoulders.

"I think I shall understand you much better now, Mr. Patterson," she said. "And I am glad. You have been very good to me."

After that day her self-surrender was complete. She did not tell Patterson what it was that had kept them apart, against their will, for so long; for she had not analyzed herself sufficiently to know. But she confided to him all the revolt of her soul against the coarseness of her surroundings, and Patterson's love took the shape of an intense desire to get her away from them as soon as possible. He suggested to the old man that they combine the wedding festivities and the opening of the beet-sugar mill, and the old man said it was a blank-blanked good idea.

Under these circumstances, and in view of the position of the contracting parties, the marriage was naturally an event. It was considerably to Patterson's disgust that he found himself a chief figure in a society performance of the kind he most detested; but he bowed to the necessity of the case, and gave thanks that his bride had insisted on its being done at the old country church of her childhood rather than at Toronto.

There was a considerable delegation from Ottawa, a Provincial cabinet minister, some members of his college faculty, all with their wives, and a large turn-out of his chums and his Greek-letter society, without feminine accompaniment. On the girl's side there was an assemblage of relatives and connections that somewhat surprised even Patterson. They were not of the "smart set," but they were quite as unmistakably of the aristocracy; quiet, reserved people, who did not care whether or not they figured in the "On dit" column, but were intensely, clannishly proud of their family, and lived, in a modified way, on their farms and in the few great houses of the county, the life of an English country gentleman. Altogether, it was a distinguished-looking gathering over which Patterson ran his eye at two o'clock, the hour set for the ceremony, before he went out on the porch and cast a searching glance up the road in the direction of the Philp homestead.

There was nothing on the road.

He walked up and down the porch, nervously tugging at his gloves. Three times he took them off, and as many times he put them on again. Then he went back into the church. The minister met him at the door with a hushed whisper. "Aren't they coming yet? I do hope they won't be late. Such a splendid congregation!"

About twenty per cent. of the splendid congregation were craning round their heads to the main door. Half the others were whispering to one another with suppressed excitement. The organist began improvising a long, monotonous, drifting strain in no particular key. Its extremely

negligee character was enhanced by the fact that he was talking earnestly to the soprano soloist, whose reminiscences of stage waits at weddings were of a distinctly frivolous kind. When Patterson went back to the porch it was twelve minutes after the hour. Still there was nothing in sight.

He started down the drive towards his own cab, intending to go post-haste to the bride's residence, then changed his mind. After all he would very probably miss them; they might be coming in by the road past the mills. Besides it would only attract attention. He tried to talk casually to his best man, but it was a ghastly failure. The Town-hall clock, which was uniformly and notoriously four minutes slow, struck the quarter.

How the next five minutes passed he never knew. The invited guests behaved themselves, but a strong contingent of the town gossips, who had taken up good positions in the front of the church, could stand the strain no longer, and came down to the porch to watch Patterson promenading up and down like a caged lion. At the end of the five minutes there was a sound of carriage wheels, the tension broke, and the gossips, save one or two who were lost to all sense of shyness, hurried back to their pews. Roland unceremoniously brushed his best man aside, sprang down the steps, and gave his hand to a dainty vision in lace and veil. Her face was flushed, her eyes glittered strangely, and she leaned heavily on his arm.

"Roland, I'm so sorry," she murmured.

He made no answer, but pressed her hand a moment, laughed, and looked down into her face.

Her breath was coming in little gasps, and she was trembling when she reached the vestibule and sank for a moment onto a bench; it was evident to Patterson that the thought of keeping all these people waiting on an occasion such as her wedding had made her intensely nervous. There was trace of a tear on her cheek, the sight of which made him look sharply round to where Philp, who had come down in the carriage with her, was standing. The sight of his scowling face by no means cleared Patterson's mind of its apprehension as to what might have passed in that fatal twenty minutes.

"Poor girl," he said softly, "you'll have to wait here till you really feel ready. It's all right."

"No—I won't wait. I'm going in at once, Roland. We must. The people—"

"O hang it, a minute or two won't make any difference now."

She lowered her head, and under the veil he did not see her face flush, nor realize that she had taken his words for sarcasm. She rose, hesitated for a moment, then took his arm and swept on into the church. The soprano soloist, who was at an advantageous angle, declared afterwards that her face was "whiter than the dead." Roland had evidently seen that she was still in a very nervous condition. The idea occurred to him that they could still, without causing very much comment, turn off to the vestry for a few minutes; and he whispered the suggestion to her. At the first sound of his voice she winced sharply; then she seemed as though she heard no further.

"Wilt thou have this woman?" inquired the young minister, in the ancient formula of the prayer-book that few English denominations have thought to better. And Roland Patterson answered in a firm voice, "I will."

The corresponding question was put to the woman by his side. With a voice that, though low, was clear, and reached at least half the congregation, she answered, "No."

"I will," whispered the minister. He was annoyed; the leading lady had forgotten her lines.

Helen Philp drew herself up. She was a commanding figure even in the bizarre costume of a modern bride. "No, I will not," she said very clearly.

In a moment half the congregation was

on its feet. Patterson, bewildered, laid his hand on Helen's arm. A bridesmaid began to cry. John Philp, waiting to give his daughter away, emitted one of his most ringing and most emphatic profanities; and all was confusion. Helen reeled, fell backward; Patterson held her for a moment, then handed her over to her father. She had fainted.

After about two hours spent in alternate furious mortification and deep dejection at his best man's rooms in the hotel, Patterson was told by a friend who had been to the Philp homestead that Miss Philp was seriously ill. The doctor feared the effect on her heart of the nervous climax she had passed through. Patterson seized his hat, and was halfway through the office when his best man caught his arm.

"Let me go," he said, shaking off the hand that sought to detain him. "She's ill. I don't care what she said. I don't believe she knew what she was doing, anyhow. D'you think I'm going to let a moment of a girl's over-wrought nerves stand between—. Don't talk about what people think. Let 'em think, I don't care. Let me go, Charley. I'm going to have it from her own lips. Now she's had time to think coolly, or I'll—"

As he approached the Philp homestead he was met by a number of Helen's relatives, and under the circumstances he did not pause to be surprised at the fact that most of them cut him dead. As he walked at a breakneck pace up the avenue that led to the old, gray house, he had a singularly clear vision of the first day, six long months ago, that he had passed that way. But now, instead of the dainty vision in white that had welcomed him then, he saw only a forlorn waiter, engaged for the wedding breakfast, and now disconsolately wandering up and down the cheerless verandah. He ignored the waiter and hurried into the hall.

But at the foot of the stairs he turned, for a figure even more distracted and irrational than his own emerged from the dining-room door. It was John Philp, haggard, coatless, and perspiring coldly.

"Damn it," he said, "What are you doing here?" But his profanity had not the ring of assurance that it usually possessed. "You're not fool enough to think that there can be anything between you and my daughter after—"

"I don't think anything, Mr. Philp. I don't know whether Helen—whether your daughter was—had control of herself when she said what she did this afternoon. And even if she was, there—there must be some mistake. I won't believe—you surely don't want me to believe that all this was just a trick on me. Something must have happened, and I haven't the least idea what it can be. For God's sake, man, tell me, was she in earnest? and why—what is at the bottom of it all? Where is she?"

He started to go up the stairs, but something in Philp's look held him back for the moment. "Don't you know?" said the old man, looking at him in half incredulous bewilderment. "I couldn't make it out myself. But then you know, girls are queer about those things, and you shouldn't have said that then. Why the devil—?"

But what Mr. Philp's expostulation would have been Patterson never knew, for at this moment he saw Helen crossing the upper hallway, half carried by the old housekeeper and an aunt, towards her own room, which had been hastily stripped of the debris of a bridal dressing-room. He dashed up the stairs towards her, heedless of every other consideration but the necessity of having an explanation with the girl he loved. Before the old man could stop him Helen had seen her lover, and leaned towards him with a little cry.

"O Roland, I'm sorry—so sorry. But—I couldn't help it. I would have saved you that if I could, but I couldn't marry you, after I knew. I didn't know before—you believe that, don't you? I thought you were different. And now I've hurt

you, after you were so good to me.—No, auntie, I will speak to Mr. Patterson; don't take me away. Roland, dear, don't you understand?"

In her anxiety to make herself clear to her lover, she reached out both arms toward him, and almost fell at his feet. Patterson understood nothing; her words were incoherent to him, and he thought she was rambling. He was conscious of one thing only, that she was there before him, and that whatever might have come between them she loved him still. He took her in his arms, brushing aside the two women who supported her, and looked long and searchingly into her face. Her eyes returned the look unwaveringly. Then he bent his face to hers and kissed her on the mouth, her body pressed close to his, closer than it had ever been before. She was still passive; but suddenly a shudder ran through her, she put up her hands to his shoulder, and struggled feebly to put him away.

"Go away," she said under her breath. "Go away." Then she added, still more softly, "Good-bye, dear."

A strong hand was laid on Patterson's arm, and a cool, business-like voice said to him, "Get out of this, can't you? Do you want to kill her?"

And with this the family doctor, himself a young Toronto man, and a member of Patterson's Greek letter society, shoved him without ceremony down the steps.

He was too bewildered even to ask questions as he drove back to the town five minutes later alongside of the doctor in the latter's rather lofty cart. It was the doctor who started the interrogation.

"Patterson," he said, "I want you to answer me as you would your father confessor, or your Deity if you believed in one; my whole diagnosis of Miss Philp's case depends on you. Did you or did you not swear at her or before her between the time when she arrived at the church this afternoon and the—the break up of the ceremony?"

Patterson stared at him. "Look here, doc," he said, "I'm not in any mood to answer impertinent questions. Of course I didn't. What the deuce do you mean by asking such a thing?"

"That's exactly it, my dear boy. I didn't suppose you did, but Miss Philp believes you did, and nothing will convince her to the contrary."

"You don't mean to say, "began Patterson, "that she—"

The doctor set his teeth, whipped up his horse, and looked straight in front of him. "What I mean to say, old man, is that Miss Philp is suffering from a very dangerous form of nervous hallucination, and that if you succeeded, within the next five years at any rate, in convincing her that she was mistaken, the reaction would probably drive her insane."

Two months later Patterson, who was burying himself in work in his Toronto office, read the announcement in one of the society columns that Miss Philp was going south for her health. He calculated that she would pass through Toronto in four days. He conceived a desperate idea. He would not wait the five years that the doctor had told him were the least period he must allow for the freshness of that awful hallucination to die from her mind. He would not attempt to combat it. He wrote her a letter tacitly admitting the truth of what she believed, and imploring forgiveness, or at least a chance to show his repentance and desire to be worthy of her. The answer was in her own handwriting, but had neither address nor signature.

"What is there to forgive? You are only as other men are. I thought for a little while that you were a man apart, above the rest, and it was the happiest time of my life; but I was wrong. I loved you—I love you still, though I hate myself for loving you. But I shall never marry. I am sorry that my mistake hurt you so. Good-bye; it is impossible that we should meet again."

Patterson went down to the station and watched her, from the passenger bridge

overhead, as she changed cars. She was dressed in black, and the old, weary droop of the mouth, that he had almost forgotten in the latter days at the homestead, had come back. She lifted her eyes but once, to greet a girl friend who came to meet her; and Patterson thought her smile was the saddest thing he had ever seen.

A year later he read of her death at an Atlantic watering-place.

A MESSAGE FROM BENEDICTUS LEVITA

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

IT happened in a boarding house, in Toronto, one evening about three years ago, in March. I had just put my feet up for a comfortable after-dinner smoke in my room, when a knuckle on my door-panel was followed by a timid "Are you in?" in the twittering voice of little Miss Collett. When I opened to her, she met me with a worried frown of pleading and apology, twisting her handkerchief nervously about her fingers; and "Mr. Whiting," she stammered, "I wished to ask you—if you would be so kind—to—to find out for *me* what is wrong with Harry?"

I said: "Won't you come in?" and went back to my table to put away my pipe and my last hope of a quiet evening. I had not noticed anything wrong with McNiff; I asked her what was the matter with him.

Miss Collett was so small a body that it was difficult to consider her troubles as other than miniature and childish; and I had to hide the thought of a smile when she answered plaintively: "I don't know. He has been acting in the *strangest* way. He—he walked from College with me this afternoon—and scarcely spoke."

By "College" she meant Toronto University, where she was an undergraduate in her second year, and McNiff was taking a post-graduate course for the degree of Ph.D.

I made myself easy in my chair again. "Did you ask him?" I said. "Did you ask him what it was?"

"Yes," she nodded. "He said he was worried."

"About what?"

"He wouldn't tell me. . . He said he couldn't." She sank down mechanically on the corner lounge and appealed to me with a helpless eye.

It struck me that if McNiff would not confide in the girl whom he was to marry, it was not likely that he would open his mind to a comparative stranger.

She looked down at the tortured handkerchief in her hands. "I asked him whether *I* had done anything," she went on. "He has always tried to make me out better than I am. I warned him, at first, that he'd be disappointed in me."

I did not feel it my duty to discuss the extravagance of McNiff's over-estimate of his lady-love. I asked merely: "What did he say to that?"

"I—I don't think he heard me," she answered. "He is always—lately, anyway, he has been working so hard he seems to be always thinking of something else."

I saw a small excuse for the interference she asked. "Certainly," I said, "he mustn't be allowed to work too hard."

"And he ate almost nothing at dinner."

That was true. I remembered also that he had spoken but once, rousing himself from a silence that had lasted throughout the whole meal, and then contributing less than three sentences to a psychological discussion which Dr. Buck had started at dessert.

"I'll see whether I can find out any-

thing from him," I promised perfunctorily. "He's not ill?"

"No-o." She hesitated. "He doesn't look very well, but I think it's just the studying." She added in a voice of reverence: "He's preparing his thesis, you know."

"Um-m-m," I said. "You haven't spoken to Dr. Buck."

"I didn't wish to make a professional matter of it," she pleaded. "And Harry and you are such *good* friends."

"Well," I said, rising, "it's probably overwork. You go back to your room. I'll see him."

She thanked me with a beaming gratitude as she went out. I sat down and lit my pipe again.

This tenderness between Miss Collett and McNiff—as I understood it—was the flower of that modern Eden, the co-educational college, where young people of both sexes, being taught by poetry and the novelists to believe that love is the chief interest and the great fact of life, have four years in which to live their illusion without interference from the outer world. Of that world, McNiff—so far as I could see—had only such contemptuous knowledge as he had drawn from his reading of the cynical philosophers; and he summed up his whole theory and plan of life in Emerson's transcendental advice: "Make yourself necessary to the world and the world will give you bread." In that respect, I felt myself to be the wiser man, as was natural in one who had had experience of the world of the working-day. It was equally natural that McNiff should despise such wisdom with the high contempt of the unpractical idealist. And our friendship, consequently, was not so warm an intimacy as Miss Collett supposed.

As neighbors on the second floor of the boarding house, we had, at first, interchanged tobaccos and small gossip occasionally of an evening; we had eaten, elbow to elbow, at the same table, and talked of the weather and the war; and Miss Collett, perking at McNiff there, across the dinner-table decorations of fly-specked cruets and carafes, had included me in her greetings and blessed us together in her smiles. But I had found McNiff too aggressive a personality for companionship, too set and obstinate in his opinions, too beady-eyed and critical. And I had allowed the dissimilarity of our interests to come between us, latterly, not less as a barrier than as a shield.

Although McNiff's room was only a few yards down the hall from mine, it was fifteen minutes after Miss Collett had left me before I got myself to his door. I heard him walking about inside. I knocked with an indifference that almost amounted to distaste.

He opened the door to challenge me with an abstracted stare, and then continued moodily pacing the floor. His beat lay from his enamelled bed-stead, in one corner of the room, to his working-table—littered with a disorder of books and papers—that was diagonally opposite. I made myself comfortable in an arm-chair beside that table, in the light of his student lamp. "How are you to-night?" I said.

He did not answer me, and I picked up a book of history from his table and began to look at the plates of mediæval art in it; so that when he spoke at last, I was not paying any attention to him. He must have said something to recall the discussion which Dr. Buck had started at the dinner table—about that feeling which flashes over a person at odd moments, of having been in exactly the same circumstances before, of having heard the same words of conversation even. I believe that he said he had been thinking of the discussion since he had left the table. I do not recall this distinctly; I was not listening.

He went on to speak of an incident of his boyhood, when he had been so troubled by the recurrence of this feeling that he

had taken Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales" from his father's library, supposing from the title that the book was a record of such experiences as his.

I did not hear him, except vaguely; but, looking up now and then as I turned the pages, I noticed that he had not his ordinary manner—which was something alert and active, sudden and abrupt, both in mind and body; for McNiff was not the type of student who sucks knowledge placidly from books, but one who—as I had seen him at work—dug through a volume like a dog after a mole, eager on the scent of his facts.

I was aroused suddenly to a realization that there was something unusual in his condition when he stopped in his sentinel pace for a moment to arrange some papers on the table beside me; the trembling of his hands, as he fumbled with the pages of manuscript in the circle of the lamplight, caught my eye. "Why! what's the matter?" I said.

He turned away to continue stalking silently around the room in what seemed to be a sort of haunted restlessness; and the memory of his voice, as I recalled it, sounded slow and strained in a husky repression of excitement.

"Well," I said, "I don't understand these things, of course. But if you had stayed a few minutes longer at the dinner table, you'd have heard Dr. Buck explaining a theory about its being two parts of the brain—one working a trifle slower than the other, so that you get two impressions—and when they click into one another you have that feeling—as if one fitted into a memory or something like that."

He did not reply to me. He continued walking up and down, up and down, with his hands clasped behind him in a way he had.

"But lately," he complained, wheeling on me, "when I've been reading history, I've had the same experience—only almost continuously. I've had the feeling that it was all old news that I've been reading—particularly here and there at certain periods, as if I recalled them from my own experience. And sometimes I knew the details before I looked them up." His voice ran into a sudden treble and broke there.

I put down my book. "Well, isn't that the same thing," I said anxiously.

He sat down on his bed and leaned forward to run a nervous hand through his hair. "But," he argued, "just the other day—for example—when I was working up the ecclesiastical forgeries of the middle ages—the so-called deed of Constantine and the Isidorian decretals—particularly the latter—for my thesis—and I was reading Hinschius, about Archbishop Riculf and Benedict the Levite—that feeling came over me as strong as if I had—as if I knew positively that Benedict had forged the decretals—as if I *knew* it—as if I had helped in it."

His voice, keyed low, vibrated with a tension of nerves. I put my elbow on the table and shielded my eyes from the glare of the lamp, to see him opening and shutting his mouth either in a difficulty of breathing or in a struggle with himself to decide whether he should go on.

The oil gurgled in the brass reservoir of the lamp beside me. His lips trembled. He broke out, in a rush of words: "I was working in our seminary—at the library—upstairs among the books—and I was so sure of it—that Benedict had something to do with it—that I put down Hinschius and went to the collection of mediæval chronicles of the monasteries—for the period between 820 and 850—to see if I could find any—any hidden reference to it." He breathed the heavy sigh of a man whose lungs were laboring. "I didn't find anything but the usual accounts of the weather, and the diseases among the cattle, and the deaths in the monastery—and all like that. And then I came on a break—about the year 830—and that was about the year when the things must have been written. And I was just wondering whether it mightn't have been cut

out of there—in the original—when"—He choked and gulped—"when a pain—a dull pain struck me in the head—as if my skull were in a vise with someone tightening the iron on my forehead. And my head fell forward with the weight over my eyes. And then it all passed—and I sat up, with a start." He looked up as he spoke, with dilated eyes and eyelids twitching. "I'd a pen in my hand. And when I straightened up, I—I found my paper covered with monk Latin—written in mediæval sc-script." He dropped his voice to a hoarse whisper. "And it said that a collection of laws had been sent by Benedict the Levite to '*the merchant, or rather the sinner, of Mainz.*'"

His mouth reminded me of nothing so much as the dumb gape of a stone-gargoyle as he sat there, grey-faced in the shadow, with a hanging under-jaw. I said: "But I don't understand," and put down my pipe, bewildered and startled by his manner more than by his words.

He groped in the inside pocket of his coat and drew out a sheaf of papers. "Isidore," he said huskily, "the man who is supposed to have collected the Isidorian decretals, called himself 'Isidore Mercator'—Isidore the Merchant—and some of the manuscripts give 'Isidore Peccator'—Isidore the Sinner."

"I mean about the writing on your paper," I said. "Was it something *you* had written?"

He got slowly to his feet and walked across the room to me, as if he were wading in water knee-deep. "I'd never written anything like it before," he said, and handed a sheet to me.

It was a page from an ordinary notebook, black-lined with a running print like that in which legal documents are still sometimes written. "This is Latin?" I asked.

"A sort of Latin—monk Latin," he replied. "Do you understand their contractions?"

I shook my head over it. "What does it mean?"

He held out a trembling hand for it. "It's the black year—830," he said, and began to read aloud and translate: "'Hiemps pluvialis et ventosa valde'—the winter was rainy and very windy—'et mense Januario 12 Kal. Feb.'—and in the month of January, twelve days before the Kalends of February—'fragor tonitrui'—a great sound—a crash—of thunder was heard and lightning seen; and misery in many ways—'et multis modis miseria'—and calamities of men grew daily. In the month of April there was an eclipse of the moon. 'Fames'—famine afflicted many provinces—and 'pestilentia magna facta est'—and the pestilence became very great. Here it is now: 'Ego B. L. collectionem legum quam scripsi ad mercatorem Mogontiacensis immo peccatorem misi'—I, Benedictus Levita, sent a collection of laws, which I had written, to the merchant or rather the sinner of Mainz."

He dropped it on the table and looked at me with the face of a man who speaks of ghosts. His manner sent a cold prickle down my back. "And all this was written," I asked incredulously, "in the instant when your head fell forward that way?"

"That's what I thought—but when I tried to pull myself together, and looked at my watch to get my bearings—I found it was four o'clock. I had lost an hour."

There is a sort of fear which comes over a man with the tingle of a mild current of electricity—a fear which seems to seize on the sensitive glands of the mouth, to loosen the muscles of the lips, and to fill the eyes with tears. That fear began to creep in on me now—though my head was clear and my mind unterrified—so that when I tried to say, "You were asleep?" I found my throat dry, and spoke with difficulty, in a false voice.

McNiff shook his head. "No. I've found out from one of the boys—he came into the seminary that afternoon and spoke to me—and I didn't answer. I've asked him what I was doing when he saw

me. He says I was making notes. . . . Those were the only notes I made." He pointed to the sheet on the table, and sat down again weakly on the bed.

I reached for the paper, and I had to control my hands with an effort. "Perhaps," I said, "*he* wrote it."

He answered: "He's not in mediæval history. He couldn't write that script. He doesn't know anything about the decretals."

"Well," I argued, as much with myself as with him, "people walk in their sleep. I suppose it's possible to write."

"I know," McNiff replied wearily from his bed. "I've thought of all that. But I'd never written that script before. The chronicles—the ones I was reading—are printed in modern type. The only examples of this sort of writing are in occasional plates scattered through the books. I hadn't ever more than glanced at them before. I've tried to imitate them since. I can't do it with any such facility as that."

I studied the page. The writing was done with a sure hand. "Well," I said, leaning forward to see him, "it certainly *is* an extraordinary piece of business."

"Extraordinary?" he broke out. "It's awful—awful. You can't imagine it—the feeling I have." His face was beyond his control; I looked away from him because I felt my own features beginning to work in sympathy with his. "On the street — everywhere — everything seems strange to me. I don't seem to belong to the world I walk in. And when I go back to my work, there's that same horrible suspicion haunting everything I read about those times—the feeling that it's all old to me—that I know about it already. You can't imagine anything more horrible. I feel like a ghost come to life. Why, actually, this morning"—his voice sank to a trembling whisper again—"I couldn't read the newspaper—couldn't understand English." I looked up at him. He was moistening his lips; they were as pale as his face.

The sight of him frightened me. "McNiff," I said, "I advise you to drop this business. Whatever it is, it'll do you no good. You're not well. You've been shut up all winter with your books. Get out in the air more—in the sun—"

He had shut his eyes. "The sun," he said faintly, "was shining on that sheet of paper when I woke up."

That, in some way, brought the thing home to me in the flash of a lighted picture. I caught his point of view, and shuddered with him. I saw him, a living man, sitting in the sunshine of a March afternoon, looking down at a message which had come to him, across the interval of ten centuries, from the brain of a mediæval monk who had died a thousand years ago. The thought came over me with a clogging chill that was like a fog in the brain.

"Look here," I protested, fighting it off, "this thing—you mustn't think of it that way. Man alive! don't you see? It can't be true. Keep your mind off it. Get back to your work"—

"Work!" he groaned. "When it has cut the earth from under my feet!"

I roused myself to go over to him and take him, almost angrily, by the arm. "Come over here and sit down," I said.

He rose painfully from his seat on the bed. I led him, like an invalid, across the floor; and he sank into his chair, with his hands hanging down limply over the arms of it.

I began to walk around excitedly. I felt like the man in the haunted room, whose dog suddenly began to growl and back into a corner with the hair of its spine up-ended at nothing visible, and who wanted to kick the animal in return for the fear with which it unnerved him. "Have you spoken to anyone else about it?" I demanded.

He shook his head.

"Have you had any more—messages?"

"This morning—I found something I must have written in the night."

I turned on him. "Where is it?"

"I tore it up."

"What was it?"

He closed his eyes. His face jumped as if with a twinge of pain. "I tore it up."

The sight of his weakness began to drag me down again. I almost pleaded with him. "I know," I said. "I know. I understand the—the feeling you have. But what's the use of letting it get a grip on you? You can shake it off. You can! Yes, you can!"

"I can't," he said, staring at the floor. "I tried not—not to believe it at first. I fought against it, just as you're doing"—

I went over to him and struck the table a blow that jarred and rattled the lamp upon it. "McNiff," I cried, "this is folly — insanity — madness — *madness*. You'll be in an asylum in a week. Pull yourself together. Pull yourself together, man."

I might as well have talked to a person in a trance. He gazed at me with vacant eyes, shaking his head; and his face, wan in the light, touched me with a nervous terror of all weird and nameless things. It was—as he had said—as if the earth had been suddenly whipped from beneath my feet to leave me in mid-space and confronted by those mysteries of life and death which the world's work and the interests of the day had hidden.

The feeling endured only a moment, but it jarred me out of hand. I had no panic in my thought. I had no fear of anything. And yet my head jerked to one side with a spasmodic leaping in the cords of my neck. My hands—I saw it with bewilderment—were unmanageable. The room seemed stiflingly close and narrow; and I flung about it, groping for words, with a growing sense of helplessness.

I turned to McNiff. At the sight of him, I threw out a hand of protest, stammered what was intended for a refusal to have anything more to do with the affair, and rushed out to the hall.

I remember that when I reached my room my first impulse was to light all the gas. The childishness of it checked me, and I sat down in my chair, still trembling but angrily ashamed of my weakness. I realized, then, how much bravery is a matter of the nerves. I told myself that I must smoke less, that I must get more exercise. I recollected that I had not felt well of late. And I kept my thought resolutely on such considerations while, all the time, the horror of McNiff's condition sat pale in the background of my mind.

I was conscious of a breathless oppression on my lungs, and I got up to walk it off, throwing back my shoulders and striding about with a heavy fall of foot. I felt like a soldier who had run away from a battlefield and who had put the blame on the blind fear of a comrade for having set him in a panic. "It isn't possible!" I said of McNiff's story. And then the recollection of the inexplicable circumstances and detail of it flashed a thrill through me, and I stopped at my table, with a tightening in my throat, to pour myself a glass of water from the pitcher which the maid had brought me.

I was raising the drink to my lips, when I heard a rustle of skirts in the hall. Miss Collett—for I knew at once that it was she—knocked timidly. I did not answer, motionless in the hope that she would go away. She opened the half-closed door. "I heard you walking about," she said. "What—Why! what is it?"

In spite of myself, I could think of no plausible falsehood to put her off with. I set down my glass untouched. She came over to me. "What is the matter?" she pleaded. "What is the matter with him? I have a right to know."

I pointed to a chair. She sat down with a gasp of suspense.

I did not know how to tell her. I gulped down half the glass of water. "Well," I began, "do you—do you know anything about—spiritualism, for example?"

She brightened with a flush of relief. "Why certainly," she said. "Father was a spiritualist — though mother wouldn't let him talk much of it before us children." She smiled at the gravity of my expression. "It's nothing when you get used to it. He often used to go to seances. He was very mediumistic. It's nothing when you get used to it."

Her way of taking it was so unexpected—she was so cool and matter-of-fact, and her spiritualistic jargon sounded so preposterous—that I stood there speechless, amazement growing in me almost to the point of laughter. "I didn't know you were a spiritualist," I said, at last, with a contempt that classed spiritualism with astrology and the other sciences of hocus-pocus.

"I'm not," she replied. "Mother didn't wish us children to be. I'm a Presbyterian. But I'll *be* one, if Harry is."

The simple loyalty of that speech appealed to me. "No," I said, "we can do better than that;" and I told her of McNiff's trance and of a message from Benedict the Levite. "Now," I proposed, "we must get his mind off this whole business. Whatever it is, it will do him no good. It will interfere with his work. It will hurt him physically. I believe it has done that already"—

"But Mr. Whiting," she interrupted, "you don't understand. He's a trance medium, and that's the best kind. It won't interfere with his work. And it didn't hurt father. I'll write to *him,* and ask him all about it."

"Miss Collett," I protested, "you'll do no such thing. You'll do no such thing. No man can live a sane life under such conditions—Good Heavens!" I cried. "Haven't you—can't you understand what this thing *is*—what it *means?* You talk about it as if it were—I don't know what. I thought women had some appreciation"—

"Well," she broke in, "if you've been talking in this way to Harry, you've been very foolish, I *must* say." She had risen and walked to the door. "You must have given him an awful fright."

"Where are you going?" I demanded

"I'm going to see him," she answered calmly, and had the door open before I could prevent her.

"Miss Collett," I warned her, "don't do what you may both live to repent"—

"Mr. Whiting," she replied from the threshold, "you're perfectly ridiculous;" and closed the door in my face.

For one unreasoning moment anger got the better of me, although it was not anger against her so much as against her whole sex. Her manner of taking the affair, besides being an unjust contempt of my agitation, seemed typical to me of the feminine attitude towards religion. I threw myself in my chair with a "Psh!" that expressed a scorn of all petticoats. As for her, she could get McNiff a cage of parrakeets, if she wished, and set him up as a fortune-teller; at least, I was free of him.

With that conclusion, I reached for my pipe and found, with a fresh exasperation, that I had left it in McNiff's room. The thought returned me to the memory of the scene there—of McNiff's face, white and drawn in the lamp-light, of his breathy voice of fright, of the hang of his limp hands—and it started a tingling fear of the supernatural in me again.

I recalled all that I had ever read of spiritualism in the Sunday papers. Ghost stories, that I thought I had long since forgotten, came back to me with a new authority. I remembered a magazine account of the experiments that had been performed with a famous woman medium. And with McNiff's experience to give these credence, I found myself gaping into the shuddering possibility that there

was all around me, in the night, an invisible world of the dead that could at will take hold of a man's body and write messages with his hand.

It was impossible for me to sit quiet with such a miracle under the same roof. It was so wonderful a communication with eternity that I could not keep it a secret to myself. And it was a thing so subversive of the materialism of modern science that I thought of Dr. Buck, at once, as the man to tell it to.

I hurried out, to go down stairs to his room on the floor below. The door of McNiff's room, as I passed it, was slightly ajar. I listened. There was a dead quiet within.

It was broken by a low moan. I do not remember that I pushed the door open; I recall only the sight of McNiff, sitting up in his chair as I had left him, his face set like stone, and his hand travelling from side to side over his knees, writing on nothing, with his forefinger. Miss Collett was lying at his feet, her head against the table leg.

I must have gone down the stairs in leaps and bounds. I burst in on Dr. Buck without knocking, and cried to him to come to McNiff. It seems that the doctor was reading with his wife. They tell me that I did not wait to make any explanations, and they did not wait to ask any. They both came after me up the stairs with a wild conjecture of suicide or a fatal accident, and stopped at the open doorway of McNiff's room, where I was standing.

He was in the same position still, writing on the air with the motion of a blind man reading raised print.

"He—he is in a trance," I panted. He—he's been telling me. Spir"—

Mrs. Buck cried suddenly: "Who's that?—under the table!"

The doctor brushed me aside, crossed the room swiftly and knelt beside Miss Collett. His wife followed him. I do not remember going in myself, but I was standing beside him when he straightened up to say: "She has fainted—that's all. Look after her, Mary;" and turned to me. "What?" he said. "He's been telling you what?"

It must have been a crazily broken and unintelligible account that I gave him of what McNiff had told me, but he listened—intent and frowning—with a calm interest that steadied me. I kept my back to McNiff. Mrs. Buck had taken up little Miss Collett and carried her to the bed.

"That trance," the doctor asked. "How did it come on?"

I repeated McNiff's description of his symptoms.

He nodded. "A pain in the head? Over the eyes?"

"As if a vise had squeezed his skull," I recollected.

He looked past me thoughtfully. "Did he speak of any paralysis—any peripheral sensory modifications—at all?"

I answered, of course, in the negative.

He walked over to McNiff. I turned to see that waxen mask of features and the cramped hand still moving automatically over the knees. Dr. Buck took a pencil from his vest pocket and put it in the fingers; they grasped it and continued the motion of writing with it. He took a book from the table, laid a sheet of paper on it, and held it under the pencil; I could see the written words trailing across the page. He put his hand over McNiff's eyes; the writing ceased. He took his hand away; it began again at once.

I noticed, then, that McNiff had begun to chew steadily with an animal motion of the jaw.

The doctor took the limp left hand that hung down lifeless over the chair arm, and kneaded and pressed the loose fingers in his. He tried to do the same with the right hand, but found it clutched stiffly on the pencil. He felt McNiff's head, like a phrenologist.

He beckoned to me to come over. "Bring the lamp around to this side," he

said evenly. "I wish to see if he has hurt himself."

"What is it?" I whispered.

"It may be a brain lesion," he answered. "It may be hysteria. Or it may be a nervous trouble brought on by overwork."

I took the lamp from him. He was parting the hair over McNiff's left temple when Mrs. Buck, from the bed, called: "He fell—after the last snow storm—on the Varsity steps."

"I thought so," he replied, and laid his forefinger on an ugly bruise that showed in the scalp. "It's under there," he said. He pressed heavily on it with his thumb. And McNiff collapsed on himself as if the string that held him had been cut.

Dr. Buck turned to me with a smile. "An inflammation or an abscess there," he said. "The case would be classified as traumatic hysteria." He pointed to the writing. "He will have no recollection of this."

"But doctor," I said, "he told me he couldn't write that script. And he had a feeling, all the time, that he knew—of his own experience—about things he read."

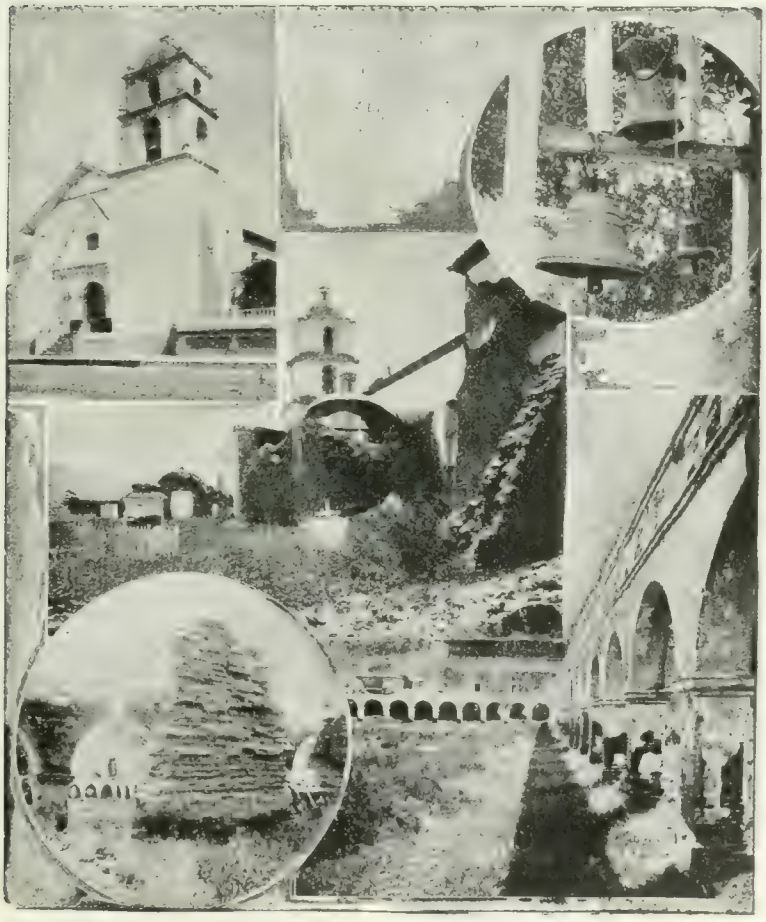
He tapped the bruise. "Mental derangement," he explained. "He was no more responsible for what he said than an insane man. Wait till we've relieved that pressure on the brain. Then see what he says."

I put down the lamp. And that was the end of Benedict the Levite.

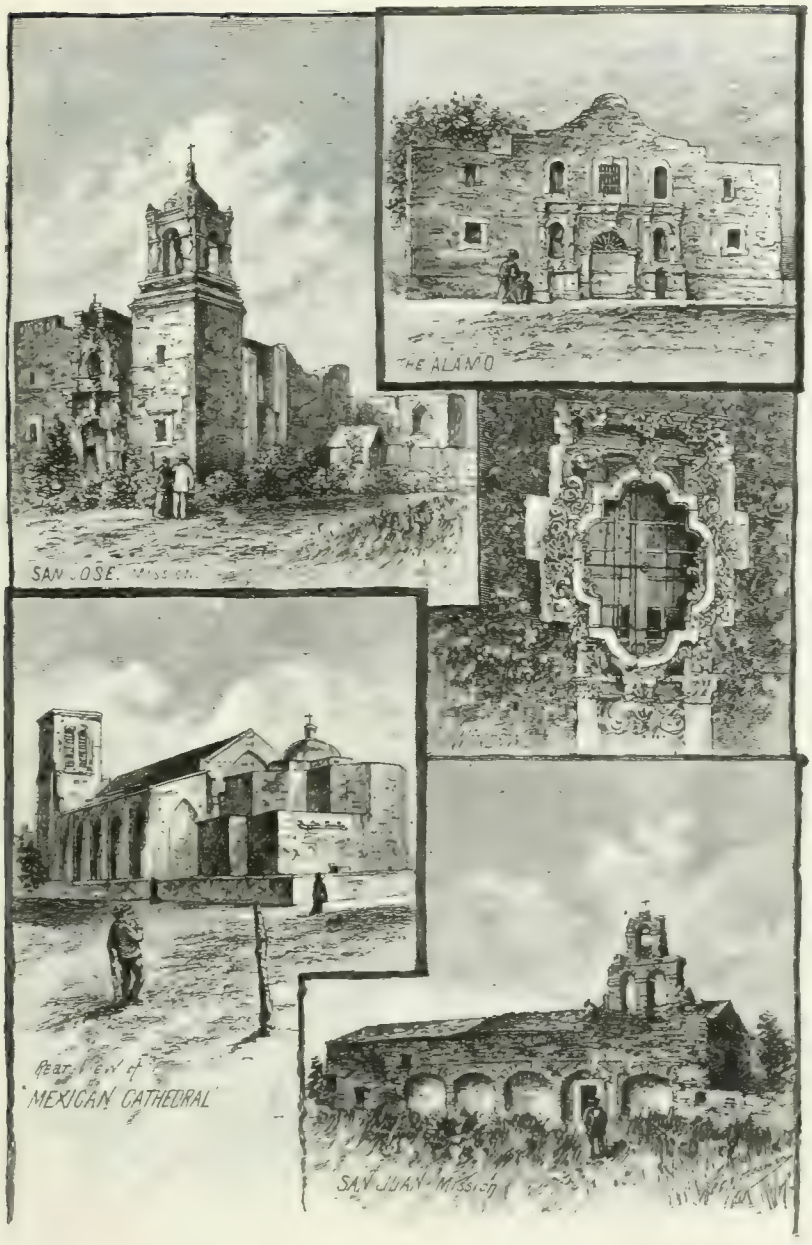
The rest was a surgical operation in trepanning and a long convalescence. McNiff took his Ph.D. a year later, married Miss Collett that summer, and went to a western university as assistant professor of history in the fall.

The authorship of the Isidorian decretals is still in dispute.

OLD SPANISH MISSIONS



SANTA BARBARA MISSION


THE ALAMO
SAN JOSE
Rear View of
MEXICAN CATHEDRAL
SAN JUAN

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER XIII.—*(Continued.)*

Perhaps the most impressive part of this impressive service was the recital of verses by African and Indian clergy, men "black but comely," who had learned to bow the knee to the great white God, men whose fathers a century ago were demon-worshippers, and now their sons, "clothed and in their right mind," told us of "the great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and peoples and kindreds," told us "how beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of great peace." This bringing home of the sheaves was an emotion too great for the mind's containing.

Again we sang, and this time it was the *Te Deum*. Can you imagine this sublime composition sung by twelve thousand Christians, burning with devotional impetuosity? A great burst of joy, and then softly like a child's prayer they cried out the great chant, "When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers," and above it all we heard the twanging of the great harp chords, from the golden throats of the organ. It was like the sound of many waters: it was the whisper of the New Song.

Any account of this historic meeting would be lacking, did it not mention the thanksgiving that was offered for the laborers who had entered into rest, and for those gathered in through their means. Archbishop Maclagan's well-known hymn, "The Saints of God, their conflict past," bore our thoughts back to the splendid dead, the noble army of martyrs who for the testimony of Jesus gladly poured out their lives at the feet of the King.

One's mind reverts to the first C. M. S. Missionary, Henry Martyn, who yielded up his heroic spirit at thirty-two. If it be true that God measures life by love, Henry Martyn did not die young.

What brave missionaries fell asleep in Sierra Leone thrilling the world with an exhibition of their consecration! Owing to the pestilential atmosphere of this "white man's grave," during the first seventeen years, twenty-nine missionaries, besides a number of their children, had died. The first three bishops died within seven years. Pressed by "fightings without and fears within," life was here a fierce tragedy.

Henry During and his wife left its fever-stricken shores to rest in England. Their ship was never heard of again. The strong heart of the noble Henry White was stilled in New Zealand, where he had spent forty-five years in labor without once coming home. Surely he endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Bishop Heber sleeps in India. Paul Daniel died of cholera, contracted by visiting people stricken with that disease. Death ever loves a shining mark, and so George Maxwell Gordon fell mortally wounded while attending the injured in the Afghan war.

Nor can we forget Bishop Hannington, Bishop Crowther, George Pilkington, or Mackay of Uganda, who loved not their lives unto the death; or that fierce carnival of blood yet fresh in our memories, wherein the Stewarts and others were murdered. In the power of midnight thugs, they died the hero-death, but One was near to "loose the silver cord, and break the golden bowl at the fountain." Ah! it was a stirring and solemn measure we sang that night in the Royal Albert Hall, a measure that opened an earnest of our final disenthralment from sin and heathendom.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TEMPLE OF SILENCE.

London, May 1st.

One falters at describing the vastness of the stately Abbey, England's Walhalla, or Temple of Fame. It is a symphony in stone—a new "Book of Kings"—the Mecca of the Anglo-Saxon Race.

> "Here is an acre sown indeed
> With the richest royalist seed,
> That the earth did e'er drink in
> Since the first man died for sin."

It stands on the site of a temple dedicated to Apollo. The first Christian Church here was built in 610 by Sebert, King of the East Saxons, whose time-fretted tomb is one of the most interesting in the Abbey.

If you would see the Minster well, you must lay aside all headlong tourist rush. You must come again and again, till you feel a fascination, that irresistibly draws you here and makes you love this black Temple with a great love.

I always enter at the Poet's Corner. I have friends there, our acquaintanceship beginning with some poem or reading in the school collection. Within its enchanted precincts for once you become heathen and blindly bow down to worship wood and stone. Speaking of the Poet's Corner, Fuller has said, it is "enough almost to make passengers feet to move metrically, who go over the place where so much poetic dust is interred."

Milton's body lies in St. Giles, Cripplegate, but a cenotaph has been placed here to the memory of this blind dreamer with his divine clearness of eyes. "The poet paramount," who sleeps at Stratford-on-Avon, is represented, too, among these clustered constellations. Chaucer, "the poet of the dawn," Tennyson, Gray, Sheridan, Macaulay, Dickens, and Southey, all lie within whispering distance of each other.

John Gay's epitaph is an outspoken one. It was written by himself. "Life is a jest and all things show it; I thought so once, but now I know it." The laurels thrown into Spencer's grave by his friends Jonson, Beaumont, Shakespeare, Fletcher, and others, were mournful elegies, and the pens that wrote them.

Ben Jonson was buried standing upright. He asked Charles I. to grant him a favor, and when the King asked what it was, he said, "eighteen inches square in Westminster Abbey;" hence the unusual posture. The inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson," was cut on the stone at the cost of thirty-six cents, which was donated by an onlooker who happened to be there while the grave was being closed.

There is a grim humor in the post mortem kindness that erected these costly memorials to men who, amid the rugged realities of a calculating age, were often direly necessitous. It is quite true that they asked bread and were given stones. Ah, well! perhaps it was wisest. They cannot pawn them now.

Even in Westminster Abbey, oblivion has scattered her poppy, for here are buried many persons of high degree, good men and true, whose deeds have been written in water, and their memory is only kept alive by these crumbling tablets. In youth, Dame Westminster pressed her roses with tender care, but in old age she has forgotten her passions.

Everywhere there are blazonings of royal names, for eighteen Queens and thirteen Kings have been borne hither to burial. William the Conqueror was crowned in the Abbey, and each succeeding Sovereign to William IV. This is what Waller meant when he sung, "These suns of Empire: where they rise they set."

Queen Victoria has erected a Communion Table over the tomb of Edward VI., at whose funeral the English Church Burial Service was read for the first time. Charles Lamb has called this young King "The Boy-patron of boys." Catherine of Arragon was once turned away from these doors, but Death, kinder than Kings, has brought her hither. Mary Queen of Scots lies close to the mother of the murdered Darnley. One gave life to this unfortunate youth; the other took it.

The tomb of Edward I. was opened in 1774, and the body found to be in perfect preservation. "Longshanks" measured six feet two inches in length. Henry II. and his queen rest in their own marvellous chapel. Its roof is the sublime dream of the sculptor charmed into grey stone. It is said to be the finest thing of its kind in the world.

There are three hundred children buried in the Abbey, and many of them are in "The Innocent's Corner." What an appropriate name! I think it is Emmanuel Swedenborg's pretty idea that our babies who die sinless and languageless go to the highest heaven, and have angels for their nurses.

In the south transept lies Thomas Parr, "the old, old, very old man." He was buried in 1635, and his epitaph relates that he lived in the reign of ten Kings (from Edward IV. to Charles I.), and died in his one hundred and fifty-third year. His years which were many were also evil, for at the age of one hundred and thirty years this hoary sinner did penance in public, having been found guilty by a spiritual court of gross immorality. Fuller, in his "Worthies," tells that on his death, Parr was found to be covered with hair like fur, and speaks of him as *Thomas de Temporibus.*

The monument of Popham, one of Cromwell's officers, was at the time of the Restoration allowed to remain here on condition that its face be turned to the wall, and so it is a black, wordless slab—a stone of offence—a record of haughty rudeness and forfeited honor, but yet one's eye rests longer on it than on any of the fine monuments in the Abbey, just as in life we are prone to look more at the scars of humanity than upon their comely parts.

Cromwell's grave is empty, for with insolent barbarity, his decayed, unsightly body was exhumed and hung on Tyburn gallows, his head being placed upon a gable at Westminster Hall—but then the English were never ultra-aesthetic. This grim adornment remained there for twenty years, till carried to the ground by a strong wind.

There are a thousand men and one hundred and twenty women buried in and about the Abbey, but among them is none greater than Isaac Newton, whose keen eye tracked out the hitherto secret paths of nature, and planted our feet on the rock of scientific truth. He made the complex simple, and united the diversified. He led us by great altar-steps up to our Creator.

Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Darwin have ceased from troubling, and before you know it, you have walked over the grey slabs which are simply inscribed with their names.

Mrs. Nightingale's tomb is the finest in the Abbey. The iron doors of the grave have been burst open by the skeleton figure of Death He is aiming his pitiless arrow at the lady, whose agonized husband vainly endeavors to shield her from the enemy. It is a frenzy of love in stone.

The centripetal attraction is the coronation chair, whose glories have waxed dim, for it has been cut and initialed all over. In it is the famous stone of Scone, which has a ring at each end, and a crack that almost cuts it in two. On the Sacred Hill of Tara in Ireland, it was the "Lia Fail," or "The Stone of Destiny." It was taken to Scotland, and it is probable all the Scotch Kings were crowned on it since the days of Fergus, 330 B.C. This stone has been used in all the English coronations from Edward I. to Victoria, and may thus be said to be the bond of union between Tara, Iona, and Britain. It was only once removed from the Abbey, and that was on the installation of Cromwell as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall.

It is believed by the "ten tribe" people that England and Israel are identical, and that this stone is Jacob's veritable pillow, and the signet ring of the Almighty. They contend that it is Jehovah's seal of witness that His promises made to Israel should be verified and, therefore, wher-

ever Israel may be at the present time, they must have this stone in possession. They also tell us that it was taken to Ireland by Jeremiah and Baruch. So says legend, but science tells us otherwise, for geologists who have examined it carefully, declare that it is undoubtedly a sandstone from the west coast of Scotland.

In the cloisters is a great blue slab, known as "Long Meg." Underneath it were buried the Abbot and twenty-six monks who died from "The Black Death" in 1349. Westminster Abbey is sometimes called "The Fortress of the Church of England," and this slab testifies to the fact that the garrison have not been found wanting in times of need. Every flagstone covers a body whose name, perhaps, Time has let die, for "Death is King and Vivat Rex!" Let us tread a measure on the stones.

And so I wander on, stopping now and then, to decipher some name in which much of our English history is embalmed, or to ponder over a quaint epitaph full of tender pathos, till tiring of them, I rest me in a quiet corner of this Temple of Silence and fall into mortuary musings. I idly call the roll of the dead and gone, and out of the phantom pageants of past centuries glide beautiful forms in brocade and ruffs, "faire ladyes of olde time," who curtsey deeply to me e'er they tremble back into nothingness.

Death is a great leveller, for he lays the victim and vanquisher side by side, and so I smile at him, as I call the Normans and Saxons to renew their battle a millennium old. But it was a sad mistake I made, for at once the air is full of dumb voices, and the Lancastrians would renew their feud with the Yorks; the Cavaliers would fight the Roundheads, and the Anti-Jacobites the Stuarts. The bells clang brazenly and once more I am alone.

I would further seek the living among the dead, and from the soft shadows come Bloody Mary and those she persecuted; Bluff King Hal and his wives; Outram and his enemy Clyde; Charles I. and the Cromwells, and all with flushes of red in their pale, ghastly faces, would renew their quarrels so long held in abeyance. I leave them and hasten away to think of the broad toleration of Death, and how wise it is that there are "many mansions" in the Land that is beyond.

London, May.

A building of rare grandeur is Westminster Hall. The largest room in Europe but one, it now forms a gigantic vestibule to the House of Parliament.

It is said walls have ears, and 'tis a thousand pities they have no tongues, for these might awe and interest us with arguments, appeals, debates, decisions, cries for mercy, challenges, proclamations, music, shouts of laughter, clang of armor, death groans, festal echoes, and bursts of minstrelsy. They have listened to the oratory of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, and have been startled by the sharp cry of a King, smarting under the epithets of "tyrant, traitor, murderer."

No roof in the world has covered so many nobles, kings, artists, generals, princesses, abbots, cardinals, clowns, judges, monks, ambassadors, and queens. To be instructed in its tableaux, heroics, and tragedies, is to know the whole history of England. Its fantasies and wildly chivalrous deeds start up to challenge one's attention.

Here, at the coronation of Richard I. began the cold-blooded massacre of the Jews. Richard II., who completed the Hall, gave a "housewarming" for which two thousand cooks prepared a regal feast. All the coronation banquets, from William Rufus to George, were held in the "Palace of Westminster." At these entertainments, right royal in their way, a panoplied knight with blare of trumpets, rode into the Hall, and throwing down his steel gauntlet, thrice defied to single combat any who denied the rights of the Sovereign. The King then pledged the royal champion in a silver cup, which became his property.

The venerable building laves its feet in the Thames, and we read of an inun-

dation in 1238, when the people crossed the Hall in boats. The subsiding tide left a quantity of fish stranded and splashing in the mud. A brass plate marks the spot where Charles I. stood to be sentenced under the banners taken at Naseby. Cromwell was inaugurated Lord Protector, and Anne Boleyn enthroned on the same spot. In this Hall, Baxter was arraigned before the infamous Judge Jeffreys. Others tried were Sir Thomas More, Archbishop Laud, Guy Fawkes, and the seven Bishops. Two whole days were spent in reading the charges against Warren Hastings, followed hard by Edmund Burke's wonderful harangue that shall last as long as the English language, a declamation which has been ranked with the Crown Oration of Demosthenes.

Standing perhaps in the same place, the Padre repeated its finish, " I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed, I impeach him in the name of the English Nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied, I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert; lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all." We could see Warren Hastings cringe and cower like a whipped dog; the women are in hysterics, and Mrs. Sheridan is fainting near by. The nation had not learned then what General Gordon told her later, that England was made and would hold her place, not by her Government, but by adventurers.

The police examined my chatelaine bag to see that I carried no dynamite into the House of Parliament. You enter this huge, opulent edifice through a corridor lined with ducal petrifactions in white. The police keep moving the crowds through the different rooms in an officious and aggravating fashion. You want to look at the throne, the frescoes, and the lavish magnificence of this most splendid building erected in the present age, but barely get time for a cursory glance. The big Parliamentary clock beats even a Waterbury watch, for it takes five hours to wind it. The Victoria Tower, in which the clock is placed, is said to be the most beautiful that has ever been built.

Outside runs London's greatest highway—The Thames. It may be said of this city as of Tyre: " The harvest of the river is her revenue, and she is a mart of nations." From the bridges we unweariedly watch crafts of almost every conceivable kind: wallowing barges, deeply-laden coal hulks, picturesque schuits carrying eels from Holland, and smacks with olive green, dingy burnt amber, or piebald sails that make wide washes of color on the smoked glass of the stream. Magnified by the indistinctness of their outlines, they loom out of the river fog like in-gliding spectres, upon which the gradations of shadow play with ever-varying effect. The gloom and misty grayness of this hazy city are its greatest fascination. Not more beautiful are the liquid carmine and gashes of gold that light up the Canadian snows at set of sun.

Of the fifteen bridges that span the river, the Westminster is the handsomest. The view from this suggested Wordsworth's sonnet, "Earth hath not anything more fair to show." Dr. Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey, is jocularly known as " Westminster Bridge," so you must be explicit when you use this term in London.

The Waterloo Bridge is the favorite suicide station. Police boats stationed at its piers rescue most of the people, almost as soon as they touch the water. A young girl jumped off at this point. Two " bloods " saw her wild leap, whereupon one exclaimed, " £100 to £10 she drowns!" " Taken," replied number two, who immediately shouted to the police, " £20. Let her alone!" She drowned.

CHAPTER XV.

A HISTORY OF DEATH.

London, May.

"The British Museum."—As a child what vague, romantic images the words called to my mind, yet now after spending quite a month in desultory wanderings through its misty halls, or in close study of its garnered treasures, my ideas are still chaotic and crude. All I have fairly grasped is that it preserves record of the birth and annihilation of races: that it is a history of death.

I found it profitable and interesting to study the museum in the light of Hegel's *Philosophy of History,* taking the Assyrio-Babylonian Monarchy as the childhood of history; Persia, as the rough, turbulent boyhood; Greece as the youth; Rome as its manhood, and the present as the old age of history—old, not in the sense of decrepitude, but in the spirit of ripeness and strength.

No section is more interesting than the Egyptian rooms. It was Egypt who lit our lamp of knowledge, for e'er the arm of her power had withered, she was the mother of arts, letters, and science. Superiority, elegance, and variety, seem to have distinguished her every industry. Her old domesticities are not the least interesting, for some way they bring you more in sympathy with this dead race than do their stone tablets telling of victories, law, and hunting. You begin to realize that the Egyptian did not differ widely from the Anglo-Saxon after all, for here is a wooden model of a house made twenty-five centuries ago, and the "lord and master" sits meditating on the roof while his wife kneads the dough in the yard beneath. Here, too, are my lady's tweezers, hair-pins, fans, caps for her hair, necklaces, ivory pins, beads, buckles, sandals, linen, combs, mirror, bracelets, and writing material, for in truth she was a fashionable dame.

That the children of the world's dawn were as fond of pretty and useless rubbish as are our tinies of to-day, is evidenced by toy animals, a leather ball, bells, and a wooden doll with hair of clay beads. There is a palm-leaf table, and a couch from Thebes, and a feather pillow that still looks inviting. When you see that the Egyptians were troubled, too, with the folding-chair monstrosity, you realize for the first time that much of our furniture is modelled from theirs. The gnostic rings, gemmed with agate, cornelian, chalcedony, and lapis-lazuli, are excellent specimens of goldsmith's work.

Draughtsmen, dice, scarabs, musical instruments, fishing-tackle, and the veritable "flesh-pots of Egypt," all cause one to marvel at the stupendous and unrivalled activity of this people. The food collection, recovered from the tombs, included roast ducks, bread, dates, fish, grapes, nuts, pomegranates, and wheat, for the fertility of Egypt won her the title of "The Granary of the World." She boasted that she could feed all men and feast all gods.

In Egypt, the vase attained its zenith. It had other uses than to stand on a table as a mere ornament. Of different shapes and wearying profusion, they were for carrying wine, for pouring wine, for mixing wine and water (much in use by merchants), for drinking wine. There were sepulchral vases to contain oil, honey, or perfume. All of them are marvels of decoration, coloring, and shape. Of all the recovered treasures brought to light by the spade and lamp of the archaeologist, none impressed me more than the ugly sun-dried bricks of the pre-exilic period. They were made by the Children of Israel, for they bear the names of Thothmes I., who lived B.C. 1633, and of Rameses II., B.C. 1533. The Egyptian sculpture seems to be the work of mere stone-cutters, rather than artists. It is entirely narrative.

After studying their productions, it is interesting to study the Egyptians themselves. They are their own monuments, and some of them are more than five thousand years old. The guide-book to the

museum tells that it cost $1,200.00 to mummify a body in the best style, but it might be done by a simpler method for $400.00. The very poor only salted the body for seventy days, and then soaked it in hot bitumen. The cost was slight. The practice was almost universal, for the people believed that after many ages had passed, the spirit would re-inhabit the body. The numerous canopic jars in this section contain the intestines of the mummified. In modern language, it is "a choice assortment" of Egyptians that the English people—the heirs of the ages—have gathered here.

The wrappings, in some cases, indicate the position and occupation of the person. There is something strangely fascinating about these withered relics of poor dead mortality. On the soles of the feet of one who was a priest in the temple of Amen-Ra, is painted the representation of the enemies of Egypt, put there to indicate that they were to be trodden under foot. Cleopatra, the daughter of Ammonios, still wears an ivory comb and a wreath of flowers on hair that is the dull red of Florentine bronze. It is not such a stretch of imagination, after all, to realize that "A heart hath beat beneath that leathern breast, and tears adown that dusky face have rolled." Here, too, is a musician with the cymbals he clashed three thousand years ago, and in another case, on a withered hand that had been exquisitely delicate, was a ring inscribed with a scorpion. A young singer from the Temple at Thebes looked girlish and pretty through her wrappings of burnt umber. The lines of her breast were still rounded and beautiful.

The mummified children were not unrolled. The adults of the Roman period had painted shrouds, gilded faces, and bead-work coverings. On a few, the portrait of the person was painted. Some lie in their sarcophagi, like gilded pictures in wooden frames. Most of them with their dried heads, lugubrious visages, and stringy throats, are uncanny and awesome. One thinks of Tennyson's lines on a skeleton, "Lo God's likeness!—the ground plan—neither modell'd, glazed or framed. Buss me thou rought sketch of man—Far too naked to be shamed."

The gazelles, cats, dogs, crocodiles, apes, hawks, snakes, and ibises, which were kept sacred to the gods in the temples, were also mummified. Grimalkin seems to have been the favorite. Beside the Nile he reached his apotheosis, for he was worshipped while alive, and preserved in his death. It is doubtless true that God made the cat so man might have the pleasure of caressing the tiger.

The religious collection illustrated Buddhism, Brahmanism, Judaism, Confucianism, Shamanism, Taouism, and Christianity. It was a huge pantheon of leering, grotesque gods. Each idol is the embodiment of some strange yearning, or need of humanity that has crystallized into an article of faith. Thy are all dropsical and ugly as huddled devils. They winked their fat, sensual eyes at me, for like the witch of Endor, each has a familiar spirit, and I confess with shame and confusion of face that, forgetting my native austerity and self-restraint, I stood there, and in return, made risque mouths at these unholy, foolish old scarecrows.

The gold room was filled with "inestimable stones, unvalued jewels," dating from the barbaric opulence of the times of Ptolemy to our own days. The police follow you through the room, observing your every movement. What an obdurate materialist John Bull is, to be sure! He thinks we all covet these glittering baubles, and so he carefully watches them. I would infinitely prefer to steal the Rosetta Stone, or the Codex Alexandrinus, which in their slightly guarded condition would be tolerably easy loot.

Before I could see the Reading Room, I was obliged to give a name (supposedly my own) as a sufficient demonstration that I was not an anarchist, assassin, or dynamited. There are three miles of book-cases, and each case is eight feet high. The room is in rotunda form, with a glass dome. Each reader is pro-

vided with a chair, a desk, a small shelf for his books, ink, pens, blotting pad, and a hook for his hat. Baedecker says that there are in this room, one million eight hundred thousand books, and they increase at the rate of thirty thousand per annum. How true is Solomon's aphorism: "Of making many books there is no end." An illiterate Englishman looking at these books remarked, "No wunner us English be a rare sharp people, just look at them books we read."

One looks long at the little prayer-book Lady Jane Grey carried to the scaffold, and at the first book printed by Caxton: it is on vellum. Here is Milton's agreement to give his bookseller *Paradise Lost* for £13, Mozart's composition at eight years, and a letter from the Duke of Wellington on the field of Waterloo. The manuscript works of Locke, Walter Scott, Rousseau, Ben Jonson, Letters of Erasmus, Byron, Knox, Franklin, Swift, Galileo, Washington, and scores of others, attract more than a passing attention.

The penmanship of the English sovereigns is uninteresting, for in comparison with these literary geniuses, their rank is but the guinea's stamp, unless perhaps one is struck by the inimitable signature of Queen Elizabeth, which has almost as many flourishes as the caligraphy of a Canadian Business College.

Mr. Gaviller, of Bondhead, Ontario, has given an excellent collection of Indian curios to the museum. The British public are informed that Ontario is in the United States of America. I had a "Breeches Bible" valued by an encyclopedic person in connection with the museum, and seized the opportunity to speak of this geographical error. He assured me that while the authorities were all very wise indeed, they were hardly infallible, as was instanced by the fact that in their eagerness to possess "The treasures of Egypt," they once bought two terra-cotta figures of Isis and Osiris for a thousand guineas, and have since discovered them to be modern clay.

To interest the curious, the museum contains the surgical instruments, fire-pumps, and carpenters tools of the Romans. Jewels from the noses of African beaux, and anklets of iron from the African slave; armilla that were conferred on the men for bravery; elaborately jewelled and chased rings to prevent cramps; signet rings that were worn on the thumb, the combs of ivory used by the dandies in the times of the "Merrie Monarch," with which they combed their perukes in public places much as the gentlemen of to-day twirl their moustaches.

To instruct the antiquarian, there are thousands of links with a dead and mysterious past; profusely hieroglyphed slabs from Nineveh that are sullenly old, giving as they do, the Babylonian and Assyrian accounts of the Creation (at least, the foot-note told us so). There are colossal shapes of gods and men cut from a single stone, and monstrous effigies with the face of a man, the wings of an eagle, and the feet of a bull.

To the delight of the artistic are those exquisite productions of genius, the famous Elgin marbles. They include the friezes, pediments, and sculptures from the Temple of Apollo in Phigaleia, from the Temple of Zeus in Olympia, and from the Parthenon at Athens. Belonging to these marbles is the matchless group of statuary, known as "The Fates." It is a ravishingly beautiful representation of the form of matured womanhood, and seems to throb with strong life. The ethereally draped figures are the very arch-types of physical perfection and loveliness.

But why presume to describe the indescribable? Gorged with sights, the mind falls back, incapable of grasping more. Like Dominie Sampson you ejaculate, "Pro-digious;" you recover the umbrella (the guards believe you have an inordinate desire to destroy the stones), and foot-sore and weary, are soon slithering along the sloppy pavement of this second and greater Babylon.

LITERATURE

LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON. By George Horace Lorimer. Being the Letters written by John Graham, head of the house of Graham & Company, Pork Packers of Chicago, familiarly known on 'Change as "Old Gorgon Graham," to his son Pierrepont, facetiously known to his intimates as "Piggy."

"WE cannot keep it in stock," said the bookseller, "the demand for the work is so great." If I had to wait for a copy of "The Letters," verily I had my reward.

The book is dedicated "To Cyrus Curtis, a self-made man." Happy Cyrus! to have his name associated with a book that will carry round the world so much amusement. A book so deliciously humorous, so entirely refreshing as this one, impresses the reviewer with the inadequacy of anything that may be written concerning it. From beginning to end it is a *live* work, and is one of the most noteworthy issues of the year.

It is a new Book of Proverbs, containing business proverbs, religious proverbs, proverbs relating to love, education, mothers-in-law, tact, dress, pork, mules, boys, and pretty nearly everything else. A young man once said to Dwight L. Moody, "I don't think much of the Book of Proverbs." "Then try to make a few," replied the witty Evangelist. These maxims are not exactly after the well-known style of Solomon, but many there are who will find them a deal more interesting and much more modern. The letters are couched in the vernacular of the business man, and the man of the street—suggestive, sharp, incisive.

Throughout the work, the author looks the facts of a young man's life square in the face. When "Gorgon Graham" writes to Pierrepont regarding the latter's excessive expenses at Harvard, he says, "Now I know you'll say I don't understand how it is; that you've got to do as the other fellows do; and that things have changed since I was a boy. There's nothing in it. Adam invented all the different ways in which a young man can make a fool of himself, and the college yell at the end of them is just a frill that does not change essentials. The boy who does anything just because the other fellows do it is apt to scratch a poor man's back all his life. He's the chap that's buying wheat at ninety-seven cents the day before the market breaks. Its the fellow who has the spunk to think and act for himself, and sells short when prices hit the high C, and the house is standing on its hind legs yelling for more, that sits in the directors' meetings when he gets on toward forty. There are times when it's safest to be lonesome. Use a little common-sense, caution, and conscience. You can stock a store with these three commodities, when you get enough of them. But you've got to begin getting them young. They ain't catching after you toughen up a bit.

You needn't write me if you feel yourself getting them. The symptoms will show in your expense account. Good-bye: life's too short to write letters, and New York's calling me on the wire."

Referring to travel, this old Chicago sage tells us that "seeing the world is like charity—it covers a multitude of sins, and like charity it ought to begin at home. . . . "In London, for the first time in my life, I was taken for an easy thing. Every time I went into a store there was a bull movement. The clerks all knocked off their regular work and started in to mark up prices. They used to tell us that they didn't have any gold-brick men over there. So they don't. They deal in pictures—old masters, they call them."

Speaking of business, the pork-packer thinks it just as necessary to make a good first impression in commerce as in courting.

"You'll read a good deal about 'love at first sight' in novels, and there may be something in it for all I know, but I'm dead certain that there is no such thing as love at first sight in business. A man's got to keep company a long time, and come early and stay late and sit close before he can get a girl or a job worth having."

Again, "I don't know anything that a young business man ought to keep more entirely to himself than his dislikes, unless it is his likes. It's generally expensive to have either, but it's bankruptcy to tell about them. It's all right to say nothing about the dead but good, but it's better to apply the rule to the living, and especially to the house which is paying your salary." We might go on and quote the whole book with equal interest; suffice it to say that the reader who is not amused and instructed will be a dull person indeed.

William Briggs, Toronto.

THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS. By Newell Dwight Hillis.

THE Quest of Happiness is a subject of profound and perennial interest. It is the oldest topic known to man, and consequently the newest. Happiness! we all want it, but none has found it in entirety. We would have the world believe it to be our portion, but like Bluebeard, when we deem our chamber to be fast locked, the key and secret in our own possession, all the while a crimson stream is flowing across the door-sill telling of murdered joys within.

The plummet of language has never been able to fathom the abysses of happiness. It is as incapable of delineation as the beauties of the mystic Isis, on whose statue was inscribed, "I am all which hath been, which is, and shall be, and no mortal hath ever lifted my veil." Perhaps, the Buddhist has described it most nearly in the doctrine of Nirvana, which is the extinction not of existence but of passion, malice, and delusion, the extinction of the fires of lust, hatred, bewilderment. Nirvana is the entry of the spirit upon its rest; an eternal beatitude which is as highly exalted above the joys, as it is above the sorrows of the transitory world.

We know of no living author who is better able or better equipped to treat this subject than Newell Dwight Hillis. The training for the ministry has not succeeded in ironing out all his individuality, nor can it be said of him, as was once said of a learned pedant, "he put so many books on the top of his head, he crushed his brains out." On the contrary, he has a mind of singular acuteness, singularly well-furnished. It is a mind that looks out keen-eyed upon the world as it is. Behind his character there is always the glow of firelight. This is why he possesses such an extraordinarily sympathetic understanding of the human heart. His writings are robust, sane, keen, vivid, "canny." Everything he touches with his pen he makes luminous, and the work before us is no exception.

The author was five years in writing it, and it has been rewritten three times; once from the view-point of the man who listens to the moral teacher, once with reference to the man who seeks for arguments, and a third time in the interest of condensation, simplicity, and concrete example, rather than abstract principles.

The theme of the book may be briefly summed up under the heads of happiness in relation to man's success; happiness latent in suffering; happiness in every condition of life, in the problem of work, in the pursuit and use of money, through social life, in the home, in the friendship of books, and the ministry of Nature. Happiness in its relation to socialism, art, and religion, is also fully dealt with.

The language in many places is exceedingly beautiful. Hillis gives us sentences that lie like strings of pearls across the pages. We delight in the trenchancy of his expression and the closeness of his thought. The volume itself is an excellent example of good book-making, and the publishers are to be congratulated on its turn-out.

William Briggs, Toronto.

YANKEE MOTHER GOOSE. By Benj. F. COBB. Illustrated by Clara S. Brison.

IT is only the hopelessly old or hopelessly utilitarian who cannot dip into the children's books at this season. Of course we know there will be the same leggy little misses; the cross mothers spanking proper principles into the coming generations; the cruel boy, the dirty boy, the greedy boy, and the knowing boy that is born with his eye-teeth cut, but for all that, if we want to keep in touch with the advanced thought of the century, and the trend of events, we must not neglect this very important literature.

Pray where will you find a better description of the commingling of races and usages in the United States, or a clearer conception of American ambitions than in the following lines taken from "The Yankee Mother Goose Book":

"My mother is Irish,
My father a Jew,
So I must be
An Irish stew.

"With father's money,
And mother's wit,
I'll marry a Lord
And be English yet."

Nor can a consideration of these jingly rhymes fail to impress upon the most conservative among us how antedated we are when we sing of such "chestnuts" as Jack and Jill. We cannot sing the old songs now, for rag-time is here. To be really modern, we must ring the changes after this style:

"Jim and Ella climbed a hill
To secure a pail of cream;
Jim fell down upon the ground,
Ella let out a scream.

"Jim was troubled for the cream;
Ella began to mutter.
The cream ran swiftly down the hill
And straightway churned to butter."

Even Mother Goose herself, has undergone a radical metamorphosis. That venerable person no longer rides astride a broom, but is portrayed for "Young America" as a very much "advanced woman" riding in a horseless carriage and making the geese, dust, and feathers to fly. Perhaps next Christmas some progressive illustrator will set Madam Goose astride that fast fowl, the annexing screaming eagle, which ever keeps its covetous eye on Quebec.

Joking aside, we were glad that our electric cousins are letting the old lady "see life." She has had a quiet time in Canada, but we sincerely hope they will not prostrate our mutual friend with what the nerve physicians abroad call "Americanitis." Assuredly, she deserves a better fate.

HOW TO ATTRACT THE BIRDS. By Neltje Blauchan.

EVERYONE should have a hobby. It not only enlarges one's scope of observation, and adds to one's culture, but it is a change of occupation which rests the mind. A poor American lad, a farm-laborer, chanced upon the statement that everyone should be a specialist in some thing. He made the idea his own, and decided to become an expert upon willows. He found willows that were gray, red, yellow, blue, and white; willows that grew upright, and "weeping willows." He gathered seeds, leaves, and specimens from China, Japan, Russia, and England. Although he lived and died a farmer, the day came when teachers in forestry in all lands acknowledged him as the first authority in the world upon the subject. There is no plant, bird, tree, or insect that is not

waiting for someone to become its representative.

The author of this delightful book has opened up her hobby, and tells us how she made bird friendships. She has almost as great a passion for the birds as Andrew Carnegie, who says he would as lief shoot an angel as a song-bird, for both must be akin because they sing and fly.

The author has given close study to the habits of the humming-bird and to its instinct of orientation. How does this feathered sprite, this tiny atom of bird life, whose outstretched wings barely measure two inches across, travel thousands of miles between its summer and winter homes, arriving at its chosen destination at approximately the same date year after year. Wherein lodges the force that propels it through the sky at a speed and height which take it instantly beyond the range of human vision?

These sharp-eyed, ruby-throated immigrants may be attracted to our gardens by a vivid advertisement in red flowers. They give the answer to us that Eugene Field once gave when asked what was his favorite color. "Why," said the poet, "I like any color at all so long as it's red." The flowers, too, must be deep-tubed, hiding their nectar from the mussy bees. Such flowers are the cannas, fuschias, scarlet-runners, gladioli, honeysuckle, and columbine.

The author has given us some new information about male birds and their reprehensible habits. In the spring some happy couples already mated, travel northward together; or all the males may come in one flock, a sort of bachelor's club, ungallantly leaving their females to find their way alone. Then, how these same bachelors sing to advertise their locality when possible mates are expected to arrive at the old trysting-place, and how the joy of the reunited lovers puts a song into the heart of all beholders.

It will be news for the advocates of woman's rights that the males among the ostrich tribe take entire care of the young. Certain plovers, too, attend to nursery duties, even to sitting on the eggs, leaving their impish, wandering wives free to waste their strength on clubs, matinees, bargain-counters, and whatever may be the equivalent among "advanced" feathered females. On the other hand, the dandified drake deserts his mate as soon as home duties are likely to interfere with his leisure or pleasure. By way of apology for such neglect, it is said that a drake retires necessarily to shed his beguiling wedding garment, and by the time the yellow-gaped ducklings' education begins, their father is apt to be so denuded of feathers that he cannot fly, and is consequently a drag on the family.

Devoted little Bob White is a model husband and father, volunteering to take entire charge of the broodlings while Mrs. White sits on the second set of eggs. His prolonged devotion puts to shame the polygamous, indifferent barn-yard rooster and the turkey gobbler, from whom his mate runs away to hatch and rear her young lest they fall victims to their father's fits of jealous, murderous rage.

As a general thing, the female bird wears dun colors because she requires the greater protection, for in the majority of cases it is she who builds the nest, covers the eggs, and cares for the young, often with little help from her mate. His chief business in life is to woo and win her, therefore on him nature lavishes her choicest gifts of plumage and song, even if she sometimes skimps him on his beauty of character.

The photographs in this book are marvels of intimate bird picturing. Nowhere have we seen any that are comparable with them.

Doubleday, Page & Co.

OF INTEREST TO LADIES

Women are Growing Wiser, Wasp-Like Waists are no Longer Fashionable

ARE we womankind growing wiser, or is it merely the inevitable turning of the wheel of fashion that has brought in the modest corset ? Certain it is that Fashion has decreed that we shall no longer have small, wasp-like waists. The sculptors and painters who have all along been telling us of the beauties of the natural, unhampered waist will say, " What have we been telling you ?" and will point out to us the examples of the world of art and the figures of the old masters.

But then we knew all that, and most of us wished for this happy period to come, but what can a woman do when Fashion sets the pace ? Very few of us have the courage of our convictions when it comes to disregarding the mandates of that terrible ruler. Of course we had the plea of the necessity of something to hang and drape our clothes on, and the need of a certain amount of support, but the fact remains that thousands of women and girls have been hurried to untimely graves or sustained serious internal injuries from tight lacing.

The modern corset is a mere band of whalebone and ribbons compared with the steel-ribbed, unyielding " strait-jackets " worn some years ago. The corset of to-day is made on entirely different lines, being short, of soft material, with but a couple of bones, and it is shaped on hygienic and physiological principles, giving the internal organs a proper amount of space and freedom, and allowing ample play for the movements of the ribs and upper chest in breathing.

Probably one of the most prolific agents in bringing about this fortunate change is the modern devotion to outdoor games, pastimes and pursuits. No women squeezed up in an old-fashioned corset such as our mothers wore could, even had she dreamed of such a thing, walk a half mile, let alone run and stoop, strike at a ball, manipulate a fishing rod, or paddle a canoe. And the results are most gratifying, for never in the world's history has there dwelt such a race of strong, healthy girls and beautiful, graceful and happy women as we are.

Perfume is Hygienic

AN authority on perfumes says that "the liberal scent on the handkerchief is calculated to make it antiseptic and to destroy the germs in it." The use of a perfumed or antiseptic handkerchief is, therefore, consistent with the dictates of bacteriology. So that, instead of practicing a luxurious habit, a woman who puts scent on her handkerchief may actually be doing good to her neighbors by checking the distribution of infectious materials.

This is true of the more delicate perfumes, such as rose, violet, lemon and lavender. A liberal use of these can easily be accomplished by any woman who takes the trouble to do it.

Bed linen may be kept sweetly perfumed by the use of lavender bags in the linen closet. Every shelf can have a number of these strewn about. No dainty housewife in the good old times would think of putting sheets upon a bed that had not first been scented well in lavender.

Hurried modern times have forgotten in their rush many things that the ways of the old days were an improvement on.

History tells many interesting tales of perfume. One of Nero is that that tyrant had the perfume of roses sprayed upon his body every day.

Richelieu had so much perfume in every available way in his apartments

that the scent of it almost stifled persons who entered who were not accustomed to it.

Orange blossom perfume was the favorite of Louis XIV., who never used any other.

Queen Elizabeth had almost every known device for perfuming employed in the care of her dresses and living apartments. For her use sweet scented candles were made to be burned in the boudoir. Perfumed cakes of condensed rose, violet or other flowers were thrown into the fire to perfume the air with their fragrance. Her wigs were scented with Spanish leather which had been steeped in musk.

Perfuming the hair was considered for many centuries in the middle ages part of the quite essential things of the toilet. Women would spend the whole day in the hands of the hair-dresser, who would first wash, then perfume, and lastly dress their locks.

Some Parisian hair-dressers of to-day perfume the hair by dusting the scalp with powdered orris root or violet perfume powder. No attempt is, however, made now to get the heavily scented results that were once thought to be so nice.

The constant use of a perfume is said to have a subtle effect upon the character.

The continued use of violet is supposed to make one peaceful.

Heliotrope is generally liked by the conservative and retiring natures.

Women of vivid imagination and extravagant habits are known to prefer the odor of roses to that of any other flower.

Apple blossom is a favorite with the timid, it is said, and the lily of the valley bought oftenest by those who have a tendency to be melancholy.

Musk, carnation and other very pronounced perfumes are apt to be the favorites of the loud and coarse, on whom it takes nothing short of a cyclone—so to speak—to make an impression.

The daintier and fainter the perfume, the daintier and more refined the woman who chooses and uses it.

Beauty and the Bath.

WHEN the woman who has refused to keep pace with the world looks solemnly at you and shakes her head, when she says : "My dear, you bathe much too often ; you are washing away your vitality," take her out some fine day where she can see society on dress parade and point out to her the fine, handsome specimens of young womanhood you will meet at every turn, and tell her that there she sees the results of frequent bathing.

In nearly all the well-appointed private houses is a bath for each bed-room. Generally there is more than one kind, for the shower bath is one of the luxuries of the up-to-date woman. In every gymnasium there are bathing facilities, and every club-house is similarly equipped. In the country, where life is primitive, the morning bath obtains, even though it is founded on nothing more pretentious than a bowl of cold or warm water and a big sponge.

Among the women of foreign countries Englishwomen have always been the most backward in this matter of bathing. The luxurious, perfumed baths of the French dame, and the complicated affairs of hours which the Oriental beauties call baths, were mere names to them until foreign travel became a common event. The lesson in bathing for all of us was originally learned abroad, brought home, and taught to others.

To-day the woman who considers one bath a week sufficient to keep her in health and beauty is in danger of being shelved, and as a compliment to Philadelphia it may be said that very few of our women do it.

A tender little baby is bathed daily and clothed in fresh, sweet garments. This habit is kept up until the child is able to

go about. Then the careless mother changes her methods, and the bath comes not oftener than once a week. Habits which made the health of the child are no longer considered advisable, principally because they mean work.

That a little girl might be taught to do this for herself through pure love for cleanliness is never taken into consideration. If she ever acquires the bathing habit she must do it unaided by home influence. That is the way in which many of our prettiest women came up. But they never acquired a well-groomed appearance until they had learned the value of water. Now they swim with their brothers and compete with them in other outdoor sports, finishing with a rub-down.

Florence Nightingale was wont to declare that a bowl and a quart of water would keep a person clean. Something like that advice is followed by hundreds of women who have no bath-room, for the bathing fad has spread.

Turkish baths have climbed into popularity, and sea bathing has become a craze. Turkish baths, by the way, are misnamed, for they neither originated with the Turks nor are they exclusively patronized by them. They are the nearest approach to Oriental baths that American people have been able to accomplish.

Our baths are in basements, two or three generally to a large city.

In Constantinople there are fine, large buildings, as conspicuous as churches, and bathing is as pretentious as business or pleasure. For a population of half a million, forty or more of these buildings would about accommodate the people. The prices are so moderate that all classes can enjoy bathing privileges, and that is a feature which has not yet come to America.

Turkish baths are out of the reach of poor people, who perhaps need them more than their richer neighbors. Superfluous flesh can be kept down by a weekly Turkish bath, and many afflictions like rheumatism and neuralgia will sometimes disappear in its warmth and moisture. For women with weak circulation there is nothing like it, and the feeling of lightheartedness and renewed strength is never duplicated until after the next bath.

The skin is capable of a high polish, and the boast of our English sisters is the beauty of their skin. To secure it they discarded sponges and soft cloths, and substituted cocoanut fibre and rough towels.

Even the flesh brush was brought into use, or rough mittens, which forced the blood to the skin surface.

Perhaps this could not be done all at once, because feminine bodies had been pampered and the skin was tender.

But the polishing process, which was begun with a soft towel, did the work of toughening it, and then rough treatment was all the kind that was enjoyed.

New Opening for Women.

MANY and varied have been the schemes advanced by women for earning money, but possibly the most unique and original of them all is that of a young member of the ultra-fashionable set of Philadelphia. This young woman manages four of the largest homes in and about Rittenhouse Square, taking from the shoulders of the respective mistresses of these establishments all the worry and care incident to the supervision of household detail. She buys meats, vegetables, and supplies complete, and assumes the decidedly disagreeable task of hiring and discharging servants.

For her services the young woman draws $100 a month for each establishment.

$400 aggregate monthly income.

$5,000, in round numbers, per year.

By careful systematization, too, the house manager has been able to condense all her work into half a day's time, and is

thus able to give the remainder of the day and evening to home and social duties.

Frequently since her scheme has been in active and successful operation the young woman has been sought by other prominent Rittenhouse Square matrons, who almost begged her to relieve them of the care of their great homes. Content with her present sphere and her income, though, she has steadily refused additional offers, however flattering.

The beginning of this young woman's career was novel and in great degree pathetic. It was the old story of a "slump" in the stock market. Her father was caught among the "shorts." His fortune was swept away in the crash. The shock proved too much. He managed to reach home, but during the recital of the troubles to his little family he was overcome by heart failure and died. In the settling up of the estate, the home, all its handsome furnishings, everything, went to defray the last debts. Upon the daughter fell all the responsibility, her own maintenance and the care of her mother, who was an invalid. One by one she rehearsed her accomplishments, music, a dabbling in art, elocution, and one by one she cast them aside as inadequate to meet the necessity of bread-winning. In the emergency she thought of the management which she had exercised over their own home, this duty having fallen on her shoulders as soon as she returned from college. She had made a success of it, and saved money. Why should she not carry out the same idea in homes where she had often been a guest, whose mistresses she had frequently heard complaining of the onerous duties which were their lot incident to the care of their establishments? A dozen interviews were the result of the thought. Some looked askance at the innovation, but from the twelve she finally secured four who were willing to give her scheme a trial. These four households she is running to-day, and many of those who looked doubtfully on her plan have since come to see its wisdom and sought the offices of the young house manager. Kindly but firmly, though, she has refused additional offers.

She has an office. It is in one of the big buildings in the very heart of the city. Her original outlay was less than $100, expended for office-desk chairs, small table and rugs. That was long ago cleared up and settled, though the expense of the office furnishing sadly depleted her first month's income.

At the beginning of each month the masters of the four houses deposit to her credit in her own bank sums which experience has shown will be sufficient. The amounts differ slightly, according to the style on which the respective establishments are run. Usually one gives her $550 a month, two $600 each, and the fourth $700. On these various accounts she draws freely, paying cash as she goes. At the end of the month the young house manager presents to her patrons itemized and balanced accounts, the last item entered always being for her salary, which comes out of the allowance made for house maintenance. From experience, too, and the habit of buying wherever possible in large quantities the young woman has been able to save to her patrons sums equal to a large percentage of her salary.

HOUSEKEEPERS UNDER HER.

While the young house-manager exercises a general supervision of the four establishments under her charge, she is not burdened with the ordinary and humdrum detail of their running. In every large house there is a head servant, or housekeeper, and it was part of the agreement with her patrons that these very necessary personages should be retained. All four, though, are directly responsible to her, and through them she at all times keeps in close touch with the domestic machinery. It is the duty of each

housekeeper to report to her daily the amount of everything consumed during the past twenty-four hours, and submit as well a detailed report of the amount of provisions, etc., on hand. These reports are the barometers by which she regulates the replenishing of the various larders.

DAILY AND WEEKLY PROGRAMME.

The young house manager rises daily at about 6 a.m., and as the days vary, so varies her programme. Three days each week—namely, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—she goes a-marketing, and as all the meats for the households are always bought in open market, she has made it an invariable rule to be at the stalls among the earliest. The meats she chooses personally, giving that branch of the work her closest attention. The marketing done, she finds time for breakfast at home with her mother, but within an hour is up and doing again, executing the commissions given by her patrons and arranging whatever else in the line of miscellaneous purchases may be necessary.

Monday and Friday of each week are given over to laying in supplies of groceries, Mondays usually the staples and Fridays the fancy articles. On the former she has made the greatest saving of her business career, for instead of patronizing one grocer, and he invariably the "fashionable" man just around the corner, as did her patrons before she was employed, she hies away to the cut price man down town. From him she buys all such common articles as Sapolio, brooms, flour, sugar and the hundred and one things, which go towards supplying the servants' quarters and the servants' table. The most of each Friday she gives over to the fancy grocer, buying from him at that time sufficient of everything to carry all four of her establishments through the ensuing week.

Wednesday the one remaining day, is devoted to various purposes. Usually it is necessary to visit the tea and coffee house, for the house manager patronizes just one establishment of this kind, a house which handles only teas, coffees, and spices, for experience here has shown that the best of such articles can thus be secured.

On Wednesday, too, she calls upon the establishments under her care, and, after an interview with her principals, makes a general inspection of the respective larders and occasionally hears complaints or suggestions as to changes among the corps of servants.

No matter what the day, though, she sees to it that all outside duties are transacted before 10 o'clock, for at that hour she receives in her office the four housekeepers and hears their reports. Frequently, too, these head servants bear messages from their mistresses announcing a reception or dinner, for which special preparation is necessary. Such occasions as this are the hardest part of the young manager's work, for, after receipt of an order, she must repair straightway to the home in which the affair is to be given, and, with the prospective entertainer, prepare the menu or programme, as the case may be. If it is to be a dinner, then provisioning for it must be planned at once. If it be a reception, dance or party, she is burdened with much the same care. If "favors" are required it is she who suggests their form and orders them and sees that they are on hand in time. In fact, the entertainments which from time to time throughout the season illumine the four establishments, have become the envy of others less fortunate. Many of the guests have secretly wondered at the success of the affairs, and the apparently carefree hostess, as only a favored few know of the "girl-behind-the-man-behind-the-gun." In her own set few, indeed, of her associates know that behind the calm and dignified exterior there lies the originality and keen business capability that have made this novel career such an exceptional success.

NECESSITY OF HAVING AN OFFICE.

The first two weeks when she started in business the young house manager did not have an office, but the experience of that time showed such a headquarters to be absolutely necessary. Before the office was established she had great difficulty in making the rounds to see the various men with whom she had business during the day. Then, again, it was necessary to meet the housekeepers in her own home. The office was established, and now all routine business is transacted there. In the hour after the housekeepers have been disposed of the men of her business acquaintance come to see her. The dairyman, one farmer famed for his butter, eggs, and milk, there receives his orders for supplying the four establishments during the week. The butcher, the baker and the groceryman come in for settlement of their various accounts.

SYSTEM OF ACCOUNTS.

Her visitors disposed of, the young woman turns to her accounts. A notebook, in which entries have been made of all purchases of the day, is consulted, and from its chaos each item is entered in a day book in order. From this, in turn, transfer is made to the double entry ledger. Each of her patrons has an account in that ledger, as has each of the business men she patronizes. To each household is charged everything bought for it during the day, and at the beginning of the month each is credited with the amount set apart for maintenance during that time. The balance, taken at the end of the month, almost invariably shows that the amount allowed has been sufficient. In the same way each man she patronizes is credited with the amount of supplies, etc., purchased, while on the debit side is entered amount paid in settlement of the purchases of the day. In all cases, payments are made by checks, drawn on her account on her own bank. The statements made to her principals at the end of each month are merely copies taken from their accounts in the ledger. For this purpose she has four small books, one of which is submitted to the master and mistress of each household for their approval. That done and approved, she receives at the beginning of the new month checks equal to the difference between the amount regularly allowed and the balance which her books show to the credit of the respective accounts in her bank.

THE GREATEST THING OF ALL.

That she has golden hair divine
To me is no great shakes,
But I bow down before the fine
Plump waffles that she makes.

Her classic features that I see
My thirst for beauty slakes;
Yet not so much are they to me
As are the cakes she bakes.

I love her eyes, whose limpid blue
Rivals Norwegian lakes;
Yet I forget them—so would you—
When browsing on her steaks.

Girls, if you're pretty, nothing more,
You are but arrant fakes.
A husband's love flies out the door
Whene'er his stomach aches.

—*Tom Masson*

HOME DEPARTMENT

BY JANEY CANUCK

THE NEW BABY

IT was a tired little woman from the Southland, who wandered over the prairies, but she loved the light-flooded, wide-lying plains with a great and rapturous love, and so the genii of the land took counsel.

"This woman has felt the wondrous lift of soul which is the secret of our land, has felt her body grow in fairness, and her spirit eager, dauntless, swift in daring, and because of it we will give to her the most precious gift life can bestow."

And the genii caused a north wind to blow and the pollen of the wild sunflower wove itself into tangled yellow hair, and the blue-bells peeped out in eyes of starry-wonder, and to lips like a Cupid's bow, the red lilies lent of their wealth. The Buffalo apples, and the roses, and all "the angels of the grass" lavished their treasure without stint. And the woman knew not that the gift had come because she was weary and lay asleep in the bosom of the plain, but the genii and flowers knew and were glad.

That is how it happened!

OUR PARENTS.

Most of us can remember times when we were quite sure we had the wrong parents, and we tried on other children's parents. We thought it a pity that we were not allowed to reconnoitre on the earth a little while before being placed here, so that we might have made a better selection. Since we have chosen fathers and mothers-in-law we think differently.

There is nothing left for us but the acceptance of the very plain philosophy that since a woman cannot select her parents, and her parents cannot select her, she can select herself.

AFTER ALL.

Is it worth one's while to be born
To be and never know why?
To be rubbed 'twixt the hard-skinned hands of fate,
And ere one has lived, to die?
Is it worth one's while to be born—
To be cursed by the sins of his sires—
To be trampled before he has strength to stand
And be thrown as chaff to the fires?
Is birth but a mishap of chance?
Is man but the fruitage of lust?
Shall the ages forever come and go
And leave but a handful of dust?

THE ROOTS AND FRUITS OF LIFE.

That physical, mental, and moral qualities are inheritable is patent to anyone who keeps his eyes open. The child comes into the world with the tendency of his family stream and the momentum acquired by its run through previous centuries. Heredity is not a narrow, pitiful, two-parent affair. Each of us is the offspring of an infinite marriage, the child of an infinite mother. We are the summing-up of a thousand lives, and each life from out the arc of the centuries draws us to itself by good or ill.

Each infant has been likened to a cask whose staves represent trees growing on hills widely separated. At birth these staves are brought together, and some are worm-eaten—standing for vicious forefathers—and others are sound and solid. The cask is empty, but it is to be filled by

parents and teachers. Each parent ought to feel the divine frenzy of Michael Angelo when he smote the rude stone block to release the imprisoned angel! There is beneath the child's exterior an angel or a demon waiting to be released. It is with the mother to hoist a star or dig a dungeon.

To judge him aright, it is necessary not only to know who were a man's parents, but also who were his grandparents and their grandparents. The Jewish faculty for accumulation, you may trace clear back to Abraham, of whom the Bible says, "He was rich in silver and gold and cattle." Danish blood means fondness of the sea, Indian blood a roaming disposition, Celtic blood fervidity and German blood stolidity. The Scotsman stands for persistence, the Englishman for conservatism, and the Welshman for religiosity.

Although heredity is a mighty force, none of us are blind victims of fate. In spite of his ancestry, a man *can* select himself. He may rise up and successfully beat back all the influences of bad blood. He may put down the brakes and stop a long train of genealogical tendencies, and switch it off on another track from that on which it has been running for a century —for did not the family tree of the divine Galilean, the one perfect man, bear the bar-sinister, having in it the names of the scandalous Rehoboam and Tamar and Bathsheba.

NAME THIS CHILD.

Booker T. Washington tells us that he chose his own name, and there are not many who have had that privilege. Parents seem to delight in sending their children into life handicapped with names that expose them to ridicule. Or children are called after distinguished characters, and do not measure up to the colossal dimensions. Scriptural nomenclature is not so common as it used to be. Mothers are more prone nowadays to select appellations from novels. The innovation is not for the worse. One family carried this practise of selecting Biblical names to such extremes that they called their dog "Moreover," after the canine of whom it was recorded: "Moreover, the dog licked Lazarus' sores."

In a Canadian village we met an unfortunate man who confessed that he answered to the name Shadrach Meshach Abednego. In the same neighborhood a family had four sons. They were christened respectively Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. A fifth son was born, and the parish clergyman was requisitioned to determine a name. He jocularly advised them to call the new babe "The Acts of the Apostles." The suggestion was acted upon.

THE DEAD CHILD.

As many as came by the first man must lay down their necks, for "Death hath passed upon all."

Some there are who speak fair words of him, but Death is a monster whose drink is the tears of the world. He carries no flag of truce and takes no prisoners. His trench belts the hemispheres. He has conquered every land, race, and century. Earthly reapers rest at noon, but this grim reaper never rests. He knows no pity, is never weary, and his scythe never blunts. To him, "all flesh is grass." His chalice is a skull, his music the thud of clay on coffin lids.

"There are many kinds of sorrow," said David Harum, "but I guess that caused by the death of a child is a species by itself."

Ah! how precious they are, those bittersweet loans of love, those treasures we hold but for a day and miss for a lifetime. We watch the little stream of life as it merges into the great ocean of eternity. We listen to the old cry of woe to a mother's heart, "My head! my head!" Dusty death lays his seal on the lips that the red lilies kissed in the Northland. There is a sharp, quick struggle, an awful pallor, and the weary dove cowers its

young head under its drooping wing. There was no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto the ark.

Hours there are when earth reels beneath our feet, and the heavens are a lie. We cannot think of our loved one as that impossible thing—dead. Nature thus protects us in our uttermost losses by a density through which conviction is slow to penetrate. With thirst and hunger of heart we reach after them into the beyond, but a great gulf is fixed.

The ancients used to think that the straits entering the Red Sea were very dangerous places, and they supposed that every ship that went through these straits would be destroyed, and they put on weeds of mourning for those who had gone on that voyage as though they were actually dead. They called these straits "The Gate of Tears."

And so we stand at this gate and strain our ears for a sound from the other shore, but we hear naught save the painful throbbings of our own hearts. Are they dead? Do they live? Or is it we who are dead —we who toil—we who weep—we who sin—Is it we who are dead?

MISTRESS AND MAID.

The news that household servants are combining has struck terror into the heart of the Canadian *materfamilias*. Unions and strikes have indubitably improved the condition of the laboring classes, and such being the case it is not to be wondered that Bridget and Norah should combine too.

The lack of good servants is worse than a strike, for it lasts all the year round, still this idea of a servant's union is so formidable that we can hardly realize what it would mean. They will doubtless insist on no Sunday dinners, no sitting up at night for employers who keep late hours, and no restrictions as to dress, pay, or hours.

Surely the smoke of the housekeeper's torment ascendeth forever. Between servant and mistress, pray who is mistress? The time has long since passed when, like Mrs. Pepys, we can beat the saucy wench into becoming obedience. My Lord's "rascal" and my Lady's "hussy" are as extinct as the dodo. Nowadays the lines read the other way. "Master" is simply "the man what pays" and "Missis" the woman who "worrits." The downtrodden slaves have become pitiless tyrants. The throne has become a stool of repentance. While the king still counts out the prevailing market price, it is the maid who sits in the parlor and the queen who hangs out the clothes.

Remonstrate with "the gurl" who lies overtime in the morning and there are sulks and verbal blows. The work is too often done in a scrambling, sullen, dogged way. Norah has a democratic regard for the niceties and felicities of living. She jingles down your best plates as if she were playing quoits. She takes no hints and attends to no instructions. She will not do this and she will not do that, and wild horses will not make her budge one inch out of her own line. A deaf adder she is, and no music can charm her. Neither crying babies nor sick mothers will keep her if the caprice seizes her to leave on the impulse of the moment. This love of change has become one of the most distinctly marked characteristics of Canadian servants. It has inevitably produced a class with very short characters. They are real nomads with all the peculiarities of such a class.

The average servant ought to pay rent for the kitchen air, for she only vitiates it. We are tired of the tyranny of the broom, tired of having our lives embittered for three dollars a week. We are tired of plain living and high thinking, and so are "boarding round." Surely it is a wise old saying that God sends the meat and the devil the cooks.

How few servants feel a pride in their establishment such as we find a soldier takes in his regiment or a sailor in his ship. They have not the employer's interest at heart. Did ever maidservant oil

the creaking hinge without being told? How many servants can be trusted with the entire care of a lamp, or know on which end a broom should stand? Was there ever one who could go into a room and arrange it properly for a person to sleep in—that is, provide matches, soap, water, towels, and have everything provided for the comfort of the individual who is to use the room?

But how to change all this! We all have opinions on the matter, some wise, but oftener otherwise. Perhaps precedent is the best instructor in this case. Training schools have evolved skilful, honored, professional nurses from the Sairey Gamps of a former period. Why should they not do as much for the ignorant so-called "help" of to-day? We need an organized movement to supply thoroughly trained professional cooks and housemaids, whose diplomas shall testify to the degree of fitness, and who shall be bound under certain conditions to stay in their places until their time expires. Put service more on a level with a trade, and let better service be required.

Women have the old idea that certain occupations are only fit for ignorant people. On no subject to-day is there more published than upon domestic science, which all goes to teach that the intelligent scientific cook is just as much to be honored as the school-teacher or nurse. Trained workers are on the increase. Fewer girls sit down with folded hands nowadays, waiting a possible husband to solve the problem of the future.

The word "service" does not stand for degradation. Every person serves another in some way, or should do so. Only as we render service do we become great. All of us belong to "the working classes." It is not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man. It is the man who determines the dignity of the operation. Physicians and surgeons perform operations less cleanly than fall to the lots of most mechanics. Still these men are not degraded. Their intelligence gives dignity to the work, and every menial occupation may become a profession. There is nothing derogatory to a woman's dignity or self-respect in the discharge of the humblest duties. Dish-water is not always agreeable, but it cannot wash out ladyhood.

It would advance the whole matter of domestic science a hundred per cent. if each employer would insist on a letter of recommendation. If a servant can be dishonest and lazy in one family and be sure of employment in another, there is small likelihood of improvement. Too often the references we get and give mean nothing. Few of us are clever enough to pen "the character" that a delighted but stupid servant once handed to a would-be master. It ran thus: "He never refused to undertake any task that was proposed to him, and never did otherwise than fail to execute it properly."

In British Columbia, the Chinaman has ousted the housemaid and she is a "drug on the market." He has bowled out the washerwoman and has come to stay. He is reliable, cleanly, courteous, and apt to learn. Ah Sing is no believer in "eye-service." He is pre-eminently economical, whether it be in limiting the number of wants, in preventing waste or in adjusting forces in such a manner as to make a little represent a great deal. We know a mistress who allows her tan-colored gentleman to do all the marketing. She is in pocket thereby. "We will have strawberries and rice pudding for dessert, Sing." Ah Sing is silent, but explains for the absence of the fruit later: "Lice pudding heap good. No stlawbellies. Too pay muchee."

His inventive talent outdoes the wildest delirium of a French chef. With "a pinch o' this and a handful o' that" he can serve up a dish piquant and distracting enough to make Eve forget the forbidden fruit. One day Ah Sing determined his masterpiece should be a great cake. He asked his mistress if she did not think it would be nice to have a motto ornament

on the frosted top of the cake. She smilingly consented to let him finish his work in any way he might think suitable. When the big cake appeared, she was amazed at the result. Ah Sing was then attending a mission Sunday School, and there he had found his motto, " Prepare to meet your God!"

Some day Ah Sing will come to Ontario, and we shall hear a lot about " the yellow peril " and " Chinese cheap labor," but the history of the slatternly maid will be ended and filed away.

In considering the inefficiency of our domestic service, we are not entirely unmindful of the fact that there may be, indeed there undoubtedly are, faults on both sides. " A good master makes a good servant " is an old but very true saying, and one we might well take to heart and act on. In no relation of life save that of marriage is compromise more necessary, and our motto should always be to " Bear and forbear." We cannot expect all the Christian virtues at all times and in all circumstances at four or five dollars a week. A servant may be given to insubordination, indolence, ignorance, and ill-temper, but on the other hand, a mistress may be neither sober, civil, nor solvent.

We owe our servants a great deal, and there is one at least to whom a woman should never be indifferent—the nurse, who for a miserably inadequate salary lavishes her life, love, and solicitude on a child which is not hers.

People are asking on all sides why the supply of even poor servants is so far short of the demand; why girls would rather take shop wages and semi-starvation than take places as help. Many reasons are given, but the thorn lies in the fact that a woman is reduced to a position in which, to use a phrase common among servants, " she cannot call her soul her own." Very often she is shut off from her friends, and gives up her liberty. She is expected to be at the beck and call of other women from dawn till midnight—women who are not always angels, not always even ladies.

To take service is almost to take vows of celibacy and obedience. The shop is hot and stuffy—the kitchen is worse. Her shop hours are long, but they have an end. There are chain-gang regulations and " dumb-driven cattle " in the factory, but there is the treadmill routine of work in the home, with all the worry and snubs that have to be bottled up during the day. Statisticians tell us that domestic servants head the list in female suicides.

Too often the mistress neglects the comfort, health, and convenience of the servant. Time and money are spent on drawing-room gimcracks that gather dust and impede movement, while the servants' bedrooms are ill-arranged. Poor bedding, broken crockery, cracked looking-glasses, and rickety chairs are among the furnishings.

In her relations with the servant, it is the duty of the mistress to direct as to how she wishes her service performed. She may give directions regarding the habits and dress of the maid, the persons she shall admit to the house, and their hours of coming home, for such directions are necessary to the order and safeguard of the home. But here her authority ceases. The mistress has no right to intrude into the employment of any leisure time a servant may have, or into her private affairs.

The necessity of sometimes finding fault should always be done in private. Nagging, scolding, and imputations of dishonesty have no part whatever in household management. A mistress must expect stupidity, disobedience and clumsiness. She must counsel with herself whether she can put up with it, cure the defect, or dismiss the offender.

There is no reason why a servant whose character is known to be good should not be allowed to receive her sweetheart at her mistress's house. Much temptation and immorality would be avoided if serv-

ants could meet together under the recognized approval of their employers.

Where only one servant is kept, children should be trained at an early age, not only to give no trouble, but to take a great deal. The girls should make their own beds, dust, and learn to make jam and cakes.

The practice of ringing the bell should be restricted. Before a servant answers a bell, she has to pull down her sleeves, wash her hands, and take off her rough apron. This is a hindrance and waste of time, and all because the mistress cannot put a lump of coal on the fire. A servant will do her work far more willingly if her mistress sets her an example of industry. Neither must the mistress forget that there may be extra work at times, and that extra help must be called in or an effort made by herself.

Let the servants be considered as women who may sometimes be toil-wearied and work-worn, let them be kindly and even indulgently treated, and let us blandly hope that in spite of unions and strikes, they will occasionally deign to return the compliment.

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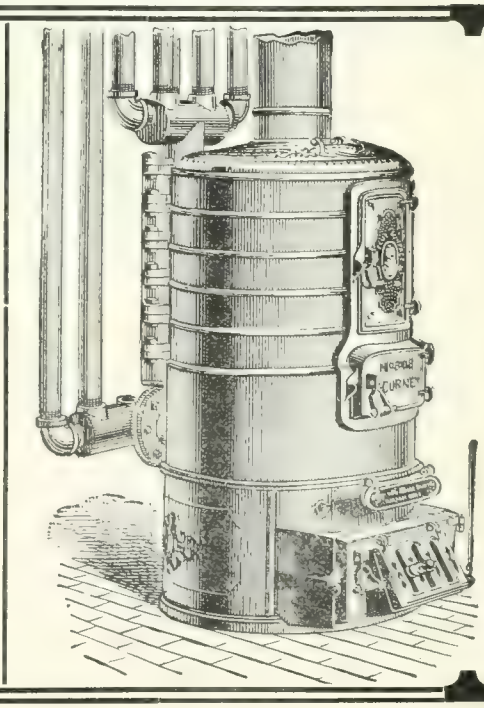

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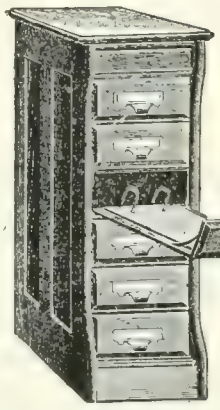

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Accounts Receivable	1,050.97
Furniture and Fixtures	6,690.93
The Molsons Bank	27,408.43
Cash on hand	9,774.47
Total Assets	$1,282,808.26

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock Paid in	$1,013,590.17
Dividends Credited	37,079.34
Amount Due Borrowers on Uncompleted Loans	1,771.14
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	42,675.48
Mortgages Assumed for Members	11,300.00
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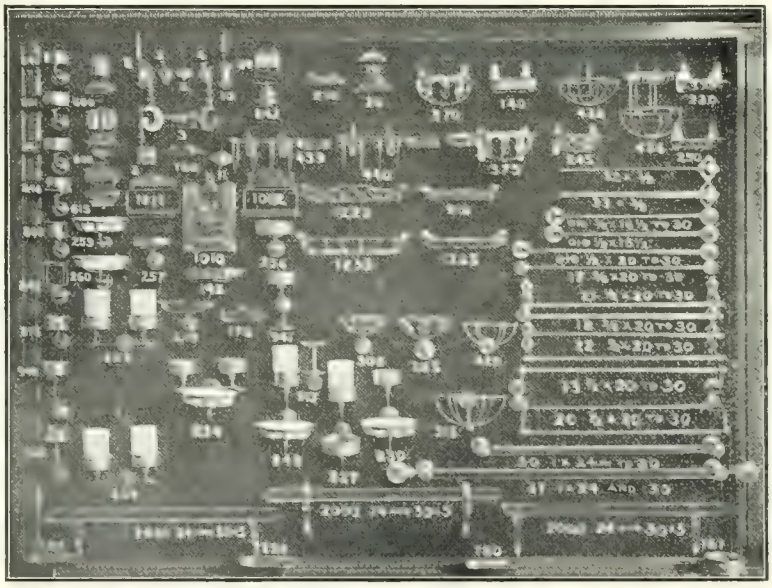

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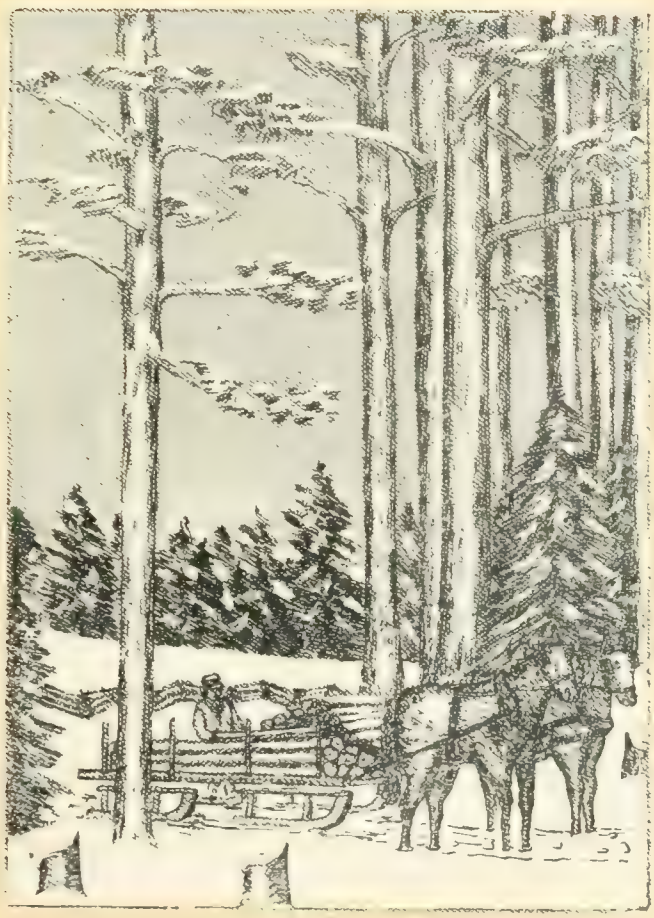

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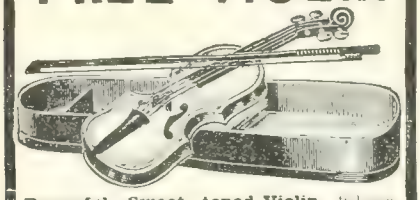

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THE
NATIONAL MONTHLY
OF CANADA.

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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

VOL. II TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1903 No. 2

COMMENTS ON CURRENT EVENTS

New Colonization Schemes in Canada

THE Canadian West is filling up, just as the American West filled up some thirty or forty years ago, and colonization schemes will be on foot for the next two decades. Only a fraction of our national heritage has thus far been occupied. After all of Manitoba and the adjacent Territories has been settled, there are vast sections to the north, many times the size of England, that are as yet not only uninhabited but unexplored. There is abundant room for colonization schemes, and the more of them that are set a-going, so long as they are sound and honest, the better for Canada.

The homestead entries in Western Canada last year were over 22,000, considerably more than twice as many as the year before. As an illustration of how immigration is growing, this may be compared with the returns for 1896, only six years ago, when the homestead entries were 1,857. Among the schemes proposed by private capitalists is the development of half a million acres of arid land in Alberta, where an irrigation company has undertaken to transform a tract of waste into fertile farms. The work will be subject to the control of the Minister of Interior.

In New Ontario colonization is going on so rapidly that not only did the provincial government find it difficult last year to keep pace in road-making, but a large pulp company, which received concessions two years ago of certain timber limits, finds now that nearly all of the territory has been located by bona fide settlers, who by agreement have the first right. In addition to the tide of immigration which is thus swiftly moving, an American syndicate has negotiated for two million acres of New Ontario land on which to locate settlers. Chicago capitalists are largely interested in this, and the settlers will be from the central and eastern states. The influx into the West from Dakota and adjacent states is expected to continue this year, having reached large proportions last summer. And already the announcement is made that a first sailing will be made on March 21 of English immigrants under the auspices of the Colonial and Continental Church Society. All this shows that Canada has entered upon an era of progress, and great developments may be looked for in the near future.

The Census and the House of Commons

THE recent census shows very plainly that Canada is growing Westward. Evidences of Western progress are numerous, but the census puts a construction upon them which is not alto-

gether satisfactory to people in the East. Provincial representation in the House of Commons depends upon population, and a redistribution of seats follows every decennial census, which shows a change in the provincial ratios. The eastern provinces are thus to lose ten members and the West will gain seven, the Dominion as a whole losing three. The old and new apportionments are as follows:

	1891	1901	Loss	Gain
Quebec	65	65	.	
Ontario	92	86	6	
Nova Scotia	20	18	2	.
New Brunswick	14	13	1	..
P. E. Island	5	4	1	
Manitoba	7	10	..	3
British Columbia	6	7	.	1
N.-W. Territories	4	6	..	2
Yukon		1	..	1
Dominion	213	210	10	7

Quebec has a fixed representation of sixty-five, and each of the other provinces is assigned "such a number of members as bears the same proportion to the number of its population as the number sixty-five bears to the population of Quebec." Manitoba, British Columbia, and the North-West have largely increased in population, but the electoral unit of Quebec, divided into the entire population of the Dominion, gives a total of only 210, and to provide for the increases in the West there must be a corresponding reduction in the representation of the East.

This mathematical method of constituting the House doubtless has the advantage of being exact, but it is one of the anomalies of so-called popular representation, that while the Dominion has increased in population by half a million, its total number of members, instead of correspondingly increasing, is actually decreased. In Canada's growing time the West is fully entitled to its seven additional representatives, but it is unfortunate that the East must have ten less. There was work enough for all. But now the question is, which will be the lost seats?

Another Advertisement for Canada

IN former issues we have spoken of various means of making Canada better known to the rest of the world. Advertising is as necessary for a young nation as it is for a tradesman, and must be kept up with equal persistence. Canada has been too long content to rest upon the good words of its friends, who, while fair and impartial, cannot always speak with first-hand authority. But Canada has now begun to do some advertising on her own account, and is already finding results. Trade agents, government literature, and immigration offices are among the best investments that Canada has ever made.

The latest method of national advertising is the appointment of forty progressive farmers from Manitoba and the North-West, who are to make a six-weeks' tour of Great Britain, visiting all the important agricultural centres and doing general campaign work for Canada. A programme has been outlined by the Department of the Interior, according to which the farmer-agents will visit one town each day. This is carrying the seed straight from the granary to where it may be expected to bear fruit. The English people are interested in Canada, but their information concerning this country has sometimes been of the crudest kind. A company of intelligent Canadian citizens who have themselves been very successful, can do much by a campaign of this kind to correct wrong impressions and awaken public interest of a practical kind. The result of this unique experiment should be a considerable increase of immigration from the mother country; and it might be applied also in other directions.

A Cry for Reciprocity

THE western American states want reciprocity with Canada. A strong League has been formed, whose purpose is to advocate a free trade policy with

their Canadian neighbors, and to arouse a popular interest throughout the various states. The centre of the movement is Minnesota. Some of these free trade champions go so far as to advocate absolute reciprocity, although a readjustment of the tariffs is the usual extent of their demands. These agitations reflect, at least, a growing sentiment of friendliness with Canada. The Buffalo *News* says:

> Reciprocity advocacy naturally follows the investments of our citizens in Canada, where they are most extensive in volume and most important in character, for even the coal lands are said to be largely the property of men from the United States; but whether reciprocity is realized soon or late, the bonds uniting the American and Canadian grow stronger constantly as they work together and share profits from mutual enterprise.

But while appreciating and inviting the friendliness of the American people, Canadians have their own national interests to protect, and the reciprocity sentiment in Canada has not yet recovered from the set-back given it five years ago at Washington. In the short time that has passed since then, when the Reciprocity Commission was defeated and disappointed, affairs in Canada have taken such a turn toward national independence that the general sentiment of the country is not only less in favor of free trade than at that time, but it is even disposed to a stiffening of the tariff rates and fuller protection. The Americans themselves have built up their national prosperity by a system of national protection, and that is one great argument against the granting of their request for reciprocity—they should let Canada build herself up in the same way their own country has done. Reciprocity would be a bad thing for Canada. What our country wants is a higher tariff.

Wireless Telegraphy in Canada

EVER since Marconi began his experiments in wireless telegraphy across the ocean, Canada has occupied a foremost place in the progress of this latest scientific wonder. The geographical situation of Cape Breton was greatly in its favor, and operating stations were begun there last spring and are now completed. Messages have been sent from Glace Bay to Cornwall with very gratifying success, and the venture seems to have verified the prophecies that were made for it.

Meanwhile it has assumed business proportions. A company has been organized, with headquarters at Montreal, and a capital of $5,000,000. The stock has been subscribed by Canadians, Englishmen, and Americans, with Mr. Marconi on the directorate. The Canadian company will control the wireless system throughout Canada and on both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Preparations are now being made to instal a transcontinental service, extending as far as the Yukon. Canadian capitalists and scientific men have been interested in the project from the first, and the success with which the company has been organized testifies to their faith in a "wireless future," and their determination that Canada shall play a leading part in its development.

Meanwhile the interesting feature of the case, to the outside public, is that we are promised soon an overland system from one coast to the other, reaching all the business centres that lie between. An official of the company says that before very long there will be wireless message stations in every city, town, and village in Canada, and that commercial work of every description will be accepted. In the West, arrangements have been made for the establishment of stations, and the commencement of business is promised almost immediately. In connection with the enterprise there will subsequently be a school of instruction for operators and a manufactory for the mechanical apparatus. The Canadian Marconi Company evidently means business. Ten years ago, or even five, the whole scheme would have been derided as the idlest of scientific dreams.

A Step Towards Saving Canada's Forests

IT is proposed to establish in connection with the University of Toronto a School of Forestry. The idea is a new one in Canada, but a need exists for such an institution, and the desired Government patronage will not likely be wanting.

In the United States there are three such schools, and instruction in the science of forestry is also given in forty universities. In that country great progress has been made in the cultivation, preservation, and management of forests, during the past thirty years. The American public has come to realize that the future supply of timber depends largely upon the judicious management of the forests of the present day, and the same truth applies with equal force to Canada. Every year is reducing the supply of raw material in the woods, and in face of the rapidly diminishing forest area, the lumber resources of the future are a problem. In the case of this country, the danger of exhaustion is not a near one, but even now it is the part of prudence to make provision against the day of want.

Forestry is the business or the science of forest-culture. It includes both the care of existing forests and the propagation of new ones. Prevention of ruthless waste and despoiling of choice areas by greedy woodsmen is one department of the work; the other is the planting of new forests where the woodsmen have removed the original growth. The United States government now has fifty million acres of forest reserves, some of which is prairie land, but out of which will come in time extensive artificial plantations. Several of the individual states are also taking the matter up and appointing forest commissions.

The forestry schools teach the technology of the woods. In the first year the student takes up sylviculture, forest mensuration, and tree-planting, with visits to the woods to examine prevailing forest conditions. In the second year he studies plant diseases, forest protection and law, and practical working methods. The establishment of such a course in Canada would be one of the most important educational steps that have ever been attempted. A school of forestry might very easily take equal rank with schools of mining.

Progress Made in 1902

PROGRESS is being made steadily, and in some cases rapidly. No year is ever complete in itself, for some unfinished business is always carried over to the next year; but the movements that were set a-going, as well as those which were successfully completed, belong to the record of the year's progress. In both these respects, 1902 was an important year.

The most memorable features may be very briefly summarized. The establishment of universal peace deserves first place. Great Britain completed her war with the Transvaal, and united with Japan to preserve the integrity of Korea and China. Russia was threatening, but remained quiet. The United States declared the Philippine war at an end. Public sentiment greatly strengthened in favor of arbitration.

In the scientific world, the most notable progress was made in connection with wireless telegraphy. At about the same time as the Atlantic was spanned by the Marconi method, a British cable was laid in the Pacific. Great scientific interest was awakened by a remarkable series of volcanic disturbances in various places, and out of what at the time brought serious disaster valuable discoveries are expected to result.

Educationally, the bequest of Cecil Rhodes, by which international scholarships have been founded at Oxford University, was an important and unique departure in public philanthropy. Rich men's gifts to educational institutions in the United States amounted to $28,-

150,000. In addition to this, Andrew Carnegie gave $2,598,500 to libraries.

The most striking evidence of progress was the unprecedented prosperity throughout America. It was a year of hard times in many parts of Europe, and the alarm of the "American invasion" considerably increased. But Canada shared prosperity with the United States; crops were large, manufacturing industries were active and profitable, and general trade was good. A great number of new enterprises were established, and the financial institutions brought in most satisfactory reports of the year's business. Best of all, this commercial and industrial progress was without the disastrous incidents of any serious labor trouble or monopolistic oppression such as marked affairs in the United States, where the coal strike and the regulation of the trusts still remain national problems.

Progress in Canada, already accomplished or down for the programme of 1903, includes an extensive increase of railway systems in the West, where a third transcontinental road is now projected; the establishment next summer of a fast Atlantic steamship line, which was one of the livest topics during the past year; the expansion of Canadian commerce both at home and abroad; the development of immense industrial enterprises in New Ontario, Nova Scotia, and the West; the strengthening of national sentiment and faith in the country's possibilities; and the popular adoption, as a national watchword, of "Canada for Canadians." In all these directions marked progress has been made, paving the way for further growth this year and in the years to follow. The times are now ripe for action.

The Farmer and the Merchant

IT may be true that the farmer and the business man belong to different orders and commonly have very different attainments. We have been accustomed to such distinctions for a long time. Yet it is somewhat curious that what is said of the one may be applied almost exactly to the other. This is in part what an ex-president of the New York Chamber of Commerce says of the commercial life: "The great commercial man must necessarily be one of the most intelligent and broad-minded men in any community. He cannot be narrow in his judgment and conclusions. He must understand the laws which affect credit in his own country and in foreign lands. The effect of storm and drouth upon the world's harvests must be his constant study, as well as financial tendencies and the course of exchanges. He must be able to analyze statements and detect flaws and misrepresentations. His mental vision is expanded by intercourse with his contemporaries in all lands and enriched by travel."

What has this to do with the farmer? Simply that to him too these same words apply, though no doubt in a lesser degree. It was only the other day that the Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario said that the labor question, as it affected the farming interests, was becoming critical. "Either the farmers of this province must get a large supply of skilled labor or large numbers of farmers must go out of business." In other words, there is need of more intelligence on the farm. The time was when farm labor meant brute force and little else; things have changed now, but there is still a lack of that trained skill which supplements the force. The farmer ought to be intelligent and broad-minded, as well as the merchant; he ought to understand something of commercial laws; certainly he ought to study the world's harvests, for that is his own particular line; and beside all this he ought to have a working knowledge of agricultural science, and not be content with the old-fashioned grub-hoe methods of farming, for which the day is now gone past. Both the employer of farm labor and the farm laborer himself must nowadays have skill as well as strength. The agricultural colleges and

training schools are doing something to meet the want, but the farmers themselves are as yet apathetic. And here comes in the farmer's disadvantage as compared with the merchant; the farmer's mental vision is too seldom "expanded by intercourse with his contemporaries and enriched by travel." He is too much a stay-at-home. Wider knowledge and applied skill are his two great needs.

The Venezuelan Trouble

THE most absorbing item of news at present is the case of Venezuela against England, France, Germany, and Italy, which has now dragged on for several months, and which may not be settled for two years more. The difficulty arose out of Venezuela's failure to pay certain claims of the European powers, which have been standing for years. While it has not been a case of an absconding debtor it has been a case of a very independent and impertinent one, and a blockade of the Venezuelan ports in December was resorted to as a drastic but necessary course.

There is always something to be said on both sides, however, and President Castro claims that there is much to be said for Venezuela. He finally consented to arbitrate the case with his creditors, and on the mutual acceptance of this proposal President Roosevelt was asked to act as arbitrator. Much to the disappointment of the general public, particularly in England, Mr. Roosevelt declined to act in this capacity, and the only alternative was to refer it to the Hague tribunal. The good offices of that body are appreciated, but its procedure is necessarily slow; and even a greater disadvantage is that after it has given its decision it lacks the power or means of enforcing it. Should the verdict be unfavorable to Venezuela, that little South American republic is quite pugnacious enough to dispute and ignore it.

With all the difficulties of the case, however, it is a step in the right direction that international affairs of this kind should be referred to a tribunal whose professed purpose is peace and reconciliation. If nations will but get in the way of taking their disputes to an arbitration court the day of permanent and universal peace will be appreciably nearer. After that, the task of impressing upon stubborn offenders the necessity of acceptance and acquiescence will perhaps require some international patience, but it need not be long delayed.

The Question of Women's Rights

THERE ought never to have been occasion for the cry of "Women's Rights," for it betokens an utterly mistaken conception of society. Men and women are equal, and there can be no question of superior rights. Merely to admit a question of women's freedom has something incongruous and unnatural about it. If man is a creature of free-will, so is woman, for as a fellow-human she is in the same scale. Therefore, discussions of equality for women are radically wrong at the beginning; they are unnecessary.

Woman has a right to lay bricks, if she wants to, quite as much as man has to bake bread. In the business world she has proved her rights by her ability. The last twenty years have seen the triumphant entrance of women into every department of business, and in many branches their success has not only been equal to that of the men, but superior. Thousands of employers in this and other countries will testify to the faithfulness, readiness, and general capability of their women workers, and every year sees an increase both in their numbers and influence. The same thing is true of the educational professions, and even in science, medicine, and the mechanical as well as decorative arts, women are forging ahead. The day of do-nothings is past. Being an equal creature with man, woman must work out her ends by the

exercise of her powers, just as man does. Her own good sense and judgment, and not any such consideration as her "rights," will prevent her from making the mistake of choosing the rougher classes of work, for which man is better fitted. She has been so long noted for those sound qualities that there is no fear but what, in doing as she pleases, she will do the right thing.

The women of Canada are one of the nation's greatest sources of pride. They are a noble, sensible, capable band, in whom rests much of the country's hopes. In all the world they have no superiors, and but few equals. As the queens of Canadian homes, as educationalists, as trained business women, they have long since proved their worth, and while in some countries it may be the rule to deny women what are naturally their personal rights, in Canada it is to the nation's advantage that they have every opportunity which their energy and ability demand.

CURRENT COMMENTS

Rosy Alaskan Picture

A MILLION PEOPLE TO FIND SUPPORT IN THE YUKON VALLEY.

JUDGE JAMES WICKERSHAM, of the Third Judicial District of Alaska, paints a gorgeous picture of the future of Alaska. He says that 1,000,000 inhabitants will find support in the Valley of the Yukon on the American side of the line. Time will tell of the unimaginable possibilities of this grand region beneath the Arctic Circle. Good gardening and farming is being done. Good roads is one of the crying necessities of the country, as they are of any new country. During the winter, however, he says, you can have good roads in any direction without any expense. What is needed is a general system by which a road that is greatly needed can be built. The country has no such system and no road law.

From this time on Alaska will have to be reckoned with as a residence country. The whole Yukon Valley is capable of comfortable settlement and will support an immense population. There is a peculiarity of the plant life of that country in that Arctic vegetation is found at Lake Bennett and a country void of trees, the farther one goes north the vegetation increases, until at Fort Yukon forests of a mercantile timber grow. These forests fade away again before you reach the coast, and they do not reach the Behring Sea by 150 miles.

The interior is much warmer than the coast, owing to the dry atmosphere of the Yukon region. The high coast range of mountains precipitates the moisture on their westerly slopes, leaving a dry winter in the Yukon Valley.—*Baltimore American.*

Nationalize the Passes

NATURE has pierced the barrier of the Rocky Mountains with few gateways. The Crow's Nest, the Kicking Horse, the Yellowhead, the Athabasca, the Peace River, the Pine River—the list is soon exhausted. For the moment we are absorbed in the problem of getting railways from the East to the plains. The day will come, however, when it will be essential to connect the plains and the Pacific Coast, and in that day every available roadway through the hills will be choked with a roaring stream of traffic. For the Far West the mountain pass will become as important as the canal on our St. Lawrence system. That day is distant, but in sight, and it behooves the Government to look ahead.

A pass through the Rockies is a national asset, and should be nationalized as are the canals. An excellent beginning was made when it was stipulated that the C.P.R.

shall grant running rights to any other railway wishing to use the Crow's Nest Pass. The same safeguard should be extended to all the passes when new transcontinental railways get far enough advanced to take up the question of entrance to British Columbia. It is worth considering whether a step in advance should not be taken. Might not the Government survey the passes and plan, build, and retain the roadway through them, granting running rights to all railways needing them? By such a course the route could be laid out so as ultimately to accommodate the heaviest possible traffic, and the rights of the late-coming railway would not be prejudiced by the engineering methods of the pioneer.—*The News, Toronto.*

World Growing Very Small

THE British cable between Canada and Australia has been completed, and Marconi thinks he will soon open regular communication through the air between Nova Scotia and England. So the world grows smaller, in effect, and the brotherhood of the nations is brought nearer from out the dim future where poets have seen it in their dreams.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Canada is our Oyster

BUT WE WILL NOT OPEN HER UNTIL SHE BEHAVES HERSELF.

THE Dominion of Canada has over 17,000 miles of railroad, the cost of which was upward of $900,000,000. She has also seventy miles of canals, 30,000 miles of telegraph lines, a river over 2,000 miles long, 10,000 post offices, 18,000 public schools, and only 15 per cent. of illiterates in a total population of 6,000,000. In the production of gold she ranks fourth among the countries of the world, her beds of coal are practically inexhaustible, she employs 60,000 men in her lumber camps, and has approximately a million square miles of unexplored and, of course, undeveloped territory.

This is, in outline, the sort of a country through which it is now proposed to construct another line of transcontinental railway. Whereat our Detroit contemporary, the *Journal,* waxes enthusiastic, and, after painting the possibilities of the great Canadian North-West in the most glowing colors and predicting for it a population of 50,000,000, declares that Canada's manifest destiny is to help the United States in "feeding and clothing the world" and to develop "her tremendous natural resources with the help of American millions in new and transplanted industries."

The United States, says the *Journal,* is "not precisely an effete country as yet. But the surprises in discoveries of vast mineral wealth, in natural deposits of coal, iron, copper, silver and gold are of our past mainly. In Canada they are only beginning. Merely the fringe of that vast territory north of us has been examined closely. It is the greatest oyster remaining in the world, barring only Russia, and Americans are to have a large share in prying off the upper shell and partaking of the meat beneath."

Thanks for permitting the United States to keep above the sod and off the effete list for a while yet! And Canada is really a something that is worth keeping our eye on. But a few things have got to happen before a thousandth part of the *Journal's* prediction will come true.

Canada has got to improve her brand of statesmen.

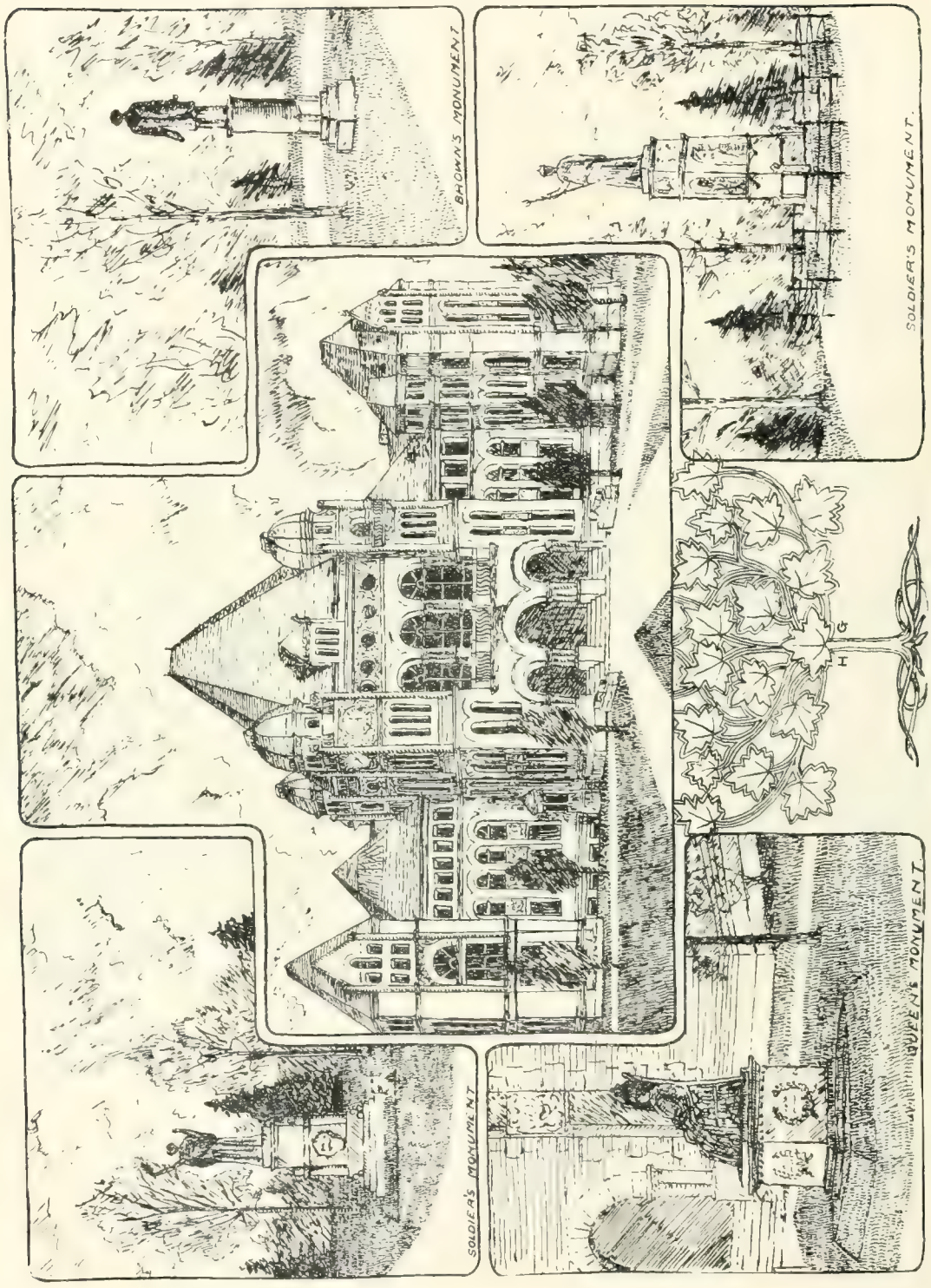
She must drop that absurd claim of hers about the Alaska boundary.

She must offer a *quid pro quo* if she wants trade reciprocity.

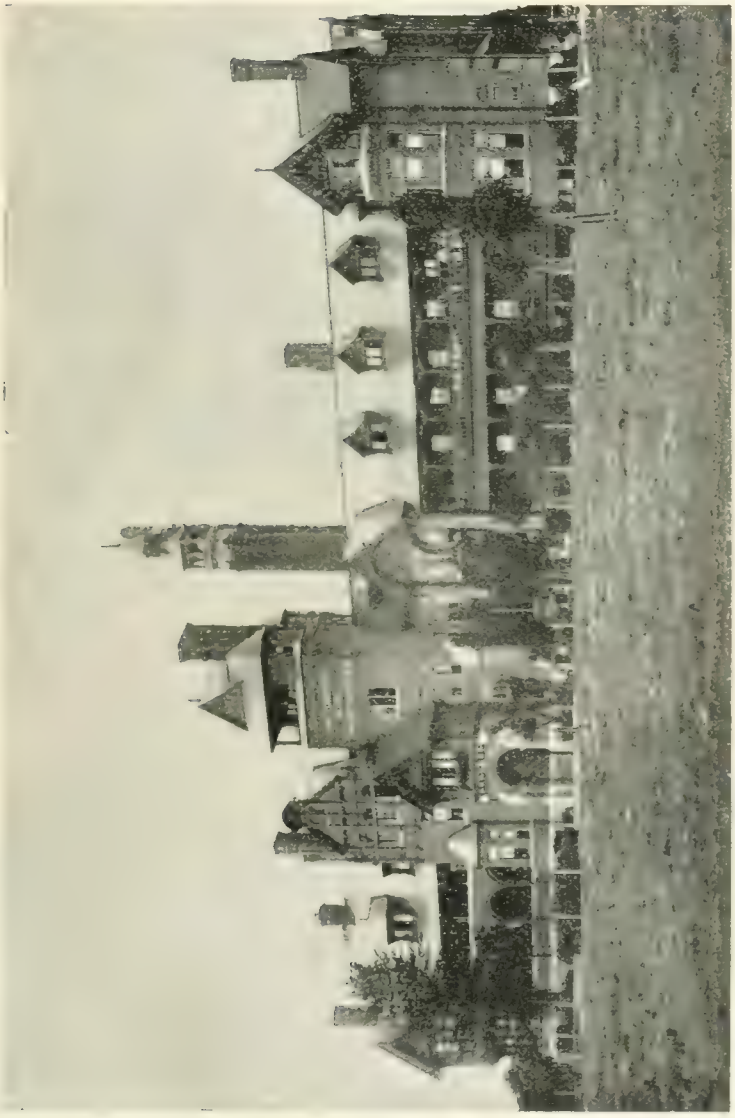
And she must quit making threats of tariff "retaliation" at regular intervals —like that of a few days ago to clap an import duty of 25 per cent. on American cotton duck.

Canada is "our oyster" all right, but we won't open her up until she behaves herself.—*New York Commercial.*

THE HOMESTEAD OF THOMAS WINNETT, DUNNINGTON, WARWICKSHIRE, ENG.



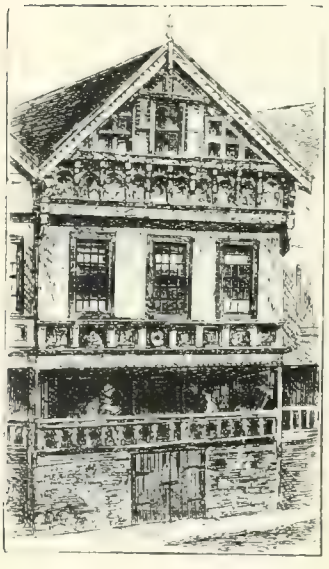
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO



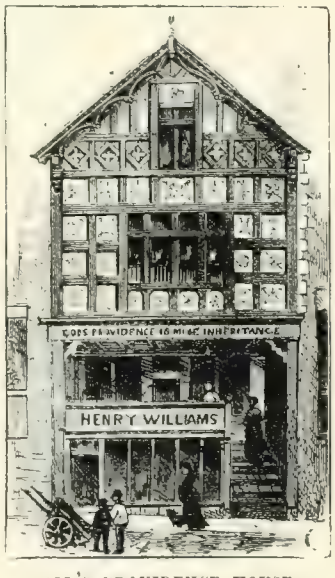
THE TORONTO HOME FOR INCURABLES

HALF-TIMBER HOUSES IN ENGLAND

SALISBURY MARKET.



BISHOP LLOYD'S PALACE,
CHESTER.



GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE,
CHESTER.

OLD TIMBERED HOUSE, WAKEFIELD.

OLD LAME ROW, CHESTER.

STANLEY HOUSE, CHESTER.

THE FEATHERS INN, LUDLOW.

A PAOLO OF THE PINE-LANDS

By ARTHUR STRINGER.

PAIN' Court's great day had come and gone. Emblazoned with rosette and ribbon, lilac and apple-blossom, the canton's one carriage of state—the huge old faded phaeton of Gabriel Latour—had rumbled majestically off with the new-made bride and groom, amid shrill cheers, and under showers of syringa and sprays of bloom from every orchard within a mile of the village.

For an hour and more old faces had peered over garden hedges, and round young eyes had watched from under white-washed palings. But now the drooping eaves of the little roadside cottages of Pain Court seemed to hang once more like heavy eyelids over tired eyes. And now the musical, incongruous clang and ring of Patrice Matane's anvil rose and fell again over the glimmering roofs and the white, dusty road. The stunted little French-Canadian geese again wandered and idled about the highway and its open creek.

Syringa and cherry and apple-blossom were left to lie in the white dust, trampled and forgotten—except by the stooped little Cure, who bent down in his faded green coat, and gathered a handful of the odorous ruin to bear away with him. Faint and remote, the cries of the children, making the most of their afternoon, floated in between the rhythmical clang of the smith's anvil and the lazy cackling of the geese, while over field and road and village the golden, indolent sun of the early Canadian summer fell with all its old-time sleepiness.

Under a great, spreading snow-apple tree the old people of the village lingered to tell of the weddings that Pain Court once had seen, and to muse, in the lapses of silence, on the old days and the old glories, while now and then a white petal sifted down through the knotted boughs and fluttered languidly to the grass at their feet.

For the third time the rotund little Notary Public had drunk to the health of the long departed bride and groom in Mother Bonsecour's pungent currant wine. Paul Fiset, the wandering musician of the canton, who had been dreamily fiddling and crooning to the wide-eyed children:

> "O loave, 'tis a fonny, a ver' fonny t'ing;
> It keetches de young an' de ol'"—

now gathered up his scattered crutches, as the last of his circle of listeners ebbed away, and came over to where I sat in the shadow of the cider-press. And there, to the drone of the bees and the languid fall of the white apple-blossoms, he smoked his acrid "tabac canadien" and first told me the story of Philomene.

"O, dat was de weddin', m'sieu; dat was de weddin' dat would mak' your heart ache! Dat 'appen thi'teen, fourteen year ago, mebbe, but I don't forget heem, I don't forget heem! For I play, dis feedle de firs' tam dere, de night Philomene come on Leetle Sain' Justin wit' young Phinee Baby.

"Poor leetle Philomene! By gare, I t'ink I see all dose boys now, feex up de best dey know how, w'ile dey seet round till dey hear de sleigh-bells down de road, and keep holler on me, 'Play up dere, 'Poleon, play up dere!' An' ver' soon leetle Philomene slip in, and dere she stan', an' look on all dose peeple, an' Phinee he stamp de snow from hees feet. And noboddy dey don't say nodding. For we all know ver' well jus' how she come dere. And w'en dat leetle woman walk on de shaintee, and stand dere wit' a leetle w'ite smile on de mout', all de boys seet

ver' quiet, an' wait. An' noboddy dey don't speak nodding.

"It all 'appen de fonny way,—dat weddin' an' all de rest,—an' mebbe I can't tell heem wit' de mouth de sam lak I feel heem inside. It first was 'appen w'en ol' Belair, w'at own de big mill on Sain' Angele, was burn out one night. Dat was de bad fire for heem. All de fam'ly was kill in dat fire, excep' de oldes' girl—an' dat girl was Philomene. Den Xiste Barbette, de notaire publeek, he tak de girl on hees house for a leetle w'ile, till mebbe she find de new home somew'ere.

"Well, big Sebastien Sauriol—Black Sauriol de boys call heem on de boosh—he hear 'bout dat an' he say he t'ink he know dat leetle girl w'en she watch de geese down on Sain' Angele. Den he t'ink a leetle tam, an' den he say, by cripe, he will marry dat girl, an' give her de bes' home she never have. Black Sauriol he was de boss of de lumber camp on de Leetle Sain' Justin den. So no one on de shaintee say nodding on dat. But he say ol' Barbette can't keep dat girl on hees house all de tam. Ver' well, he's got de money, an' he want de wife, an' by-gosh, he marry dat girl an' give her de good home. De boys dey t'ink wit' demselves he was purty ol' for dat leetle girl, an' not de mos' han'some man on de boosh. But he was de boss. An' he hit de table wit hees big fist an' say he will write de letter to ol' Barbette 'bout dat right away.

"Bimeby, after he hear from de ol' man, he call over young Phinee Baby an spik wit' heem. 'Phinee,' he say, 'you're de mos' hones' boy I know, an' de only wan dat can help me out on dis t'ing. Ol' Xiste was write me, an' he tell dat leetle Philomene about w'at I say, an' I guess de ol' man mak' her t'ink she was de locky girl. Den she say, ver' well, she will come. Ten, twelve year ago I watch her many tam w'ile she was play on de *chemin* down on Sain' Angele, Phinee, an' I know she was lak de butterfly. I look de leetle ol', mebbe, an' bossin' de bush gang mebbe make me seem hard on de heart. But I have live de hones' life, Phinee. But I can't play on de feedle lak you, an' sing all dose leetle *chansons,* an' say all de leetle sof' words w'at de young girl on de village lak to hear. Phinee, I want you go down on Sain' Angele, an' bring dat leetle woman on de bush for me. You can tak' de bes' team on all de camp. W'en you come back I will have de cabane on de North Gap all mak' ready, an' den mebbe it won't seem so fonny w'en she mak' dat beeg change!'

"An' Phinee he tak' ol' Sebastien's han' an' he say, 'Sebastien, I would do any-t'ing for you!' Den Sebastien he look on de fire for de long tam an' don't say nodding; jus' sit dere an' t'ink, an' t'ink, an' t'ink.

"Phinee he feex heemself up de nex' day lak he was mak' ready for *veiller* heemself, an' go all de way down on Sain' Angele for leetle Philomene. She ax heem, an' ax heem to wait two day, den t'ree day, den four day, w'ile she get use' to dat t'ing she mus' do. So he tell her de fine man w'at she got, an' about all de good tam dey have on de bush, an' ev'ry tam she have de leetle cry Phinee he do de bes' he can an' say all de nices' t'ing he know. Den she jus' sit an' look at heem an' look at heem, an' he can't mak' out w'at she t'ink about. Den she cry a leetle more tam, an' tak' de las' look at de leetle w'ite bed an' say, ver' well, she was ready.

"I t'ink Phinee never have de finer drive b'fore. For w'en dey bot' see de light on de shaintee t'rough de bush he don't laugh no more an' wonder w'y he feel so *trieste.* Den Philomene say how good he was been wit' her. An' he say dat he was sorry dey was come on to de end. W'en he say dat, she get w'ite on de face, an' look at heem an' say, 'Yes, to de end!' An' she lean on heem an' have de las' leetle cry, and he touch her hair wit hees col' han' an' tell her never min', ev'ry t'ing be all right bimeby. An' dey drive

up on de shaintee, an' he push open de door. Dere was Sebastien sit by de fire, an' all de boys, an' de Cure w'at was come down from Biznette, to mak' de marriage wit' dem.

" Philomene she stan' dere by de door t'ree, four minute an' not speak de word, w'ile she look from de wan to de odder. An' Sebastien he don't say nodding, an' de boys don't say nodding. An' Philomene she get more an' more w'ite on de face. Den de Cure say, lak Sebastien was tol' heem, ' My chil', see how easy you find heem among all dese men!" An' she look an' look, from de wan to de odder, an' shake de head a leetle, an' don't say nodding. Sebastien, I t'ink, mebbe he don't lak dat, an' Phinee see dat de girl was get more an' more scare all de tam, so he tak' her han' an' lead her over on de fire, w'ere Sebastien was wait so long.

" By gare, I never see de woman look on de man's face lak dat. It seem lak she look two, t'ree honder miles over de edge of de beeg cliff. Den she fell back two, t'ree steps ver' slow, an' say, ' No, no; not heem!' an' hang on Phinee, an' den say she be all right in wan leetle minute.

" Den I t'ink she wak' up sodden, for w'en Phinee pull bot' her han's off heem, she turn roun' an' creep over w'ere Sebastien wait, lak she say, ' W'at mus' I do, m'sieu? I am de t'ing w'at you send for!'

" Sebastien he look at her an' bimeby he say, ' Mebbe you be scare wit' me?'

" Den she say ver' low, ' No, m'sieu!'

" Den he say, ' I don't want to mak' you do dis t'ing, leetle girl, if you be scare!'

" ' I have come, m'sieu!' was all she say.

" Den he look at her again, w'ere she stan' wit' de fire shine all over her, ver' sof'. An' w'ile he look hees face was get red ver' sodden an' he shut up hees han's two, t'ree tam.

" ' De sooner den de better,' was all he say.

" An' mos' all dat night young Phinee walk up an' down on de snow outside, dey don' know why, w'ile all de boys have de dance an' grand hooraw on de shaintee.

" Dat was all w'at 'appen till Sebastien was call down on Ottawa w'ere de beeg mills were buil'. Den he come an' ax Phinee dat mebbe he ronne over on de cabane two, t'ree tam an' see w'at he can do for leetle Philomene. An' Phinee he say, ' Sebastien, I t'ink I rather not do dat!' Den Sebastien he say, ' Phinee, I always t'ought you was de bes' frien' I had!' An dat was de end, for Phinee he go sure enough. But he knew ver' well w'at mebbe 'appen. An' Philomene she know w'at mebbe 'appen, too.

" I t'ink mebbe I bes' not tell about dose t'ings. Phinee he try ver' hard, an' Philomene she try ver' hard, but it don't be no good. An' ol' Courteau he tol' me w'at 'appen. He tol' me dat w'en Sebastien come back on de cabane wan day he hear some wan cry out, ' Philomene!' an' den some wan say, ' Phinee!' an' w'en he look in he see dem bot' stan' wit' de arm aroun' de odder. An' he see dem bot' cry wit' de eye den. An' den Sebastien he onderstan'.

" He don't say nodding. But he t'ink hard wit' hees head, by cripe. He jus' go 'way for de leetle w'ile, an' bimeby he come back on de house. But de nex' day w'en he was work on de skidway above de Descharge young Phinee was stan' dere wid hees back to wan of de skids. Black Sauriol I t'ink he sees hees chance. Sodden t'ree, four dozen of dem big pine logs w'at was pile up dere roll down. Dey tak' Phinee wit' dem lak de rapide tak' de canoe. An' he was dead de long tam b'fore dey get heem out.

" Dey come an' tell poor leetle Philomene w'at 'appen, but dey don't let her see de boy, he was crush so bad. But w'en Sebastien come on de cabane she look at heem wit' her face so w'ite an' fonny he ax her w'y she act dat way. An' she don't say nodding, but sit be de fire all de tam, an' t'ink, an' t'ink, an'

t'ink. An' some tam w'en he come on de house he see her sit dere an' rock de body an' moan wit' herself an' just say 'Phinee! Phinee!' Wan tam he lose hees head, an' hold her by de wrist ver' sodden an' say, 'I t'ink you was love dat young Phinee!' An' she don't say nodding, but just look on de fire an' t'ink, an' t'ink. An' Sebastien he shut hees teeth an' say, wit' a beeg *sacredam*, 'I will mak' dat woman lak me yet!'

"W'en de boosh gang go down in de spring Sebastien he tak' hees wife on Sain' Angele, w'ere ol' Doctor Bisnette he say he don't know w'at de matter wit' her anyway. But Sebastien he watch her all de tam. He t'ink mebbe she will ronne away. But Philomene she just git w'ite on de face an' don't say nodding. Den wan day he come on de kitchen w'ere she was mak' de tea. An' he ask her w'at she was do wit' dat leetle w'ite powder w'at she have dere. Den he smell de cup of tea she give heem an' holler out 'Bapteme, you was try to poison me!' Den she laugh a leetle quiet laugh an tell heem he must be crazy on de head. An' she tak' de spoon, so, an' tak' de taste of dat tea, w'ile he look at her. An' den he see dat's all right an' drink hees tea. But, by gare, dat tea mak' heem sick so sodden he don't know w'at 'appen. He holler an' call de fam'ly, an' w'en de ol' Doctor come he look at dat tea cup an' say it was de locky t'ing for heem dat he tak' de overdose. Den he tell heem w'at dat poison was—but de name I don't know heem now!

"Den dey all hunt for Philomene. Well, dey find her on de leetle w'ite bed w'ere she sleep before dat day Phinee Baby was tak' her up on de boosh. An' w'en dey find her she was dead. Dey all don't know w'at to mak' wit' dat, but ol' Doctor Bisnette he tell dem dat w'en she tak' de leetle taste of dat poison she mak' de big mistake, for dat's de right size w'at kill anyone.

"'I t'ink dat leetle woman was want to kill you purty bad, Sebastien,' he say. 'For she give you enough to feex de whole village—an' dat, I t'ink, was mebbe de locky t'ing for you!'"

THE FENCING-MASTER

By F. CLIFFORD SMITH

AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF PATRICIANS," "A LOVER IN HOMESPUN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Halt!"

The clang of a dragging sabre suddenly ceased.

"Attention!"

The lone cavalry officer, constituting the entire army, stood suddenly, rigid, suppressed merriment beaming in his eyes.

"Right about face!"

The scraping of the ponderous sabre was again heard as the order was dutifully obeyed.

"And now, sir, m-a-r-c-h!"

The final command, in the sweet girlish voice, was given with amusing gusto and command.

Instead of the order this time, however, being obeyed, the gorgeously clad young officer stood as immovable as Ajax.

For a few moments the beauteous young commandant gazed in silent mock amazement at the army's disobedience to military orders, and then drawing up her petite, graceful figure to its utmost cubit (fully five feet two) she exclaimed, with sternness intended to be tremendously withering: "Captain Gordon Belmont, of His Majesty's Lancers, obey the command of your superior officer—m-a-r-c-h!"

But the revolting army, with audacious temerity, still refused to budge; in fact it had the effrontery to smile audibly.

Rebellion such as this could naturally be endured no longer, and so, stepping up to the revolting officer, the general of the disobedient forces, with extreme gravity, and self-importance, unsheathed (but with tremendous difficulty) the heavy cavalry sabre at his side. Then, in a tone intended to cut as sabre never before did, she exclaimed: "Mutiny! Rank mutiny in His Majesty's army! Leniency, sir, would now be criminal. I deprive you of your sword. Once more, Captain Belmont—M-A-R-C-H!"

With a desperate effort the graceful commander struggled to raise the ponderous sabre (so as to give proper and terrifying emphasis to her command) as she endeavored to point, in threatening way, down the broad corridor along which the revolting army was being bidden to march. The sabre, however, proved to be shamefully heavy; so that, after waving for a space, like a reed in the wind, its point suddenly came to the floor with a loud and humiliating ring.

And now the white teeth of the towering young officer were gleaming quite plainly through his smiling lips. To make the situation still more humiliating to the lovable commandant, the officer was looking down, with mock sorrow, at the heavy sabre, which the small hands still valiantly grasped; and he presently had the hypocrisy to innocently ask if the weapon was heavy.

Upon this the commandant did a most unwarrior-like thing: she abruptly turned, tossed back her head, with its masses of gleaming hair, as though really too indignant for further words.

The bewitching picture she made was really too much for the rebellious army, and occasioned it to do a thing utterly without precedent in the annals of mutiny. With a laugh of boyish merriment which echoed down the stately corridor, the officer looked in the most tender way at the offended commander and said: "There, Miss Dorothy, the mutinied army

capitulates. You see it really was not mutiny after all. You remember when you gave the command to them to march! (the noise was like the falling of many waters) you did not instruct the army where it must march to; it might have been to the dining-room, to the library, to the drawing-room, to the—the—"

At this point the commander-in-chief abruptly interrupted. Shaking her comely head in a skeptical way she said, with affected pathos: "I always understood it was a soldier's duty to obey without questioning. Ah, the truth is, I am afraid, that the force I command is not very loyal and—"

"Not very loyal, Miss Dorothy?" There was a strong under-current of earnestness now despite the banter, "Let me say that never was one of the illustrious Six Hundred more anxious to be loyal to a commander, Miss Dorothy, than I am to—"

He ceased and his hand sought, and hesitatingly closed over, the little one still grasping the sabre. Strong and cool though his temperament naturally was, his nerve was badly shaken now as he stood looking down at the dear little being before him with her sunny temperament, domineering ways, and dignified girlish bearing.

The sudden earnestness of his voice, with the suspicion she had of the momentous matter that had brought him to her father's house this day, caused her face to quickly change color. She was struggling determinedly now for composure.

His great hand still waveringly rested on the handle of the sabre, around which her own was still clasped. Suddenly, with an adroit manœuvre, she let the sword, as though by accident, slip from her hand to the floor. Stepping back and looking down at it she said, in a pert, bantering way: "Well, was ever a general treated in so ignominious a manner; there lies the sword of command sent ruthlessly to the ground by the power that should have upheld it." Then, looking quickly up before he could reply, she went on: "As for your protestations of faithfulness to your commander, after the anarchy you have shown, I naturally am not impressed with them. In truth, if justice were done, Captain Belmont, you would be court-martialed—there now!"

"If court-martialed, I trust I can throw myself with *confidence* upon the mercy of the court."

He bowed to the court with excruciating humility, picked up the prostrate sword, daintily held the handle out towards her and went on in a plaintive way: "Take the sword of justice, Miss Dorothy, but do not forget, O most righteous judge, that the highest attribute of justice is that which is tempered with mercy."

A right merry laugh now broke from her lips, and, dropping her mock military dignity, she exclaimed: "Well, if all subordinate officers, Mr. Captain, persist in being as friendly as you to those h-i-g-h over them in authority, I have grave fears for the army's future prowess."

His happy laugh mingled with hers, and in his boyish way he was about to compliment her upon the glorious general she would have made, when she imperatively held up both her hands and said quickly, and now soberly: "Oh, you must really hurry, Captain Belmont. Papa was standing at the library window and saw you coming through the grounds. He told me he had an engagement with you at this hour, but having received an urgent military summons he had but a few minutes to spare. Consequently he dispatched me here, to the corridor, to ask you to hasten. But when I saw you the spirit of mischief seized me, as usual, and here I have been delaying you with my nonsense and assumption of military dignity. Do hurry now and go."

"But, Dorothy, I have not seen you for so long and I—"

But further prayers for delay were promptly drowned by a stamp of her small foot, and by the warning that her father might not wait.

With a sigh of right goodly dimensions Captain Belmont now sheathed his sword; and then they turned their steps in the direction of the library.

There was silence between them for a few moments, and then Captain Belmont hesitatingly and wistfully said: "I shall either be a very hopeful or a very unhappy man, Miss Dorothy, after the interview with your father, Major Westgate."

They were just at the library door as he ceased.

He looked down at her, but her head was bent so that he could not see her face, and a feeling of depression came over him. He slowly laid a hand upon the library door, but before entering he again turned and looked anxiously down at her. She was standing as before, and he was just about to go when she bravely raised her face and her eyes looked into his. Then, without speaking, she walked quickly away.

There was a world of gladness in his look as he now turned the handle and entered the room.

. . . . . .

"Mon Dieu!"

Had the whispered words, so fraught with pain, been a little louder, they must surely have attracted Captain Belmont's attention as the library door was closing behind him.

In that part of the corridor, near where Miss Dorothy had acted her little military comedy with Captain Belmont, a door, which had been closed at the time, now stood wide open, and framed in it was the anguished face of Monsieur Alcide Drolet, fencing-master and tutor to Miss Westgate. From his lips had fallen the bitter, pained exclamation. In his hand is a shapely glistening foil, pressed so fiercely to the floor that the blade is bent like a scimitar. His eyes are fixed with passionate longing down the corridor in the direction of the drawing-room, which Miss Westgate had entered.

The moments slip by, yet his figure relaxes none of its intensity. Had the corridor been more dimly lit it would have been easy to have thought him some mediaeval figure in bronze, with his dark complexion, thin oval face, pointed beard, tragic countenance and bent weapon. Suffering and despair were outlined on every feature. Presently another exclamation falls from the statue-like figure, the foil, with a ring, suddenly straightens out, and with listless air and drooping shoulders the fencing-master re-enters the behind him. In the room are racks stacked with foils, clubs, and similar objects for athletic purposes. The room is long and almost bare of furniture. At the far end of it is a window which overlooks a large garden attached to the house.

Walking very slowly to the window the fencing-master looks out. But his eyes do not take in the beauty before them: he sees naught but the vision his mind is conjuring up; that of a beautiful girlish face, framed in a halo of shimmering hair, the winsomeness and great beauty of the countenance stirring his heart as such faces ever will stir the hearts of men despite all class and social distinctions.

And so the solitary tragic face gazes, with unseeing eyes, out of the window. He is recalling the forebodings with which he had looked forward to this day; forebodings which had daily increased, until now, when the climax had come, and the truth stood clearly out before him, his impulsive southern nature was strung to a pitch dangerous enough for any tragic thing.

It had been all in vain he had tried to reason away a passion which he knew was nothing better than madness; with his despondent temperament he might as well have tried to reason with the warring forces of nature.

The days and months had gone their course, as they ever do, and now, at last, he has seen the return of the man he had heard so frequently spoken of—Captain Gordon Belmont. Through the slightly open door of the fencing room he had witnessed Miss Westgate's humorous and winsome welcome of the officer; had seen the love light in the officer's eyes, and had seen what had stung more than aught else, the fleeting look Miss Dorothy had given Captain Belmont at the library door—in that look there had been encouragement, hope. In the divining mood now upon him he was as sure, as though it had been written before him, what was the motive of the interview—of the request that Captain Belmont had certainly gone to make.

And so he stood gazing blindly out, thinking, suffering, unheeding the flying minutes and beauty of the scene spread out before him.

. . . . . .

The sound of voices finally attracted his attention. One voice would have quickened the beating of his heart in whatever circumstance of life he might have been. He glanced down into the garden and then drew hurriedly back into the shadow of the window: just about to seat themselves, directly below the window, were Captain Belmont and Miss Westgate. An eager look was on the officer's face. The countenance of Miss Westgate was concerned and slightly pale.

For a time after they were seated Captain Belmont tapped the gravelled walk nervously with his sheathed sabre, and then he began to speak in slow, earnest way, his words plainly reaching the ears of the fencing-master through the window, which was slightly raised. "I have just left your father, Miss Dorothy," Captain Belmont began, and then halted awkwardly. He had hoped it would be easy to speak of his love if he but got her father's consent; but now, in the presence of the one so dear, he realized that but only the most minor part of the battle had been won.

As for the fascinating figure by his side there had come, despite all her daring and banter, a strange nervous feeling which she strove in vain to throw off.

Again Captain Belmont was speaking, and as before his voice reaching the open window. "We have known each other, Miss Dorothy," he was saying wistfully, "almost since we were children. During the year I have been abroad you—you have been much in my thoughts. A few days ago I wrote your father saying I would arrive to-day, and asking if I might see him on a matter very important to me. He replied, setting the hour for three o'clock to-day. The speaker hesitated for a space and then went on, more in the frank, boyish way characteristic of him: "Do you know, Miss Dorothy, that when I was coming to-day I was wondering whether you might not have changed from your old bright self, and that I might find you stately and demure, like many other young ladies; but when you met me in the corridor, in the role of a commanding officer, and put me through that wonderful drill, I knew my fears were all groundless; that, Miss Dorothy, you were exactly the same winsome little lady you always were." He paused, looked down at the lovable figure, and then went on with less ease. "I have just left Major Westgate, your father, Miss Dorothy, and the interview with him was a most momentous one to me."

Once more he paused, hoping for some little encouragement, but there was none forthcoming.

"A very momentous one," he repeated, lamely.

The figure by his side was silent as before.

Tactics were now thrown to the wind, and he broke out in his impulsive way: "I went to tell him, Miss Dorothy, that I loved you; went to ask his permission to

tell you so. Ah, Dorothy, you must know how very dear you are to me. The happiness of my whole life depends upon how you will answer me."

He had risen and was standing before her now with outstretched hands.

She made no answer as he concluded, but after a moment's pause rose, and in simple, unaffected manner, silently laid her hands in the great brown ones so eagerly held out.

His heart was too full for words. In like silent way he took the precious free-will offerings, and then stooping his great height down to hers touched his lips to her own.

As he did so something like a stifled exclamation reached them. Turning quickly they both looked around in some surprise ; but no one was to be seen. But neither of them thought of looking up at the window of the fencing-room directly above them. Had they done so, however, the fencing-master had withdrawn so quickly they could scarcely have seen him. In his pain, at what he had seen and heard, it had been impossible for him to more than partially stifle the cry that had risen to his lips. He was now standing a little back from the window, his anguished face hidden in his hands.

He could see them no longer now, but their words still reached him.

"The noise must have been caused by some peering, envious spirit of the trees," came the laughing words of Captain Belmont.

There was a shadow on Dorothy's face as she replied, in a puzzled, serious way: "It seemed to me more like the sound of some human being in sore distress."

But the confident, reassuring laugh which met her words drove away the peculiar depression which had come to her, and presently they were sitting and talking, as lovers ever will, of all the happiness the coming years must surely be storing up for them.

In the silent room above them the fencing-master continued to mutely stand, his hands still covering his anguished face. The thought had come to him to rush from the house, but he yet remained, bitterness and anger gradually taking the place of the depression and pain.

Presently, as the two sat happily talking, he heard Miss Dorothy say, in a sudden, regretful way to her companion: "I fear that in my happiness I have been very inconsiderate of others. This is the afternoon I was to have taken my fencing lesson; and the hour for it is already long past."

"Your fencing lesson?" queried Captain Belmont, grudgingly.

She smiled and replied: "Yes, my fencing lesson, Mr. Soldier. Shortly after you went abroad papa engaged a fencing-master to give me lessons; he contended fencing was not only an accomplishment but the best form of physical exercise one could get. So you see"—here she made an imaginary sword thrust at the tall figure by her side—"you will now be in danger all your life from an accomplished swordswoman. But, there, come with me to the fencing-room and I will dismiss my tutor till to-morrow; it has been very impolite to have kept him waiting so long."

With all a lover's selfishness Captain Belmont adroitly began to suggest divers excuses for a little more delay, seeing they were already so late; but the reproach in her face brought more generous feelings, and so, walking very closely together, they turned towards the house. By the time they reached it she had explained that her tutor had been treated with more than ordinary courtesy by her father, as it was understood he had come of a very good family; a family, however, that had met with such reverses of fortune that it had necessitated him taking up the profession of the sword. By birth her tutor was partially French and Italian.

She had just concluded as they entered the house.

. . . . . .

And the fencing-master! As he had stood, and heard Captain Belmont suggesting still more delay before she kept her appointment, there had swept over him a bitter antagonism to the successful suitor; an antagonism that was forming itself into a well-defined and dangerous purpose by the time they reached the fencing-room.

. . . . . .

"I trust Monsieur has not been seriously inconvenienced by my being late? I have been delayed because we have had visitors to-day."

Dorothy Westgate and Captain Belmont had entered the room, and as she had uttered the words her clear, frank eyes had looked sincerely into the shadowy ones of the fencing-master.

Quickly averting his eyes, he answered in excellent English: "I have not been inconvenienced; my time is at Mademoiselle's disposal."

Captain Belmont was now introduced, and in his frank way shook hands. But scarcely had their hands met when the fencing-master abruptly turned. His action, though, was so timed that it was not rude; he had not intended it should be. The truth was he could not bear the officer to see the flush which had come to his face at the presence and words of Miss Westgate; whatever his secret and his sufferings, Captain Belmont, above all other men, must never know them.

But the profession of the fencing-master had taught self-control; so that, when he quickly turned, after putting a foil in one of the racks, he was cool and collected, and said quietly to Miss Westgate: "Perhaps Mademoiselle would like to postpone her lesson till to-morrow afternoon, seeing it is a little late?"

"If Monsieur has no objections I should prefer it," she answered courteously as she turned from speaking to Captain Belmont.

The fencing-master bowed. Then turning to the rack at his side he stacked other foils in it that were scattered round.

Chancing to turn, Miss Dorothy saw the fencing-master examining one of the foils and an idea suddenly came to her, and speaking to Captain Belmont she said, with girlish impulsiveness: "Captain Belmont you must come and see me take my lesson to-morrow afternoon. Perhaps you, too, might like to cross foils with Monsieur Drolet when my lesson is done?"

Scarcely were the words uttered, and before Captain Belmont could reply, than a crash was heard, and, looking towards Monsieur Drolet, they saw he was stooping and picking up a foil that apparently must have slipped from his hand or from one of the racks.

No attention was paid to the incident, and, stepping towards the fencing-master, Captain Belmont said: "If Monsieur would permit I should like to brush up my fencing knowledge and also cross foils with him to-morrow."

"I shall be honored, Monsieur," came the courteous and subdued reply."

Turning from Captain Belmont to Miss Westgate the fencing-master then went on, in the same unruffled way: "Then, to-morrow at three I will come and give Mademoiselle her lesson?"

"To-morrow at three," she answered smilingly, "when you will have two pupils instead of one." In her happy, light-hearted way she then left the room, Captain Belmont by her side.

Once more the fencing-master was alone in the room. Seating himself in a mechanical way his eyes sought the floor. Presently his lips moved and he said, in a hard, strained way: "Two pupils instead of one!"

The shadows which were slowly creeping into the room accentuated the depression that had again mastered him. It did not come to him to account for the sudden cheerlessness of the room because

of approaching night; he was simply conscious that she had gone, and with her everything that was bright, everything that was worth living for.

With dangerous self-pity he now began to recall the years of the past, arraigning the world for what he termed its mercilessness to him; yet, in truth, much that had befallen him, in the way of misfortune, had been but the natural reaping of what a sombre disposition had sown.

At last his thoughts were dwelling on the past year of his life, a year in which a love which could never be requited had come to him. Ah, how the passion had mastered him. She had been so entirely different from him with her brightness and high spirits that soon the happiest hours of his life had been the brief ones he was teaching her the art of which he was so thorough a master. What true content and peace there had been for him in this one year. How little, too, he had craved after all; simply that the days might still continue to be as they were; that he yet might be allowed to worship afar off. Now everything was to be changed. She would soon be a wife. Only a few brief minutes ago he had seen the hands, that he scarce dare touch, lying in loving content in another's grasp; had seen the tender light in her face as she had looked up into the one bending over her; had seen the head of the officer droop till their lips—

But the bitterness of memory was too great, and springing to his feet the fencing-master strode like some caged thing up and down the room. Gradually the evil mood upon him deepened. "Why," he asked himself, "should Captain Belmont, who had wealth, position, in fact everything to make life happy, come into his life and take its one ray of sunshine away? For him, unlike other men, was there never to be happiness?"

Suddenly he stopped, and, with a strange light in his eyes, repeated the words his pupil had so innocently uttered: "Two pupils instead of one!"

Yes, for him, as for other men, there should certainly be compensation! With this resolve now firmly in his mind, he walked with slow deliberation to one of the racks. Connected with the foils was now a plan which fascinated him. Taking down one of the weapons he tested it with much care, and then putting it into a case left the house with it.

CHAPTER II.

THE ANTIQUE CASKET.

It was hours after midnight, yet the thought of sleep has not occurred to the fencing-master. He is sitting alone in a humble little room situated in a much different part of the city than the stately residence of Major Westgate. A fire burning fitfully in a grate lights up the room in shadowy way. The sharply cut features of the fencing-master are, at intervals, clearly revealed.

The gloom and hardness of his face have sensibly increased during the long hours which have intervened since he waited, in such bitterness, to give the lesson that had been postponed till the morrow.

Through the long hours of the night he had sat and brooded over the thing that was in his mind. At times his purpose had wavered. The quiet of the night oppressed him. Finally, with a desperation peculiar to his temperament, he had told himself that with the advent of dawn what course he would pursue should be irrevocably taken.

As he had done a dozen times before, he now hastily rose, went to the window and drew back the curtains; his face, this time, lit up—there, away in the east, was the first promise of morn. A feeling of exultation throbbed in his veins. His course was chosen.

Turning from the window he strode to the table in the centre of the room and

took up the foil he had secretly taken from the house of Major Westgate the afternoon previous. Then going to a trunk he took from it a small and quaintly shaped casket. In size it was not much larger than a walnut. Seating himself he touched a spring and the lid of the casket flew noiselessly back. The lamp over his head and the flickering firelight cast Rembrandt shadows behind him, accentuating the tenseness which had come over his face as his eyes had rested on the contents of the casket; and yet all the casket revealed was a rich, creamy-looking substance which no more than half filled its tiny hollow.

Shutting the casket he laid it with the foil on the table, after which he walked to the door to see that it was securely fastened. Now he would sleep. After rest his mind would be clearer. What was now to be done needed the full daylight and care.

How he sought for sleep, and yet how it evaded him: the haunting casket, the foil, Dorothy Westgate and Captain Belmont, how they fascinated him and jeered at sleep. Yet he was not nervous. The tension was such, and so finely strung had become his nerves that they seemed to be of steel.

In this highly wrought mood the hours stole by. Of danger to himself, from what he contemplated, he had no fear; that which was in the casket left no traces behind. One haunting thought alone caused him compunction—the misery that must surely come from his act to the one so unutterably dear to himself. Hers, after all, was to be the hardest part to bear; the lifetime's misery. Yes, it would be the living that would have the real cross to take up. Then it flashed across him that if it chanced oblivion should come to her, instead of Captain Belmont, it would be Captain Belmont who would have to take up the burden of a heart that would ache till the grave covered it. This was the burden that he, himself, must carry. How equal would be the punishment!

With the advent of this new thought Dorothy Westgate was assigned a tragic role in his heated reasonings. Yet her beauty and brightness! How it strove with him. But that he should not suffer alone was unalterably fixed in his mind. He now rose from the bed. The choice between her and Captain Belmont should be taken when they stood before him in the fencing-room!

His manner was calm and collected as he again walked to the window and drew back the blinds. It was high noon: the room was flooded with light.

In a methodical way he sat down by the table and again took the foil from its case. He carefully examined the button at its point, and after some difficulty, removed it. The point of the foil, as he had expected, was quite blunt. For close upon an hour he filed the point till it was as keen as a needle. Satisfied with his task he then turned his attention to the button he had removed, deftly hollowing it till there was a small aperture completely through it. Fitting the button on the foil again he slowly worked the weapon till its point protruded somewhat over a quarter of an inch. In the same purposeful way he then reached for the curiously shaped casket and once more touched the spring; again there was disclosed the rich, creamy-looking paste. Slipping the button from the now protruding foil, he smeared its keen point with the paste. This he did with extreme care. Once more he turned his attention to the button, filling its interior with a weak solution of cement. After ascertaining the paste was dry on the foil he inserted its point in a manner that it should not now protrude. In a few minutes the cement hardened sufficiently to fasten the button to the point, and at the same time it filled up the aperture which had been drilled through it. The cement, being the color of the button, the foil, from all appear-

ances, looked as innocent as might any other foil in a rack. The fencing-master well knew, however, that an ordinary sharp blow would make the point protrude through the treacherous button, and that a scratch from it would mean death as inevitable as would the bite of a cobra.

The paste, a subtle poison, had been got by him while travelling in the Indies many years before. The peculiar appearance of the casket had, at the time, been the principal reason for getting possession of it. The morbid curiosity of the man, though had, either more or less, been aroused over the statement that the poison was such that it would leave no trace behind.

And now, after satisfying himself as to the way the button was held to the foil, he took up the casket again, drew the embers of the fire together, and then placed it upon them. He watched it till it was consumed, a peculiar odor emanating from it, and then he scattered the ashes so that not a trace of the casket was left.

Scarcely had this been done when a clock over his head sounded the hour of two. He rose hastily; in another hour the time for the lesson would be at hand. In a few minutes he was on his way to the home of Major Westgate once more, the encased foil in his hand.

CHAPTER III.

THE FOIL AND ITS MARK.

It yet wanted a few minutes to three when Dorothy Westgate and Captain Belmont entered the fencing-room. Prompt as they were they found the fencing-master waiting them. He bowed quietly as they entered, but did not speak. In the frank, winsome way so characteristic of her, and which had endeared her so deeply to her hapless tutor, she held out her hand to him in greeting saying, with friendly courtesy: "Monsieur sees I have not forgotten my lesson to-day; I believe indeed I am a little before the appointed hour."

"Mademoiselle is very kind." As he murmured the words, and as his eyes sought the floor, she turned with girlish pleasure to the rack near where they were standing and laid her hand on one of the foils.

But ere she could take it down the fencing-master was at her side. "I think," he said a little quickly, as he lightly touched her outstretched hand," that this foil is a little imperfect; if Mademoiselle will pardon me I will get the one she generally uses."

She nodded in a careless way, and then turned to speak to Captain Belmont, who —after having greeted the fencing-master, had seated himself.

Upon facing her tutor again she saw he was standing waiting for her, a foil in each hand. Handing her one of the weapons, he said, briefly: "This, I believe, is Mademoiselle's favorite foil."

She took it, and stepping back, put herself into position. It would have perplexed her had she known that the foil in his hand was the very one she had been in the act of taking down, and which he had said was imperfect.

"Mademoiselle is ready?"

"Ready, Monsieur," she answered eagerly.

"Mademoiselle will attack."

Their foils slithered together.

With his hands deep in his pockets Captain Belmont, in his good-tempered way, sat looking idly on.

And now, with considerable deftness, she tried to reach her tutor with what is one of the most subtle movements of attack—that from the wrist with its deceptive and treacherous thrusts. Failing in this attack she tried to outwit his defence by thrusts he had taught her in extension, lunging, etc., but with an ease, that almost seemed without effort, he turned her every attack from his person.

Each time he circumvented her thrusts he endeavored to impress the "parades," (the defensive tactics of the

art) the more firmly upon her memory by calling out the technical names of his parrys; and so, at short intervals, his murmuring voice reached her: "Defended in 'Quarte'; defended in 'Tierce'; in "Circle'; in 'Octave'; in 'Prime'; in 'Quinte'"—and so on.

Presently she paused, and then, altering her mode of attack, tried the numerous feints she had learned; but these, too, were equally of no avail against the master of the science before her.

"Mademoiselle will now please guard against attack."

There was no change in the evenness of his tone. Stepping back, he raised his foil—it was the same upon which he had spent so much time in his room.

As she assumed the defensive her clear, blue eyes, full of roguish merriment, were fastened on those of her tutor, and she said, jestingly: "Monsieur may expect just the same success in breaking through my parades as my thrusts and feints were successful in breaking through the defences of Monsieur. I am sure (laughingly) I shall not need, when Monsieur is done, the services of a surgeon."

Had Captain Belmont not spoken to her at this moment she must inevitably have noted the sudden paling of the fencing-master's face. Upon hearing her banter, about a surgeon's aid being unnecessary, he had experienced a peculiar and unnerving thrill. She stood before him now a living, beauteous being, at the very dawn of womanhood, yet, ere another day had sped its course, where might all this beauty and winsomeness be? Again, as this thought flashed through his mind, came the unnerving thrill. Yet, despite it all, he tried to harden his soul, and stifle dawning pity, by picturing her happy in the love of another, while he lived out his life in ceaseless longing.

"I am ready, Monsieur."

She had turned from Captain Belmont again.

He started slightly at her voice, but recovered himself immediately.

The ring of their foils was again heard, and once more her soft eyes were fixed watchfully upon his. Their utter absence of apprehension strove with him as no prayers could have done.

His swiftly moving foil was now twisting in a snake-like way about hers, and there was not an instant that he could not have touched her with it; yet he delayed doing so, shrinking before the deed he had made up his mind to perform, more and more as the minutes slipped by.

The exercise had brought a flush to her cheeks, greatly heightening her beauty; her eyes were glowing with excitement and perfect health, while her graceful swaying figure made her very beauteous to look upon. At times, when she parried with what she thought more than ordinary trueness, a pleased ripple of laughter reached him, still more increasing the pity that would not be kept out of his heart. At last such was his sympathy and pity that an actual terror possessed him lest, by any mischance, the point of his foil might reach her, and put the seal of death on one so beautiful.

While in this new and merciful mood towards her, he chanced to step suddenly to one side and his eyes met those of Captain Belmont, and in an instant his determination took a new course. After a few more passes, he stepped back and lowered his point. "Mademoiselle," he said, bowing slightly and speaking softly, "has done very well."

As she stepped past him to put back the foil, she answered, again in a jesting way: "Did I not tell Monsieur he would find it impossible to thwart my defence to-day?"

"Yes; *to-day* it was impossible, Mademoiselle." He put ever so slight an accent upon the word to-day; but before it might be given attention he had turned to Captain Belmont and said: "I am at Monsieur's service. I believe Monsieur said

he would like a few moments' recreation with the foils this afternoon."

"I shall be delighted, delighted." The words were uttered in a bluff, soldier-like way, and Captain Belmont walked, with alacrity, to one of the racks, and, after testing a couple of foils, chose one and then expressed himself as ready.

Just as their foils scraped together, Miss Westgate seated herself in a position which chanced to be about midway between the two men; so peculiar was her position that every time they thrust their foils had to pass beyond the line where she sat.

Her eyes were constantly fixed on the handsome soldierly figure, and the love light deepened in her eyes as she noted his really clever thrusting and parrying.

One thought alone dominated the fencing-master's mind—before his foil now stood the man to whom life had given so much; yet who would take out of his own life the only object that made it sweet. Before they had been fencing many moments he knew that at any moment he pleased he could give forth the fiat of death from the dread point of the foil, and that in twenty-four hours the obstacle to his peace would be swept mysteriously but surely away.

As these desperate thoughts were surging through his mind, Captain Belmont's foil had twice come within the merest shade of touching him and thus scoring a point. The fact was that in his distraught mood he had been practically guarding himself by sheer force of habit alone.

Having looked for a far more clever opponent, Captain Belmont was now putting forth every tactic to get within his adversary's defence. Up to this time the fencing-master has almost entirely adopted the defensive; but without a moment's warning he suddenly assumed the aggressive. The instant he did so Captain Belmont, skilled in the use of foils and swords though he was, realized that he was now standing before a master of the sword such as he could never hope to be.

"Ah!"

The low exclamation had fallen from the lips of Captain Belmont. It had been called forth by the extreme beauty and alertness of a "time" thrust which the fencing-master had made, and which had escaped touching his breast by the sheerest accident. Depending for their success, as such thrusts always do, upon the exact instant an adversary is planning an attack himself, Captain Belmont had not been able to withhold an exclamation of admiration at the subtle manner the fencing-master had read his thoughts, and at the extreme cunning of the thrust he had made.

Even while he was yet marvelling over the skill of his adversary the fencing-master, with another subtle time thrust, got once more between his guard, and this was followed again with three or four other thrusts of equal brilliancy. Each thrust could easily have touched him and scored, and he was mystified that this was not done. He now felt himself to be a mere plaything in the hands of his opponent.

The truth was that the fencing-master, at each thrust, had intended to press the treacherous point of his foil to the flashing uniform; but at each lunge his foil, as before, had had to pass in line with the sweet, eager figure facing them, and somehow he kept putting off the tragic moment. While he procrastinated he again began to recall the fact that the real cross would fall to the shoulders of the one who lived, and not to the one to whom death brought oblivion.

Ah, if his pity had not been aroused when she had stood before him, and he had not spared!—a swift, poignant regret came over him.

But suddenly, in a manner that was peculiar to his temperament, a deep sadness, at the weariness of it all, took

possession of him. He was fencing mechanically again. Presently a deep, wistful look came into his face—a decision had now come to him from which he knew there would be no faltering.

"I compliment Captain Belmont; he fences exceedingly well." The fencing-master stepped back as he spoke. The peculiar, wistful look still mantled his face.

With boyish frankness Captain Belmont held out his hand. "I should not," he answered in a generous, admiring way, "like to face Monsieur if it were necessary for him to hold a dangerous weapon."

"Captain Belmont thinks too highly of my skill," was the simple rejoinder.

"Papa says," broke in Miss Westgate, with frank admiration, "that Monsieur Drolet is one of the best swordsmen in Europe." Continuing in the same generous way, she added: "I fear that so perfect a swordsman must often have been wearied in trying to teach me."

"Weary of teaching *Mademoiselle!*" There was a depth in his voice they could not help but notice, but it never came to them to even dream of its real cause.

She was about to speak again when he said abruptly, and in an utterly changed tone: "I forgot to tell Mademoiselle yesterday that circumstances call me abroad at once. I regret to say I shall not be able to continue Mademoiselle's lessons."

"Ah, I am sorry, Monsieur."

He bowed sadly and went on in the same abrupt and peculiar way: "I shall have to leave to-night. Before going I should like to show Mademoiselle, if she is not too weary, a movement with the foils which, as a swordswoman, I think she will appreciate."

"With pleasure, Monsieur," she replied in her old, considerate way.

He turned without further words to the rack, and when he faced her again two foils were in his hands. Once more he handed one to her. As she put herself into position, and as he was about to raise his foil, he said huskily: "The movement is a double feint in flanconnade action—thought out by myself. As will be seen by Mademoiselle, much of its danger lies in its simplicity."

Although he spoke quietly there was something in his tone that attracted Captain Belmont's attention and perplexed him.

"Ready, Mademoiselle?"

"Ready, Monsieur."

Their foils met softly. For a moment both stood alert. Then, with the quickness of thought, the fencing-master made a sudden and most peculiar feint. As she stepped back parrying, it was succeeded by another feint equally new to her. She parried again, but even as she did so she saw, to her astonishment, his foil, like a vivid gleam of light, cut a confusing semi-circle, and then—then she felt the point firmly strike her shoulder.

"Wonderful, Monsieur Drolet; I never saw anything more beautiful in my life!" The words of admiration were uttered by Captain Belmont.

Paying no attention to the speaker the fencing-master looked in a strained way at his pupil and then said: "That, Mademoiselle, is the movement. I have never known it not to be successful. Allow me now to explain it." He was speaking in a feverish way, and again Captain Belmont looked at him curiously.

Standing some little distance from his pupil the fencing-master very slowly, and alone, went through the double feint, the confusing semi-circle and the thrust, explaining each minutely. Then he stood on guard again, telling her that he now would act on the defensive while she executed it and tried to score.

And his instructions were followed to the letter. Scarcely had their foils touched than, with a flush of excitement, she perfectly executed the double feints, following with the semi-circle, and then

thrust sharply—her foil, with firm impact struck his breast.

"Mademoiselle could not have executed the movement better." As he spoke he stepped forward and courteously relieved her of her foil.

She was pleased at his compliment and said warmly: "It was very kind of Monsieur to teach me it, especially as it is my final lesson."

"Yes, Mademoiselle, the *final* lesson." He spoke enigmatically, turning away with the foils as he did so.

As Captain Belmont now stepped to her side, he thought she was looking paler than what was her custom, and he said, with quick solicitude: "I fear the lesson has been a little long; you are looking tired. Shall we now withdraw?"

She consented, but before going held out her hand to the fencing-master and said, in a gentle, womanly way: "Again, Monsieur Drolet, I regret to lose so skilled a teacher."

As their hands met for the briefest space, and as his eyes, with an unfathomable expression in them, flashed into hers, he now, for the first time, really comprehended the woeful thing that had happened between them; and with the comprehension, such was his emotion that he could not trust himself to many words, and he replied briefly, as he bowed his head: "Mademoiselle speaks very generously."

She now turned somewhat slowly from the room with Captain Belmont, and as she did so the fencing-master slowly raised his head and looked fixedly after her. His hands still held the two foils they had just used.

As the door was closing behind her a gleam of sunlight shot through the window and fell upon her shining hair, beautifying it so that it shone like burnished gold. A moment more, the door had closed, and she had gone, and the lives of tutor and pupil were separated for all time.

The fencing-master was alone in the room once more! Slowly his eyes travelled from the door to the foils he was still grasping. His face was strangely pallid. Raising the weapons, he looked at their points. On one of the foils the button was perfect, but on the other a needle-like point protruded. In a perturbed way he now put the perfect foil back into the rack. The other he enclosed in its case again, and, after hastily looking at his watch, hurriedly left the house with it.

Reaching the street he hailed a carriage and drove rapidly to where he lived. Once in his room again he made a complete change of clothing, after which he destroyed all his correspondence. Although every action was apparently methodical, his eyes were glittering with intense excitement. Finally he took up the foil, and with a quick blow broke off the point. It was still slightly besmeared with the creamy-like paste, and also slightly discolored. Thoroughly cleaning the point, he carefully wrapped it in a piece of paper and put it in his pocket—that which had done so much woe should never leave him. Before very many hours it would have worked that which no physician's art could undo.

With a last look around the room he left it. Driving direct to the station, he took a train for London, that teeming metropolis where it is easier for one to be lost than in the wastes.

Eight hours later the roar of London's streets was in his ears, and midnight was just striking when a carriage halted with him at the door of a small hotel in the suburbs.

Entering the hotel, he entered his name in the register as Henri Dumochel, Paris. The clerk stared at the man curiously; the color of his face was ghastly. When being shown to his room he staggered and swayed so the porter could scarcely suppress his laughter—he was sure the late guest must have been making a glori-

ous night of it. But could he have been in the room when the fencing-master, with fumbling fingers, lit the gas, and as the light clearly lit up his face, he would have cried out with alarm; for the clammy sweat of death was upon it, while, in the eyes was the sure imprint of the great reaper.

Turning to the bed the fencing-master, by sheer force of will, succeeded in removing his upper garments; but he was too desperately ill to disrobe further.

Sinking on the bed, in a half sitting posture, he succeeded, after much difficulty, in opening wide his shirt. As his hands fell to his side again his dulled eyes wandered over his breast as though seeking for something. Presently, that what he sought met his gaze—a scratch, directly over the heart, not much larger than a needle would have made.

A faint and pathetic smile came to his lips. To think that, after all, it should have been her hand that had given him his death; a hand, that willingly, would not have given death to the simplest living thing. But, even now, he had no regrets; of all ways this had surely been the best. For him, now, there would be no years of hopeless longing to pass.

Reason was rapidly failing him. His breathing was quick and uncertain. At last memory failed completely, and soon, in delirium, he was living over again the tragic events of the past few hours. Once more he thought she stood before him, foil in hand, the foil he had covertly handed to her when, wearied out with the struggle within him, he had finally decided that he would harm neither of them. It was the *poisoned* foil, in the last lesson, that he had given her.

As before, he was now in his delirium explaining to her the two subtle feints, the confusing semi-circle, and the quick, dangerous thrust. As before, too, she was stepping back into position, the deadly foil in her hand, to give him his death wound. How beautiful, even to his dying senses, she was as they now, for the final time, crossed foils. Again he was watching her make the double feint, the semi-circle, and then—then he saw her thrust. How easily he could have parried it! But he had allowed the point of her foil to strike him. The button had only too well done what he knew it would do; it had allowed the point of the foil to come through, and he had been scratched over the heart that ached so wearily.

As though the slight sting of the point had again been felt, a faint moan broke from the dying man's lips. But suddenly the agonized face took on a look of wondering happiness. The scene before his wandering mind had changed again and he was living over another event of the past—but ah, living it over so differently from how it had ended. The scene was that when Captain Belmont had returned from abroad, when Miss Westgate had met him in the corridor, and when, with girlish roguery, she had assumed the role of a military commander.

As clearly and as distinctly to his imagination, as on that day, he now heard the sweet voice ring out the command once more—

"Halt!"

The clang of the dragging sabre ceased.

"Attention!"

The slight scraping of the sabre was again heard by the dying ears as the officer obeyed the beauteous commander.

"And now, sir, m-a-r-c-h!"

Exactly as before, he saw the officer stand immovable; saw the winsome figure laboriously drag the heavy sabre from the scabbard at the officer's side, and then, just as she was about to give the word of command again, the officer, for the first time, turned, and then—oh, God, the happiness of it!—the face was not that of Captain Belmont, but of his, his, Alcide Drolet, the fencing-master, her tutor! Into his eyes, and not into those of

the officer's, hers were looking with a world of tenderness. Oh! how good God had been after all! To think that it was himself, and himself alone she loved! There had never been any Captain Belmont. That had been a delusion. He had not put a poisoned foil into her hand that she might give him his death wound. What a nightmare it had been! How rapturous the awakening to the truth.

"Dorothy—Sweetheart!"

The endearing words were whispered by the dying lips so faintly as to scarcely break the silence of the room. They were the last words they ever framed. The aching, despondent heart was at rest at last. There had come to him, in the gracious hallucination of death, a triumph which reality could never have brought. And so the face that had been so despondent and sombre, now, in death, wore a repose and peace it had been such a stranger to in life.

. . . . . .

There was no inquest; none was deemed necessary. He had been found dead in bed without marks of violence. None knew him, nor could anything be found upon his person to lead to his identity. The only curious thing found upon him was a little piece of steel, about an inch long, and keen at the point. But it excited no suspicion—its appearance was too harmless!

IN TIME OF NEED

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

SEWARD stood there unsteadily; but, none the less, he took it like a man. "I shouldn't have hoped for anything else," he said. "Indeed, when I called to-night, I hadn't really intended to ask you *outright*. . . . And I can pretty near guess how I'd advise one of my own sisters, if *she* thought of marrying a man,—to reform him."

Her fingers knit together again spasmodically. "Oh, Mr. Seward, I didn't say *that*. You *made* me refuse you. I asked you if you could give it up, and you said you couldn't.—After that, what *could* I say."

He looked at her mutely. It seemed to him that he was playing tragedy like some wretched 'super.' And suddenly a queer womanishness in him which he had never been able to understand, began to flood hotly into his eyes.

"I'll pray for you," she whispered.

"I'm afraid this, this is a case where even angels' prayers wouldn't,—I think —I shan't keep you any longer."

She dropped into the cushions, where her mother found her, still motionless, an hour afterward; and the young man went out into the New Year's Eve swing and radiancy of Fifth Avenue. What he meant to do was so plain before him, it was such a foregone inevitability, that he felt as if he were approaching the end of a story he had read a dozen times before. The shining, pearl-handled '32' lay waiting in his upper dresser drawer, and it seemed to him, in his bleeding boyish pride, that when she heard of it, it would re-establish to her the courage and strength and manliness which he had been denying himself before her, a half hour ago. . . . The thought gave him back his self-respect, and he began to take in the holiday-night gaiety about him with a new and curious interest. He told himself he was looking at it for the last time. But his pulse only seemed to quicken.

When he reached that rounded tongue of flags which reaches out into Madison Square, the swift succession of swooping

hansoms, ponderously darting automobiles and clanging trolleys for a minute held back the human current he was part of, on the Broadway curb. Looking over at the fountain, he noticed, in the surge and eddy of the crowd, two tattered and unwashed youngsters; and it was evident on a second glance that they were begging. More than that, they were trying to sing. Whoever had sent them out had been taking envious note of some of the most successful of the shipping-district mendicants, and had taught them some verses of miserable doggerel. But their appeal, though it tearfully connected 'the mother's heart which did grieve,' with 'this happy New Year's Eve,' was meeting with no response. The crowd, too sophisticated, shoved past the youngsters with impatient carelessness. The smaller one was weeping lugubriously; while the elder, between manful attempts to continue his heart-rending ditty, gave him contemptuous consolation.

Seward looked at them again. They, too, had been finding fate unkind. And the pity which he was too young to withhold from himself any longer, reached out and wrapped itself about *their* small, childish woe. . . . He pushed over to them.—"Seems to be a kind of chilly world, to-night, gentlemen."

The bigger urchin grinned ruefully.—"Ah, we can't sing loud enough for dis push."

"'Can't sing loud enough, eh?'" he filled with a sudden crazy impulse. It was as if he had been drinking heavily without losing his clearness of head. He was in a mood to do anything, and scorn all fear of the ridiculous. "Well, now, that's hard lines.—I'm something of a warbler *myself*. Couldn't I help you out?"

The big brother grinned again. The little one stopped crying, and gaped at Seward suspiciously.

Perhaps in all character, weak or strong, there lurks the 'instinct of the theatre.' In his fevered mental eye the young fellow suddenly imaged the headlines of next morning's papers,—"Sang to Help Beggar Children, Then Shot Himself!" And, on the moment, he caught at the part.—"You know you're not singing the right thing, either," he went on rapidly. "You let an *old* New Year's performer show you. Only you must both pipe out, too."

He stepped between them, and grasped the littler one's hand, as if *he* were the singer and himself there only to introduce and encourage him. Then throwing back his shoulders till his open raglan fell loosely away from his slim, closely-fitting evening clothes, and lifting his bared head in flushing yet smiling steadiness to the tranquil stars, he began the old ballad

"While shepherds watched their flocks at night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."

It was something wholly new in the drama of the streets. The crowd halted and turned in a moment. And then, with one kindred face, it grasped the situation and beamed a complete approval. . . . Two hurrying young Dianas in black velvet, their father linked helplessly between them, swung the old gentleman face about with a single movement. —"Well,—now, —dad! Did you ever see anything sweeter!" They stood there smiling upon Seward as if they had been his sisters. A score more, fifty, a hundred, stopped with them. About them was the unpausing roar of Broadway, and the clashing jangle of Fifth Avenue.

"'Fear not,' said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.'"

Whatever of posing there had been in Seward's tone and attitude the words and music had chastened from him utterly. He was singing simply and gravely, and withal, more feelingly than ever he had

sung in the old college chapel. And both youngsters were now instinctively trying to sing with him. Their thin, faltering 'pipes,' a bar behind, came in with brave uncertainty at the close. The crowd applauded with a subdued delight that was almost tender. A policeman pushed through the tangle of vehicles at the corner, and then stopped. His face broadened as he, too, comprehended. It might be his duty to clear the curb, but he generously took refuge in the tolerance of the night.

Seward gave the urchins' shoulders a little, big-brotherly squeeze.—

"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'"

The old gentleman with the two daughters stepped forward.—"I guess there's nothing *for* it, friends," he said, and slipped something into the fist of the now stoutly-singing little brother. The small imp, probably with a sudden recollection of earlier instructions, fumblingly pulled off his cap and held it out.

An old lady, with motherly indignation, promptly put it on him again.—"Do you want to get your *death,* child? Hold out your *hand.*" She added the second coin. The youngster, with business-like directness, immediately shaped his diminutive, grimy palms into a begging-bowl, and held them out to the young fellow beside him. It was a New Year's Eve audience, and they responded as if they had been a New Year's Eve audience out of Dickens. The small dirty begging-bowl overflowed, and the small dirty beggar forthwith began an attempt to stow his wealth away in a very incapacious trousers' pocket. The crowd's delight, if smothered, was boundless.

But Seward and the older youngster were beginning the last verse—

"All Glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

The little brother came back to them, his face ecstatically agrin, and both hands overflowing.—"I gueth, Conn," he said, "*you'd* better go round, now."

The donors of the wealth shouted.

"No," said Seward, "I think you've got enough." The eyes of his audience waited upon him.

"It'd be a pity now, to let them go home alone, and lose half of it on the way," suggested the motherly old lady.

He was in the grasp of circumstance. He took over the little brother's unsafely carried wealth, got their East Side address from the older lad,—after some odd shuffling evasion,—and called a hansom.

PART II.

Then he remembered. After the last hectic hour Amy Keller's refusal and her reason for it descended upon his brain in a tremendous, numbing oppression. And what objectless folly was this that had tied him to the two dirty urchins beside him! In a rising, gall-like nausea at himself, he went back over his singing with them on the Square.—"Lord, Lord, why couldn't I have stayed out of the calcium and done it like a gentleman? What a wretched mixture of weakness and vanity I am!"

They turned swiftly off the Bowery, made another three blocks, and stopped in front of an unclean, yellow-brick tenement. The bigger youngster jumped out, and Seward followed him. But the little fellow held back.—"Nah, I don' *want* to! I don' *want* to!"

"But you're home now," said Seward with tired patience: "I can't take you any farther."

"Nah, I don' *want* to!"—He began to whimper.

Then the elder brother made apologetic explanation.—" Ah, it ain't dat he wants to go any *furder,* boss. He's on'y kind o' leary o' de old man."

A woman with a shawl over her head came up the area steps. The frightened child promptly jumped out and scuttled across to her. " I want to stay with Mrs. McCord, again!" he cried.

For a weary moment of hesitation Seward looked at the group. He was sick to be alone, to end it all. Yet the sense of duty still lived in him with strange strength. It had opened another door, and to go through it, it seemed to him, was the only way. . . .

He pulled himself together with a tightening of the lips. " I think I'll go up with you, and see that old man of yours," he said. And taking the reluctant elder brother by the arm, he pushed into the dim hallway and climbed the black, foul-smelling stairs."

In the filthy back-room he saw what he expected to see. Both mother and father were hideously in liquor. The woman, with haggish, lankly-hanging hair, leaned blearily forward at him from an old lounge. The man, a heavy, round-shouldered, unshaven brute, his open mouth gaping through thin, bedrabbled threads of moustache, stared at the arriving group with wondering malevolency. But when he had got the youngster into his murky centre of vision,—" Oh, i's you, is it, y' young devil?" he guttered: " Who's that? Wha's he want?—How much you got?"

" *He, he's* got it. We—"

" *Wha'? Wha'? Him?* You give it to *him?* You—" (He cursed horridly.)—" Who's he?" He got to his feet, and steadied his eyes rancorously upon Seward. " Say, you dirty, graftin' fakir, wha' you want? Wha' you want? Now you turn over tha' coin too swift, see,—an' then get t'ell out o' here! You hear now, you get—"

Seward drew in his nostrils and turned to the youngster. " I can't give him any of your money," he said quietly: " I'm going down to talk to the janitress. You'd better come with me."

" Wha' you say?—Wha' you say?" The man spat furious profanity again, and began to lurch around the table.—" Wha' you say? ' You won' give—' " With the sudden viciousness of the intoxicated, he struck at the young fellow, missed, and swayed off his balance. Seward had only to reach his thick, purple-veined neck with a full arm swing to send him on a headlong pitch into the corner.

" Now," he said, panting, " you follow me down three steps, and I'll throw you down the rest!"

Two minutes later he was in the basement with the two youngsters again. But now that he had assumed their guardianship, what was he to do with them? Mrs. McCord was able to help him. Leaving them with her, he shoved his way through the puzzled East Side crowd, and again jumped into the hansom.

" Two blocks down, an' this side, ye mind," the good woman shouted after him. " Ask fer the House: it's ahl they call it. And they're ahl young min like yersilf. Mr. Hanford's the wan I know, but they're ahl in the rescue work. If they can't do for the childer thimsilves, they'll turn thim over to others as can. But lave thim with me till the morrow!" And he drove away.

The ' House ' was a new white brick, with boxes of evergreens in the windows which reminded him of the Avenue. And the matronly housekeeper who opened the door to him showed none of the surprise of the quarter at his evening clothes.

He would not give her his name.—" No, it's not at all necessary."—(" I can keep out of the calcium *now,* at any rate," he thought to himself fiercely.)—" If you'll just speak to Mr. Hanford,"—

" Oh, oh yes!" She smiled suddenly with mistaken understanding.—" They've

all but finished dinner. You're to go right in to him.—Mr. Hanford, it's your friend." And she opened the dining-room door.

Seward was apologizing for the error in a moment. But the brisk, clerical-faced young fellow at the head of the table stopped him. "Oh, now, don't say a word. I'd told Mrs. Demming to expect a stranger."

He followed him into the hall, but at his first words of explanation, stopped him again.—"Oh, it's a 'case,' is it? Then, they'll all want to hear about it.—Gentlemen," he called in to them, "we've found another 'outside member.' And slipping his arm through Seward's, he gently re-introduced him to the company.

They gave him an almost comradish welcome; but he told his story with nervous rapidity. And that he had sung with the children himself, he altogether omitted.

Hanford jotted down the address in his pocket-book, and snapped it to.—"All right. We'll have that looked into the first thing to-morrow. So you mustn't give yourself any further worry over them."

He had meant to relieve his visitor of a troublesome charge, but Seward flushed up with a queer feeling of wound and jealousy. It was the first time he had ever been made to realize how absolutely unnecessary to the world he was.—"Oh, I didn't come here to get my hands washed of all responsibility, you know," he said. His brain burned dully, and he felt an unexplainable desire to delay the matter somehow.—"I, I don't see now just why I should have turned them over to you at all. *You* must have your own regular work to do, too,—probably a good deal more of it than I have."

"Oh," said a young fellow with glasses, sitting opposite him,—"we certainly all have to work,—that is, all except Hanford. He doesn't do anything but stay here and spend the money our friends up-town think they are giving to charity and good works."

Hanford chuckled.—"You see I'm the secretary-treasurer and dean of the house, so to speak. We all live down here, and in the evenings we go out and worry the people round about us. But don't get the idea that we're a lot of deadly philanthropists. We enjoy life too shamefully well for that. And we've never been able to make the first bluff at any self-sacrifice."

"Yes," said the spectacled youth again.—"There's Willie, there. He's down here palpably and solely to get material for a novel,—though nothing could make him own up to it!"

"All *right!*" grinned the slandered 'Willie.'—"But at any rate I'm not trying to get an octopean grip on the voting part of the population!"

They carried on the laugh for a minute among themselves, but Seward hardly heard them. Inevitable self-comparison made his spirit sick in him. What he had done theatrically, and only for an hour, they were doing as a matter of course, humorously even, and for month after month. Any one of them was beyond all saying worthier of Amy Keller than he had been,—even had there not been the—other thing.—His head throbbed like a pulse of pain. . . .

He got to his feet and said that he must go. And then . . . Outside was utter lonesomeness, a terrible hopelessness, and in that room was an oasis of friendship and happiness and supporting strength . . . They were all young men. Why could he, *too,* not . . .

He turned back from the door, and his voice was a flood of unmanned, piteous entreaty.—"Gentlemen, I, I suppose you'll think me crazy,—or worse, but I don't want to go back to my quarters to-night. I want, I want to get away from myself.—And I'd like to stay with you down here. I couldn't help you much, and I suppose I'd disgrace you before the first month was over.—But even if a man

is downed in his scrap with himself, he can still do a lot of fighting for others,—for the poor kids and all that you know. . . . And I've got a good deal of money that's been worse than no good to me, which you'd be . . . ." He broke off, and looked about the circle almost wildly.

There was no need for any talk before answering him.—" Why, yes," said Hanford, as if the thing were a matter of course; " we can find something for you to do down here, I guess. But we'd better give you till to-morrow at least to finally decide whether you want to become a permanent house member." He smiled at him and laid his hand on his arm. " And if you do, you may be sure we'll use your money, too, with all the willingness in the world.—But we've got you with us to-night anyway." He stepped into the corridor.—" Mrs. Demming, will you please get that end room by mine into shape?"

Seward walked to a window and gazed into outer darkness. His soul was quivering and trembling. He was like a man who at the last gasp has been saved from drowning. The ' House ' had gained another recruit.

And when, an hour later, he stood in the narrow white room by Hanford's, and let the moonlight and New Year's bells bathe him like a baptism, the old life, even the memory of Amy Keller, was already an infinite distance behind him. He would not wholly change at once, but the completeness of the change would not be the less sure for that. For miracles are not worked in vain.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued.*)

"Soon we'll be in London town,
Sing, my lads, yeo ho!
We'll see the King and his golden crown,
Sing, my lads, yeo ho!"

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?"
"I've been to London town to see the Queen."

London, May 19th.

ALL this is prefatory to the news that at last mine eyes have seen that august personage, in whom the world's greatest Empire is personified,—"Our Most Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria."

Her Majesty left Buckingham Palace at 4.15 for South Kensington, where she laid the foundation stone of the Victoria and Albert Museum. In order to see her, we took up our stand at Hyde Park corner at 3.30, and as we were beside the police in front of the crowd, had a better view than those who were there from ten o'clock. We were within a few feet of the driveway, and the view was unobstructed. The police were so closely posted along the sidewalks, that they could have touched hand in two continuous ranks, three miles in length. By inexhaustible tact and good humor, they got the crowd within the prescribed limit, and then there was nothing for it but to stand and wait for the passing of Victoria. I was sorely be-elbowed and be-kneed by the crowd, but on the whole the good order of the quiet, respectful multitude, was simply wonderful. Loyalty in the English is a living force. Emerson says it is a sub-religion, and it would appear so, for these people anticipated the Queen's coming with all the freshness of unworn enthusiasm.

A boy near me asked another, why the English were the most economical people in the world, and vouchsafed the answer himself: "Because they have kept one Sovereign for sixty years." The other boy had his little joke too: (Q) "Why is the Queen like a rainy day?" (A) "Because she reigns (rains) and reigns, and never gives the son (sun) a chance."

An Englishwoman who stood beside me, proceeded to enlarge at wearying length on the excellent characteristics of Victoria the Good. She seemed to think that I required enlightenment on the subject. When I could stand her patronage no longer, I gave it as my humble opinion that the Queen was "faultily faultless," perhaps even "splendidly null"; that we would love her a trifle more if she surprised us sometimes, or made mistakes once in a long time. The Englishwoman was not to be put down so easily, and hastened to assure me that if it gave me any satisfaction to know it, the Prince Consort had been a thoroughly henpecked husband.

We had "Queen's weather," and the scene soon became brilliant as "the wealthy curled darlings" flashed by in elegant turnouts. Most of the gentlemen wore diplomatic, military, or levee dresses, with their "riband, star and a' that." The Lord Mayor and his sheriffs rolled by in state, their incomparable coachmen and footmen making a brave show. And so passed by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Marquis of Salisbury, and the Princess Louise, till finally, amid prodigious enthusiasm, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, and the Duchess of Fife, with a mounted escort, came into view. The Prince wore the uniform of a Field Marshal, and acknowledged the rousing ovation by military salute. He has a broad-blown face, and looks as if he

had thoroughly seen "life." He just bubbles with good humor, and is the idol of the people. With a long, white beard, he would be Santa Claus.

Immediately following the Prince, were the Duke and Duchess of York. The Duke is almost anaemic looking; the Duchess is not. She sat in her carriage with a proud, self-possessed pose of figure that was admirable. She looks her rank.

White sand was scattered on the roadway, and shortly a deep-throated chorus of welcome assured us that the Queen was approaching. First came a dashing cavalcade of the Life Guards, their cuirasses glistening like fire in the sunshine. The superb black horses, with their showily-dressed riders, was a magnificent spectacle. The clank of bits and golden spurs, the clatter of the steel-clad hoofs on the pavement, the rattle of the swords and the long bridle chains, had a military ring that was entrancing. One felt a choke of emotion; a great heart-leap.

There was a glint of scarlet through the lush green of the Spring, and the Queen's outriders burst into view, making brilliant splashes of color on the white sand. The Queen's landau was drawn by four bay horses with postillions. The Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Beatrice and the Princess Christian attended Her Majesty, who sat in one corner, and looked small—even tiny. She wore a dowdy-looking gown and a black bonnet, adorned with a white feather. Someone told me afterwards, that this feather is the Queen's one extravagance, and only indulged in on state occasions. I do not know whether the crowd cheered or not. I could not hear, I was so intently watching the dear, faded, little mother, who has stamped her name and character on the world's golden age. God bless her! "As Queen of our hearts, she reigneth alone."

* * * * * *

In the evening, we went to the annual meeting of the Woman's Temperance Association. The first speaker was Dean Farrar. He has delicately cut, handsome features, and there is something monastic in his appearance. His voice is pleasing and flexible; it is a gamut of delicate intonations. To the work of temperance, this eminent divine has given an earnest and unwearied advocacy. He has touched the very quick of the brutal and dangerous sin that Englishmen are hugging to their hearts.

Prison reform, he said, had been effected by John Howard in a lifetime. In one generation the British had learned that they must not use the arm of liberty to bind the slave, but in spite of the enormous mass of warning gathered from every age and country, and in face of facts as undeniable as facts could be, intemperance was greatly on the increase. The daily papers are full of horrors and crimes, attributed by the ordinary channels of justice to drink, yet it seemed to make no impression on those whose object in life was to live in pleasure on the earth and be wanton; to have hearts as fat as brawn, as cold as ice, and as hard as the nether millstone. The workers must continue to press upon the people the plain fact that if they forgot the example of Tyre, which if now only a memory, of Venice, which is but a ruin, the English nation would be dragged from a prouder eminence to a less pitied destruction.

With a rush and rhapsody, this great speaker leads us through deeps of thought, exuberant imagery, savage sarcasm and irrefragible arguments. Throughout his address, which lasted forty minutes, he enchained the acutest interest of the audience.

Dean Farrar was followed by the Rev. Benjamin J. Gibbon, Bloomsbury Chapel. He spoke of the "spiritual wickedness in high places," as evidenced by the fact of three hundred and eighty-one bishops and clergy being shareholders in English breweries. He said public opinion should force them to resign their positions or

their shares. This remark met with loud and prolonged applause.

The audience clamorously demanded a speech from Lady Carlisle, who was seated on the platform. With remarkable spirit and dash for an elderly lady, she repudiated what she called "the dreary pessimism of the other speakers." But then, in the nature of things, woman *should* have the last word.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM THE SAXON HEPTARCHY.

Colchester, June.

Colchester might fairly be termed old, for it dates back to the Christian era. The Romans called it *Cunobelin*. To see it aright, you must ascend "Jumbo," which Cutts in his *Historic Towns*, describes as "a monstrous tower-like structure, surmounted by a reservoir for the supply of water, so large and lofty that it dwarfs and dominates the whole town."

The place has an air of vanished prosperity. Once it swung gay or grave to the tread of kings, mail-clad barons, minstrels, stout men-at-arms, swaggering exquisites, free foresters, cavalcades of knights, traders, friars, gilded courtiers or Roman ladies of dark saturnine beauty. But ours are more utilitarian times and now-a-days it is chiefly famous for its oyster fisheries.

From my outlook, I could see the church where the Padre speaks while here; it is grimly simple, and why not? It needs no bird-cage trumpery to add to its prestige, for it comes all the way down from the Saxon Heptarchy, and is mentioned in the Domesday book. In the Norman survey, this parish was described as belonging to one "Godric of Colchester," who was the great man of the Saxon Burgh, but Eudo the Dapifer, became its generous patron under William, the Conqueror. What waves of sudden fury and terrific shocks of battle have broken on these old temples in the twenty centuries agone! Yet they remain—Romish once, Protestant now; Low Church last year, High Church this; established by law to-day, disestablished to-morrow; unless mayhap another wave may send them back to Rome—but never to Methodism, for the middle wall of partition between the Church of England and Dissent is high—very high, and it has iron spikes, broken glass, and no end of tar on the top.

Plumb below me is St. Martin's Church. It was beheaded when Colchester was besieged by the Roundheads. Cromwell seems to have smote the churches hip and thigh. Outside, parasitical vegetation softens its decay; within, the hand of renovation has covered its gaping wounds, except where the shells have embedded themselves deep in the white marble of the font.

Nearby is Colchester Castle, bearing, too, the scars of blood, conflict, and years; yet it seems to me that these very scars, and the hoary rime of the almost timeless masonry, convey a greater sense of dignity than do the most stately civic edifices that crowd against the sky. Its great keep is built of flints and Roman bricks. Sometimes the bricks are laid endwise, and sometimes in herring-bone fashion. Until recently it was a convenient quarry for the neighboring houses, but this is no longer permitted. The fireplace of the keep yawns with the roominess of a small chapel. Its smoke ascended through the side of the wall, by means of a spiral flue.

You ascend the stone stair-case, worn hollow by numberless feet, to peer through deep embrasures, or cross-shaped arrow-ports, or to shudder at the little cavity in the wall, where a Quaker lad was confined for eleven months, and died from the torture of his position. Then the guide will sit on the sunny side of the tower that overlooks a plot of green-sward, and will point out the identical spot where Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle suffered death at the hands of their victorious enemies. He is a

Royalist, this old guide, and will tell you that the King's officers only surrendered when their food gave out, and that they were "wickedly slaughtered."

Your innocent curiosity leads him to surmise that you have not heard the story, although the inhabitants of the town, to this day, contend as hotly as to the justice and legality of the shooting as did their forefathers in Ireton's times. Lucas, he will say, suffered first. This Cavalier fell on his knees, and when he had prayed a few minutes, opened his shirt and bade the soldiers fire.

Lisle, after kissing the face of his dead friend, stood up and requested the musketeers to come closer, thinking that they were at too great a distance, to which one of them replied: "I'll warrant you, Sir, we'll hit you." The other said, "Now, traitors, do your worst," and immediately they shot him dead. You only remark that Sir George Lisle, being an English officer, knew what notoriously bad shots the privates were, whereupon the guide is silent—painfully, politely, silent, and you feel properly rebuked for your levity and impertinence.

It is well at this point to be good to him, for the museum and prison are yet to be seen. The former has an excellent collection of Roman domestic appliances —of lamps, rare and beautiful glass vessels, and pottery of Samian ware, which differs from the ordinary pottery in being glazed and having a raised pattern. The treasures include tiles, cinerary urns, lachrymatories, grotesque clay figures, lead coffins, the tombstone of a Roman centurion, and absolutely bushels of coins. From the amount of coins in England today, I should judge that the Romans must have treated their money like dirt. A pair of stocks are displayed that were used as late as 1855. As you examine them, the words "stock still" take on a new meaning. They were no mere empty terror unto evil doers.

Follow the guide, and after lighting a lantern, he will lead you down a crazy staircase, where a cold air strikes into your very marrow, and gets colder every second till your teeth chatter. Presently, you find yourself in the arched vaults that were built as a foundation for the castle, but were used also for prisoners. "What came ye out for to see?" There is nought but appalling darkness; so dark that it is palpable. There is an eery dripping of water. It is the cold sweat on the dead face of the stone. Nothing could be more awful than to be incarcerated alone in this place. You might not even stir lest you touch some clammy, gruesome thing not to be thought of. It is the very epitome and quintessence of horror. You have a sharp nightmare at noonday, and feel dizzy and ill.

There is another prison in the Castle. It was used in more modern days, and is less gloomy and soul-oppressing, but still "top-full of direst cruelty." There is some writing on the door. It directs that the male and female prisoners be separated, that more water be provided, and that the cells be whitewashed, and a window cut in each. It is signed by John Howard, for this is one of the Augean Stables cleansed by the modern Hercules, who, following in the footsteps of the Christ, bound up the broken-hearted, proclaimed liberty to the captives, and the opening of prisons to them that were bound.

Cavities are still to be seen in the wall where the head and shoulders of the prisoners were crushed, and where, in a chaos of terror and agony, they were made to confess some imaginary crime. It was the refinement of cruelty. What "sorrowful sighing of the prisoners," what maledictions, unavailing shrieks, and death groans have been thrown back by these ponderous walls! In another room, twenty-one prisoners, under the persecutions of Mary, answered the question, "What think ye of Christ?" They were all burnt at the stake, and the guard will bind you down with their shackles, and as you feel shivers of fright running down

your body, you realize that you are not of the stuff to make a martyr.

If you would further "Beguile the time and feed your knowledge with viewing of the town," turn your back on the Castle and wander on through intricate streets, with their wealth of curious architecture, till you come to St. Botolph's Priory, the first home of the Order of the Canons of St. Augustine, in England. We are told that it was erected by "one Ernulf." Its most noticeable feature is a magnificent doorway, above which are semi-circular arches, so interlaced as to form a double row of pointed arches. An underground passage, nearly a mile in length, connected it with the Castle. Wishing to see if the passage were still open, an archaeologist drove a pig through the entrance. It was never seen again.

Near my watch-tower, too, is the workhouse, known in England as "the Union." I went there one day with the Padre, who had addressed the men and women, so was not a stranger to them.

One of the inmates, an old Canadian, who poses for the *gentilhomme* of the place, took us through the establishment. He showed us his oil-paintings—a collection of bilious monstrosities, very simply and broadly treated, somewhat after the manner of impressionists. He seemed pleased when the Padre assured him that they were "really remarkable," and charmed when I gave it as my opinion that his originality bordered almost on the bizarre. Poor old fellow! a couple of years ago he sold his little farm near Hamilton, and came to England to acquire an estate which someone else held, and which, of course, was rightfully his. The lawyers took his money, and now he has reached the low-water mark. This method of swindle is the English equivalent to our "farm-pupil" scheme. This old man has a proud and resentful spirit, and his failure is gall, and bitterness to him. Some one has divided the poor into three classes, "The Lord's poor, the devil's poor, and poor devils." He belongs to the last.

The children of the workhouse are of the gutter-snipe species. Many of them, like the butterflies, do not know their parents, nor like the grubs of the bee, they are nurtured neither by father nor mother, but by neutral bees. Presently these young Ishmaelites will slop over into Canada, and some progressive person will write letters in the papers, telling us that these rickety babes, with their black-lustre eyes and poverty-distorted bodies, are noxious vermin conveying the vile contagion of the old world to our young country.

The rooms were clean and cosy. The inmates are supplied with tobacco and reading matter, but what is that to people whose "particular wanity" is beer. The old men are lachrymose and doleful; all are malcontents. They repine at being immured, and criticise the management hostilely. The squat hags of the women's quarters would furnish types for the cartoonist. Intolerably coarse-minded, they made obscene jests about marriage, finally asking the Padre to find them lovers,—"partners" they called them—or to express it in Max O'Rell's *jeu de mot*—sleeping partners. We turned and fled from the old beldames and their moral vileness.

The inmates are not altogether those who have been improvident in habits, but some are honestly destitute people, who belong to the class known as "the virtuous poor." Ill-health, financial failure, or other adverse circumstances have landed them in these nadir depths of poverty. To them the Union is an "intermediate purgatory before the grave"; to all England's poor, it is the grim skeleton in the closet.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HAVES AND HAVENOTS.

London, July.

You ask me how the Archbishop's decision on portable light and incense has been received, and what my opinions are of the Church crisis? I do not pretend, like the average American tourist in Ire-

land, to settle the Home Rule Question in a week, but must acknowledge, after more than a year's study of matters ecclesiastic, to be staggering along even more dazed and bewildered by their many aspects and perplexities.

The trouble appears to arise from the two parties in the establishment accepting different standards of rule, or precedent both in practice and doctrine. The Evangelisticals base their authority on the Bible; the Ritualists on the Church—preferably the Church of Rome. It has been wittily remarked of the latter that they set out for Rome, stopped short on reaching the Apii Forum, and got drunk at the Three Taverns. The Ritualists are age-bound, Sydney Smith said the Puseyites were silly people who wanted to revive every obsolete custom which the common sense of mankind allowed to go to sleep. They are the same to-day. They have resuscitated tradition, that they may dress up the present in the old-fashioned garments of mediaevalism.

The aim of the Ritualists is to de-Protestantize and re-Romanize the National Church, or to use their own expression, to "exorcise Protestantism." They claim to be both *anti* and *ante* to the Reformation, and are now the true non-conformists in distinction to the Wesleyans who are Dissenters. They disdain the title of Protestant, but designate themselves as Neo-Anglicans or Anglo-Catholics. It would be hard to draw the exact line of cleavage between the parties. Perhaps the Rev. W. Hay Aitken best described it as "The mechanical versus the spiritual," for Ritualism is simply a recurrence of the lifeless Pharisaical religion of Judaism in the heart of the Church of England.

There are ecclesiastics who contend that considerable latitude of interpretation and practise are allowable, and that the theological breadth and comprehensiveness of the Church will berth both schools. Be that as it may, at the present moment its elastic limits are stretched to their utmost, and the majority of both clergy and laity realize that Truth and Falsehood are not sisters—that the twenty-fifth article and the Mass are incompatible. Indeed, the signs on the ecclesiastical horizon show the most casual observer that the epoch is indeed a serious one.

The Evangelicals are unswervingly loyal to the great Reformation principles, but have done much to alienate people, because their services have not been bright; too often "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable."

John Bull has at last decided to set his house in order, and is energetically wielding his broom. His task is not an easy one. To an onlooker, the contention seems to be irreconcilable. What has been settled in the past is being unsettled in the present, and must come up for resettlement in the future. The quarrel is not merely a matter of incense pots or ritual, except in so far as they affect doctrine.

The Parliament fairly voiced the nation when it passed a vote of censure on the English Church Union, the members of which (thirty-two Bishops inclusive) are pledged to work for the mixed chalice, unleavened bread in the Communion service, and incense. In turn, the members of that body deny the authority of the Parliament, but this is only natural, for the Oxford movement, inaugurated by John Henry Newman, was intended to resist the interference of Parliament with the State Church. The English Church Union does not, however, own *any* authority, unless like their sister society, the Order of the Corporate Reunion, they acknowledge the Pope, but show a spirit which is the direct antithesis to obedience. Part of them elect to follow their leader, Lord Halifax, and part hold with the Primate's decision with mental reservations, or as has been better called "moral contradictions," a subtle contrivance of casuistry, which would be considered by themselves in any other matter, as dishonest and ungentlemanly.

Others, for prudential reasons, have made temporary concessions.

The present distress is largely due to the action or inaction of the Bishops. They contradict each other in conflicting gabble. One quotes this court, and another that decision, and a third his own prejudices, till the average layman is driven in desperation to hold up his hands and exclaim "mud! mud! mud!" The present attitude of the laity towards our Right Reverend Fathers in God, is one of distrust. These prelates have raised a Frankenstein monster, which they will find it difficult to lay.

Nearly all men of varying tempers and knowledge, feel that the Church is capable of amendment; that there must be either distinct reform or disestablishment. As things now stand, any young stripling may change the service of the Church to suit his ideas of so-called "Catholic usage," and laugh in the face of his objectors. Both from within and without, there is a loud call, not only for disestablishment but disendowment.

The matter of disendowment is the old quarrel of the Haves and the Havenots. The Haves contend that it would not only be an act of State desecration, but an act of State spoliation. The Havenots argue that the Established Church is a monopoly and is the State Church in so far as she is state-made, and state-paid, but deny that she expresses the nation's faith or ministers to the nation's need. They consider a State Church is no longer a necessity. This question, particularly in its relation to vested interests, will be a difficult one to grapple with successfully. The Havenots are also moved by both social and religious jealousy. They are placed in a position of social inferiority, and deem it unbearable arrogance of the Haves, whose equals in culture, education, and wealth, many of them are, to consider them as mere Gaderene swine, simply because they are outside the establishment. They repudiate any spiritual or social serfdom.

Although assuredly, we live amid "a dust of systems and of creeds," it seems an impossibility that the Church should be disestablished and disendowed, for it is the warp that holds the woof of the State. There is no great interest or family of importance which does not form a design in the texture, and it would appear that nothing short of a revolution could destroy it, nothing mayhap, but the moth and rust of Puseyism, which being harbored in the weft might cause it to drop apart for want of cohesion.

Dean Stanley, once speaking in a Congregational Chapel, said, that as a clergyman of the Established Church, he gloried in "the freedom of the forest, the learning of the most learned, and the rationalism of the most rational Church in Christendom." This distinguished man was right so far as he went. He did not say she was a growing Church. Indeed, as one looks at her folded wings, you wonder if she is not a falling Church.

There are many cancerous growths that need to be cut from the body ecclesiastic, with sharp and unsparing blade. The gulf between the bishop and the curate is too great. To a colonial, there is much in her *regime* that would appear to be organized red-tapeism. She is too fastidious and finical. She has gathered her wood and laid it on the altar, in the most approved style, but somehow the fire has not descended from heaven.

Too often, it would seem that her spiritual offices are subordinated to her social ones. Emerson says of her, "It is not in ordinary, a persecuting Church, it is not inquisitorial, not even inquisitive; is perfectly well-bred, and can shut its eyes on all proper occasions. * * * The Gospel it preaches is, 'By taste ye are saved.'"

She is the espoused ally of caste and capital. Her policy and attitude has frequently been such as to lead men to believe that her kingdom is of this world. She has a capitalistic Ministry, a capitalistic Gospel, and a capitalistic Christ.

Much capitalism has made her mad. She is too fortunate, too prudent, too polemical, too unsympathetic. She is not receptive of new influences. Her eyes turn more often to the past for slavish imitation, rather than for instruction and warning.

But why linger in the rocky and thorny paths of ecclesiastical criticism. I can only voice Arnold's words: "Most earnestly do I wish to see the establishment reformed, for the sake of its greater security and its greater perfection; but whether reformed or not, may God in His mercy save us from the calamity of seeing her destroyed."

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE FATHERLAND.

Germany, July.

The Padre had been "across the ocean in Germanie," preaching for the season in Christ Church, Homburg, and two weeks ago went over to England for me, as I was suffering from the slings and arrows of outrageous sciatica, and he thought the mineral baths and waters of this famous *Spa* would benefit me.

I had only eight hours to gather in my laundry, my new frock (half completed), and take a hurried run to St. Albans to see the bairnies. We had no troublesome arrangements, however, to make about routes and time-tables. We went, as is our wont, to Cook's tourist agency, where all the business of pleasure is transacted before starting. We touched the button of our *porte-monnaie* and the Cooks did the rest. At 8 o'clock we had taken the Continental Express, and were trembling away in the night. An hour and a half later the harbor-lights at Harwich flashed in view, and before we knew it we were aboard "The Vienna" and faced Hollandwards.

There was a heavy Channel sea, and our boat played a "heel-and-toe" antic. The breeze from the North Sea took all the London smoke out of our throats, and made us seek shelter and gasp for breath. All night the ship "drave heavily," and the waves spat viciously against its sides. I have more respect than love for the Channel. At five o'clock the stewardess turned us out of our berths, for the Hook of Holland was in sight. It was a leaden-eyed, unwashed crowd that effected a landing that morning, and fell into the clutches of gangs of longshoremen, who bore their "traps" off to the custom house to be examined.

At last I was "abroad," in "furrin' parts," in the land of "the unprincipled foreigner." Hereafter, I shall be like the dreadful traveller Dickens describes as "Our Bore." Almost immediately we met "The Flying Dutchman." Like the guard in "*Through a Looking-Glass*," his time is worth a thousand pounds a minute. He bundled our luggage hither and thither in an alarming manner. It was no use, we could not make him understand what we wanted, and so had to work our own salvation in fear and trembling.

The first impression you have of Holland is that it needs to be strained or wrung dry. It is half submerged. It is amphibious. The people live on the sink or swim principle. The country is flatter than the proverbial pancake, and in some places is thirty feet below sea-level. The inhabitants boast that God made the sea, and they made the land. It is in reality a delta formed by the slime which has been deposited by the Rhine. The Dutch have wrested this delta from the maw of the sea, by their huge dykes which say to water, "Thus far shall ye go and no further." Holland recalls the description in Hudibras:

> "A country that draws fifty feet of water
> In which men live in the hold of nature.
> And when the sea does in upon them break,
> And drown a province, does not spring a leak."

It is a land of paradoxes, too, for the roads are higher than the houses, and the swallow in the chimney listens to the

croak of the frog in the canal overhead. There are no fences, but a great many picturesque old windmills. The canals crawl and twist all through the country. Clumps of low-growing willows are frequent features of the 'scape, being planted that they may absorb the water. These sedgy flats must be the happy hunting grounds for snipe and duck. We saw numerous cranes, which appeared quite tame. The country was covered with herds of sleek kine. All of them were spotted, glossy-coated, well-built, and sturdy. It is not to be wondered at that Dutch cheese is such a gastronomic delight, for these animals browse knee-deep on the finest pasture-lands in the world.

Surely Holland is the peasant's heaven. The ground is so rich that it recalls an editor's description of Texas: "Tickle the ground with a hoe and it laughs with a harvest." The scenes of pastoral life as you ride through the country are restful to ear, and eye, and brain. The people seem slow-going and sleepy, and you feel it were an easy matter to settle down here to inertia and dreams. This country, once supreme in commerce, and on the seas, has now settled herself comfortably to mediocrity and agriculture, and who shall say she is not the happier for it?

The houses abound in odd features, and are picturesque in the extreme. Some are peaked like dove-cots, and picked out in red and white. All are low-ceiled, gabled, hooded, and alarmingly out of perpendicular. At Amsterdam, "The Venice of the North," the roofs were quaintly jumbled, the gables arabesqued, and the architecture most irregular and entrancing. I was loth to leave so much beauty behind, but tried to carry away some "eye-crops."

We were able to secure good meals on the train for $1.00 each, but there was nothing to drink but milk and lager, for the water was brackish and deadly-looking. At the stations fleshy, broad-faced women thronged the car-windows to sell us ripe mulberries, scones, cheese, hard-boiled eggs, and cherries. All the notices in the train are in three languages. In the winter you can regulate the temperature by turning a needle on a disc from *Kalt* to *Warm*, or *vice versa*. Your ticket does not entitle you to a seat, but you must pay fifty cents extra for one.

There were two ladies of the court of Queen Wilhelmina in our coach. They spoke English fluently, and seemed much interested in what I told them of Canadian life. I made bold to question them about the recent reports of the Queen's engagement to William of Weid. They said that as yet Her Majesty was heart-whole, and had not undergone the process described as "falling in love."

We stayed off at Rotterdam, but I did not like it. The population of the city is a quarter of a million. The place is dirty, unkempt, and featureless. Its redeeming beauties are the gay shipping on the Maas River, and the huge quay fringed with linden trees. It is called the *Boompjees*, and is a work betokening great industry. In Rotterdam was born that Desiderius Erasmus who "laid the egg that Luther hatched." A bronze statue has been erected to his memory in the *Groote Market*.

OF INTEREST TO LADIES

THE PROPER THING TO DO

New Customs, New Fashions, New Manners.

DAME Gossip is banished. Scandal mongers are out of fashion. Who set these fashions it is hard to say. But it is the habits and fads and fashions that prevail at this moment in the "Smart Set" that we are discussing.

It is considered bad form to abuse your neighbor.

To sit at your host's table and gossip about his misdeeds is a vice of the past.

To sip your hostess' tea and whisper scandals of her household no longer marks you as a member of the smart set.

In the clubs they are politely suppressing scandal. In the charity bazaars and sewing circles they have made it the subject of a fine.

Fashionable men and women of to-day have no time for gossip.

They are men and women of affairs.

Idleness and dawdling are out of fashion.

Millionaires and billionaires, their wives and sisters, are in business. They haven't time to attend to the affairs of other people.

This one runs a farm, that one has an automobile concern, another cultivates flowers. They are artists, novelists, poets, bankers, engineers, etc., etc.

The list of fashionable men and women who are too busy to concern themselves with the chit-chat of gossip is endless.

Ailing, complaining, whining women are not fashionable. It is not good form to ask "how are you feeling to-day?" It is no longer interesting to faint or to pose as delicate. The modern woman is equal to most things and afraid of almost nothing, even draughts. She is interested in anything rather than her own symptoms. She prefers riding, driving, golfing and ping-pong to fancy work.

The clubman who sits twirling his thumbs in the window of the reading room is out of fashion.

In his stead the absorbed business man hustles in late of an afternoon, probably to keep a business appointment.

The woman who gets up late so that her day won't be too long belongs to the dark ages—the ages before writing and art and automobiling and golfing and economies and nature study, etc., etc., made her days all too short.

It is the fashion to get up early now and be out on your shopping or marketing by 10 o'clock.

Society has discovered that other themes are as interesting and more profitable than picking one's friends to pieces.

THE FAD OF SIMPLICITY.

This has been called the age of universal laxity, and again of universal luxury. However that may be, it is certainly the age of comfort. And comfort has ushered in simplicity.

This may be due to the fact that we have grown used to things.

Do you remember our overladen dinner tables of the past?

The twelve or fifteen course dinner has gone out—six courses is the correct thing. And not more than two kinds of wine.

How often have you dined out and found yourself dodging a high floral centre-piece, gorgeous if you please, beautiful anywhere, but hiding a beautiful woman who may be your vis-a-vis? It stood like a wall between you and the other end of the table—a barrier to all informality.

The chroniclers of 1903, if they do their duty, will declare that the decorations of

the dinner table are low, so that guests are given an uninterrupted view of one another.

There are candelabra, but they are set at the corners of the table, there is a centre-piece, but it is not higher than a man's waistcoat or a woman's decollete gown.

It is to be hoped that they will also mention the fact that the bewildering mass of silver and glass that has been known to load the dinner tables of the luxurious is now infinitely less bewildering at the side of the plates as the courses follow one another.

ONE WINE IS AMPLE.

Then the array of glasses that used to be set before us, six or eight grouped around our plate so that we didn't dare move our elbows! And we thought nothing of sipping fine sherry, old Burgundy, rich hock, champagne, claret, sauterne, at one dinner. And, oh! how we regretted it! But *noblesse oblige*, so does fashion.

Our host had provided it out of his fine old cellar, and we hadn't the heart to refuse, though we hadn't the stomach to digest.

In 1903 it is the fashion to dine with one kind of wine; possibly two, not more.

We may sip Apollinaris at a banquet and not be decried as an invalid.

We may toast with a glass of club soda and whiskey and have neither qualms that night nor the next day.

One kind of wine through dinner is a blessed fashion of this era of luxury and simplicity.

These changes we have quoted are important. They mean healthier minds, healthier bodies, kindlier hostesses. They mean more comforts.

Possibly much of this is due to the healthful influence of the athletic, outdoor woman.

INNOVATIONS IN DRESS.

This comfortable comfort is visible everywhere, even in milady's wardrobe.

Her new gowns may be loose as though they were a year old. They should fetter nowhere.

The stiff high collar that bound her is gone.

The tight sleeve that gripped her is out.

The small waist is in contempt.

The short skirt is sanctioned.

The straight-front corset permits her to breathe.

Time was—why, all of us remember it—in one hand the uncomfortable woman, the day after a plentiful fall of rain on top of a plentiful fall of snow, gripped the train of her gown, her flat pocketbook in the other, her umbrella under her arm and in rubbers over thin shoes, splashed about in the slush.

An occasional woman passed her in a short skirt. She looked masculine and queer, ungraceful and consequently uncomfortable. For it is not possible for any womanly woman to be comfortable and out of the fashion.

The short skirt is a fashion of 1903. The so-called rainy day skirt was in some years ago for rainy days. But 1903 has established a sensible, not ungraceful, just missing the ground skirt to walk in, to shop in, to market in.

The comfortable age has been growing and growing, till now a woman actually slips her hand into new gloves and walks the first day in new shoes.

It is a fashion of 1903 to buy shoes and gloves a size too large.

It is also a fashion to do as one pleases. The smartest woman is the original woman.

NERVES OUT OF FASHION.

Our women were never handsomer. Perhaps one reason is because they live more in the country. It is no longer the fashion to return to town in the Autumn.

Society stays in the country till after Christmas. It comes to town, but it flits off again like a bird on the wing. It is not fashionable to be settled in town until after the first of the year.

It is the fashion to be healthy. Repose is also in style. Every one cultivates it. To fidget and twist is condemned.

BANISHED—THE KANGAROO HANDSHAKE

In 1903 we have learned that the low handshake, the handshake that was good enough for our grandmothers, is good enough for us.

Household Economy.

VEAL roasted or boiled is greatly improved by having a sliced carrot and sliced onion cooked with it, and a little butter added just before serving. The onion and carrot give a delicious flavor.

Correct Time-Table for Cooking of Flour Mixtures.

I. *Bread, Cakes, Muffins—Baking.*

Biscuits, soda or B. P.	12-20 min.
Bread, 1 lb. loaf	40-45 "
Bread rolls	15-25 "
Bread sticks	10-15 "
Cake, sponge	45-60 "
Cake, layer	12-20 "
Cake, loaf	40-60 "
Cake, plain cup	35-45 "
Cookies	6-12 "
Corn cake, thick	25-30 "
Corn cake, thin	15-20 "
Ginger bread	20-30 "
Graham gems	25-30 "
Muffins, B. P.	20-25 "

II. *Pastry, Puddings—Baking.*

Batter puddings	35-45 min.
Bread puddings	45-60 "
Cheese straws	8-10 "
Custard pudding	30-45 "
Custards, cup	20-25 "
Indian pudding	2- 3 hrs.
Pies	30-50 min.
Patties	20-25 "
Rice pudding	1 hr.
Souffles	15-20 min.
Tapioca pudding	1 hr.
Tarts	15-20 min.
Steaming—Puddings	1-3 hrs.
Boiling—Plum pudding	5-6 hrs.

* * *

A jar of lime on the pantry shelf or on the cellar floor will keep the room dry and the air pure.

GIRLS MUST LEARN TO BAKE.

"A girl who cannot make and bake bread, compound a pudding and wash and iron her own shirt-waist is a fraud upon young American womanhood," declared Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones before the National Housewives' Association. "And you, mothers and housewives, are to blame for the common feeling of your daughters against kitchen service."

"This servant girl question," he continued, "is becoming more vital than Trusts, tariff or anything else in the nation's category of unsettled things. It affects the home and family, the most sacred institutions in the land, and has much to do with the unhappiness of the nation. The idea that kitchen work is menial must be corrected, and the lessons must begin at home, in every home."

* * *

Luncheon Dish.—Pick and wash one cup of rice, steam until tender, while still hot, mix with it one large tablespoon butter and one cup of cold lean meat, chopped very fine, season with scant teaspoon salt, (unless salt meat is used), one saltspoon pepper, pile in loaf shape on platter and pour over it a good tomato sauce. This dish is a very substantial one and takes the place of meat, besides being decidedly palatable.

Farina Pudding.—Soak one cup of farina for two hours, when it will be perfectly soft. Drain off surplus water, and add one scant quart of milk, place in double boiler, and add one half cup of sugar and a saltspoon of salt; cook for five minutes or until it begins to get a little thick, then add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs. Remove from the fire when it becomes the consistency of cream, or it will be too hard when cold; flavor to taste, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with one tablespoon of powdered sugar, and brown in oven. Serve with hot chocolate sauce.

Raised Muffins.—Scald a pint of milk and when lukewarm add one cake compressed yeast dissolved, a saltspoon of salt, and two cups and a half of flour. Beat well and let rise until very light (about two hours), then add separately the well-beaten yolks and whites of two eggs. Let rise for thirty minutes and bake in greased muffin or gem pans.

Scalloped Lamb.—Remove from cold lamb all skin and fat, cut into small pieces or chop, cover the bottom of a baking dish with bread crumbs, then add a layer of meat, then a layer of boiled rice or macaroni, repeat until the dish is full; then pour over all tomato sauce, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and bake in oven.

Tomato Sauce.—One half cup tomato, eight pepper corns, one bay leaf, salt to taste, two teaspoons sugar, four tablespoons butter, four tablespoons flour, one cup brown stock. Cook the first five ingredients together, rub through strainer, add stock: cook butter and flour together and then add the liquid mixture gradually.

Lamb Croquettes.—Quarter cup flour, two tablespoons butter, one cup milk, one cup lamb chopped fine, salt and pepper to taste; one teaspoon finely chopped parsley, one teaspoon chopped onion. Fry onion in butter, remove onion, then make a sauce with butter, flour and milk, then add meat and parsley, pepper and salt, cool, and form into cakes, dip in bread crumbs, egg, and bread crumbs, drop in hot deep fat and cook, serve with tomato sauce.

Hints on Home Decoration

WITHIN the last few years there has been a great change in the treatment and embellishment of bedrooms, and it is refreshing to note that they are less elaborate than formerly. In fact, an effort is being made to have simplicity reign supreme.

There are, for example, fewer pieces of bric-a-brac, small and useless tables, chairs and cushions and like redundant accessories. If any ornaments are used they are not elaborate, and if a room is furnished in a certain period the bric-a-brac is selected in reference to it.

Women are becoming wiser. They do not simply use objects of art in a room because they have them, but they put them away in some closet until the appropriate setting is found for them.

* * *

The best and healthiest color for bedroom window shades is green, this is always recommended by both brain doctors and oculists. It is best for the eyes and induces the most restful kind of sleep.

* * *

One of the newest things in the way of furniture is called "the mission style," and it was first suggested to the inventor by seeing an old Spanish mission chair, which was brought from California. Its quaint outline and interesting construction indicate the possibility of a scheme of attractive furniture built on the old early English architectural lines. The furniture is built of native ash, stained in browns, grays, greens, and is without ornament or carving. There are solid-looking chairs for dining-rooms, with rush and leather bottoms, quaintly shaped writing tables for the library, cabinets for china, lounges and tables.

* * *

Weathered oak furniture, now the latest fashion, requires little upholstery. While it is severely plain, it is also very comfortable. Roxuskin cushions in a fine dull green or brown for seats and backs of chairs and tops of tables are most fashionable.

* * *

Leather chairs and leather bindings can be brightened by rubbing them with a cloth which has been dipped in the white of egg.

* * *

Cold tea, without soap, is good to remove stains from varnished wood.

HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

The Two Empires of Humanity

IT is a waste of paper and ink to speculate about the superiority of either sex. They are as different as oxygen and hydrogen, but one is as necessary and important as the other. They rise and fall together. The human race, like the human body, advances by the joint motion of both its limbs. There is a marvellous duality in our physical frame. We have two feet, two ears, two eyes, two hands and numerous other dualities, and two lobes of the brain to control them. If by any chance, one lobe of the brain is injured, it is the other side of the body that becomes paralyzed, but the whole body suffers with its members. If men persist in using one eye, they not only restrict their range of vision but see things out of focus. The pedestrian, who through some brain-sick fancy, imagines his feet to be decrepit, can only get along by the use of crutches and with a limping, ugly gait. Yet men do this, wondering that the "times are out of joint."

Early names were all connatural, recording some special association or trait, and the early name of Adam was "Dust," and the name of Eve is "Life." The Titanic or earth-born physical force of which Adam was made representative, must be united with that which brings life to make one perfect being, and it is only through this spiritual and practical union of man and woman that we can obtain our best results.

This being the case, it is indubitably manifest that what is called "the woman's movement" is a misnomer. It is as much man's as woman's, for he who labors to lift woman above her frivolity and servility, will likewise do much to cure man of his selfishness and sensuality.

The old theory was a simple one. Woman was an invention of the evil one and must be treated accordingly. She must be segregated. She must, as the French put it, be kept either within the four walls or the four evangelists. The female mind should be instructed in domestic seclusion if at all. It was held that her wardrobe was a sufficient library; "prayers, small-talk, vacancy and embroidery," her chief employments. It was under the stress of these dictums that Miss Austen hid her pen beneath her needle-work lest the world should know of her dreadful doings.

Nor has this spirit of repression died out in our own times. As children order lady-birds to fly away home for the house is on fire, their children will burn, so society orders certain females back to their nursery and cuisine. "Women and gouty legs," they say, "are best at home." Women are vigorously exhorted to remember their "Sphere" and to stick to it. It must always be a comfort to women that when God made Eve, He caused a profound sleep to fall on Adam, so that his (Adam's) descendants cannot possibly claim any rights of patent in Woman's construction, and all his talk about "the

whole duty of woman" must be purely guess-work, and no bungling legislation can ever hope to achieve anything by saying, "This is the line and that is the line."

The question of capacity settles the whole matter. If a man wants to sew, let him sew; if a woman wants to vote, let her vote. We have no business to interfere with anyone's doings so long as they are righteous. When woman is fit to marshal the world's millions in the highest commercial spheres, no exchange or board of trade will hinder her. When she is fit to preach, neither pope nor potentate will prevent her. Heart and brain will overflow every barrier that is put up. A woman has a right to do everything she can do, provided she does nothing which will prevent her from the procreation of healthy children—and this applies equally to men. Nothing but her incapacity will hinder a woman from occupying any position she may elect.

Moreover, hunger is forcing women out of the old ruts known as "purely feminine occupations." The mocking-birds of every sort and degree who echo this familiar cry about "Woman's sphere," may well alight for a moment on the window-sills of the factories, printing offices, shops, and counting-houses of our cities, and, looking in, they will feel the utter folly of their parrot scream. They will see the thousands of women busily engaged in earning their bread. Could there be any twaddle so ineffable as the solemn charge of these women to betake themselves to the care of their homes and children? Except for these rooms and a 12 x 14 apartment in a lodging-house, they have no homes, and the larger part of them are unmarried and have no children." Their "sphere" is the employment by which they can live. It is a "right," too, which even the most conservative will not deny.

Coming to study the matter more closely we find that if woman is filling positions that have hitherto been held by man, it is he himself who is responsible. He was the first to throw down the gauntlet. From the home, he took the bread, jam, pickles, meat-curing, cheese, butter, and wine-making and to the factories the women had to follow. If we are to send to their spindles the women-physicians, lawyers, bookkeepers, and professors, then we must add some sauce to the gander and turn back the male dressmakers, milliners, tailors, nurses, stewards, cooks, and hair-dressers to till the earth by the sweat of their brow.

It was "fair women and brave men" who carried on the romance of the olden time, but nowadays we want fair men and brave women—women who are willing to energize for their lost birthright and men who will understand that they do not lose by woman's gain. Woman will be all the better when her mind as well as her body is married to man. It will seem a new creation when the earlier born free man meets the latter born free woman, and recognizes that it was not good for him to have been so long alone.

The ghosts of dead arguments used to scare the timid in the night are arguments that might be compared to Kilkenny Cats, seeing that they generally devour each other. It is urged that women will be "unsexed." I am not quite clear in my mind as to just what this means, except that it is something men are dreadfully afraid of, but at all events, I am persuaded that the Creator did not do His work in any such slipshod fashion. Sex, most likely, is "dyed in the wool."

Others there are that tell us men will lose all their "chivalry" for women. This trait is also somewhat indistinct and has very often turned out a broken reed. Men style themselves as our "protectors," and yet perforce there must be chaperones, Charlton Acts and other unpleasant safeguards to protect us from our "protestors."

We are told, too, that woman owes service to man and should be kept in subjec-

tion, hence her place is solely at home. Women have reasons to thank Milton for having lucidly set forth the great moral heresy on this point, so that they can recognize it and renounce it. He makes Eve say to Adam: "God is thy law—thou mine."

Now, woman was not put into the world to serve man, but to serve God. "Male and female created He them." The service she owes man at any time is only a business, by-the-bye, just as it may be a man's business to keep swine. He was not made for this, but if he hires himself out for such a performance, he ought to conscientiously perform it. Woman is a human being of the female sex and all her duties must be human, including all the round of virtues and applying them to the special obligations of mother, wife, daughter—a female member of Church and State.

Every woman who has a margin of time and money should adopt some public interest, some philanthropic undertaking, and give to it what she may be able to afford, thus completing her life by adding to her private duties an effort to advance the kingdom of righteousness outside her own home or business. Remember, pray, that we say emphatically, "adding to her private duties"—not subtracting from them. In a fairly wide experience, we have failed to find a single case where the women who exercised the most public spirit even to the extent of self-devotion were not also the most conscientious wives, daughters, and mothers. This spectre of the female who neglects her family to pass bills in Parliament is as complete an illusion of the masculine brain as the older spectre Sidney Smith annihilated with a witticism, "The woman who could forsake her infant for a quadratic equation."

Neither is woman "the lesser man." She is psychologically, at least, a distinct being. We do not claim that the grey mare is the better horse, or *vice versa*. The Creator did not pour all the brains into one sex and label them "man," and all the affections into another called "woman." These distinctions are man-made. A French writer owns up to this in the sentence, "The virtue of woman is the greatest invention of man." An Englishman sneered at woman's intellect when he drew attention to the fact that no woman ever invented a new religion. We reply, on the other hand, that no religion ever succeeded without woman's support—and then there is still Mrs. Eddy to be disposed of. Neither sex can claim any particular virtue or trait to the entire exclusion of the other. Who can weigh a man's soul against a woman's, thought against thought, or word against word? Such speculations are futile and of no particular benefit.

The new woman has a *raison d'etre*. She is no longer "a silent influence," a wire-puller, illegitimately wielding a power that she should enjoy legitimately. Under a good old-fashioned monarchy, if a woman wanted to secure anything for her sex, she had to become the mistress of a king or cajole a court. That period ended with the French Revolution. When Bonaparte wished to silence Madame de Stael, he said: "What does the woman want? Does she want the money the Government owes her father?" When Madame de Stael heard it she said: "The question is not what I want, but what I think." For all that flattery, seduction, and sin, women have substituted the weapons of work and talk. If they want better education, a fairer chance to earn their bread, better laws, a more rational dress, or the franchise, they must work and talk. She will probably be called "a shrieking sister," "a spitfire," "lofty-minded," "a crowning hen," "a she-dragon," or, Oh horrors! "a blue stocking." But what of that if the skirt is long enough to cover the stocking? Eh, what?

About Kisses.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leisure one by one.
What is ten thousand touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
Say that for non-payment the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

—SHAKESPEARE.

TREATED as a mere noun, the declension of the word kiss becomes difficult. It must be classified as both common and proper. It may be collective, but never abstract. It is plural, and all agreed it was singular when the monkey kissed the hen. It belongs neither solely to the masculine or feminine gender, so hence must be either common or neuter. It may belong to the nominative, possessive or objective case.

As an adjective it is even more difficult, for who can "describe, measure or indicate" that for which it stands? Moreover, "an adjective is a word which limits application," and there is of a certainty no such power where a kiss is concerned. It may be a qualitative, or even a cardinal numeral adjective of the quantitative class, and when you have settled on either of these, someone will bowl over your position by pointing out that it is an adjective of relation, or as it is more commonly known—a demonstrative adjective. Concerning its degree, it may be positive or comparative, but more often superlative, and now and then it belongs to what is termed by grammarians as "the irregular form."

On the whole, experience has taught us that it is more satisfactory to treat the kiss as a verb, selecting the mood, tense, number and person to suit ourselves.

Regarding its root, history both sacred and profane is silent. We look to old countries like Japan for light, but are astonished to find that the Japanese never kiss each other. They have yet to learn this sweetest labial in the world's language.

In his "Book of Songs," Heine asks this same question—"*Who gave the first kiss?*" and the echo answers "Who?"

John Milton places its starting-point in Edenic bowers. This straightest of straight-laced Puritans thus alluringly describes the primitive kiss:

"So spake our general mother, and, with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreproved
And meek surrender, half-embracing leaned
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
Smiled in superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers, and pressed her matron lips
With kisses pure."

We have no doubt that Milton wrote according to his light, but had he made a kiss to be the forbidden fruit on the tree of life, his poem would have been more comprehensible. The average woman does not care to risk much for an apple, but who can tell what value she sets on a kiss? Then, too, anyone who has investigated the subject knows that the oftener this sweet fruit is plucked from the tree of love, the more abundant it grows.

But when we have settled on Eden as the fountain-head of the kiss, along comes some scientist who tells us that the Garden of Eden is all a legendary myth of yesterday, and the kiss, like the Protozoans and Trilobites, in eons of ages older.

"AND WHAT IS THE KISS MADE OF?"

And here again the echo answers "What?" Some there are who tell us that it is made out of the flowers known as "tulips," but this we take to be the silly and irreverent definition of a would-be wit. To be accurate, a kiss (we have no reference to the airy confections called "kisses" which cooks contrive from sugar and flavoring) is made out of nothing, and yet, paradoxical as it may appear, it can be divided between two. Indeed this is

a case where two heads are essentially better than one, but in which three heads are of no use. Yes! like Creation, the kiss is made out of nothing—absolutely nothing—and, like Creation, it is "Very good."

"HAS THE KISS A SOUND?"

That reminds me of a trip I took from Bath to London. There was a party of uproarious youths and maidens in the coach. Then came a long, dark, dark tunnel. My cousin, the bold, bad fellow, kissed my best Canadian hat with a sounding smack and immediately said, "Here boys, stop that!" The curtain of light rose on blushes, consternation, and eyes that shot bullets. They never suspected us.

It is hard to describe the sound of a kiss. Make the noise with your lips, and then try to compare it to any other sound you have heard. Perhaps, it is more than anything else like a knife scraping glass, or the lash of a whip. It has been described as "a report at headquarters," and again as a telegram to the head in which the operator uses the "sounding system." Some one else tells us that a kiss is the thunder-clap of the lips which inevitably follows the lightning glance of the eye.

The declension, origin, definition and sound of a kiss are not after all of much account. It is

ITS CONSUMMATION

with which we are chiefly concerned. Now, when we come to analyze the various motives that move people to kiss each other, we are moved to astonishment.

They that bowed to Baal, kissed the calves. This is the kiss of worship.

There is the kiss which is part of the ceremony of coronation. When Samuel anointed Saul to be King of Israel, he kissed him and said, "It is not because the Lord hath anointed thee to be captain over his inheritance."

When presented at the British Court, each subject kisses the sovereign's hand. This is the kiss of allegiance and fealty.

The most hideous thing in the world is the kiss of betrayal. The Roman soldier's spear did not cut as deep as the kiss of Judas, and the kiss of betrayal has come down to us in the latest act of modern seduction.

Among the Jews, the kiss was a part of their political, domestic, and official acts. Sometimes they kissed each other's beards. In the book of Samuel we read that "Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him. But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand: so he smote him therewith in the fifth rib, and shed out his bowels to the ground."

There is the burning kiss of lust. It is this which spells out the lines,

> "For the sin ye do by two and two,
> Ye must pay for one by one."

This is the indiscretion of "the strange woman" of whom Solomon tells us: "So she caught him and kissed him."

There is the kiss that is given to efface a blow. One day an aide-de-camp of the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia threw himself at the monarch's feet and begged permission to fight a duel. The Emperor, who was a staunch opponent of duelling, immediately and emphatically refused. "But, Sire, I am dishonored; I must fight," said the disconsolate aide, "I have been struck in the face." The Emperor took him by the arm and led him into the presence of his court, which was assembled in an adjoining saloon, and there in view of the flower of the realm, the Emperor kissed the cheek of the aide-de-camp which had received the blow. "Go now," he exclaimed, "and be at peace: thy affront has been effaced."

ONE OF THE SWEETEST KISSES

is that of reconciliation. I do not refer to the unwilling performance we were put

through as children when we were ordered to "kiss and make up," but to the kiss that re-ties the love knot between grown-ups. Such a kiss is a flag of truce. It is the only "smack" that ever calms a storm. Tennyson sings of it in the lines:

"As through the land at eve we went
And pluck'd the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I;
O, we fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears.
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O, there above the little grave
We kissed again with tears."

There is the kiss of favor. When Cyrus gave to one of his generals a cup of gold and to another a kiss, the former complained that he had received the lesser favor.

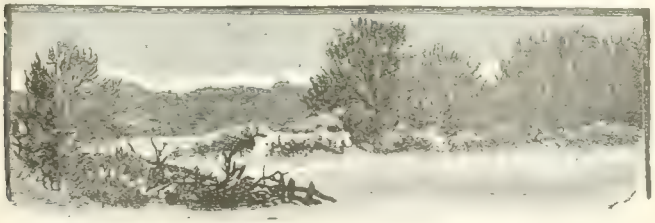
It has always been a matter of speculation among commentators as to why Jacob "lifted up his voice and wept" when he kissed Rachel. Matthew Henry, the most reliable of them all, says Jacob wept for joy.

There is the mother's kiss, the purest and holiest thing in all the world; there is the kiss wherein disease and death have been conveyed; the "kissing the book" in the courts of justice, and the insipid formal kiss between women which may often be truly called "a two-faced action"; but perhaps the kiss we all care most for is the kiss of love. It is of this the poet sings in "The Day Dream." Some have thought the kiss to be the root of love—the fuel by which the flame is fed. Others consider it to be the overflow from the cup of love. But after all these are only abstract considerations. A knowing youth was more practical and concrete when he described the kiss of love as like having hot treacle poured down your back by angels. We have tried hard, but fail to think of a better definition.

BUT HOW TO SECURE A KISS!

"Aye, there's the rub!" It may be given free, it may be stolen, and it may be bought. The first pertains to children, the second to youth, the third to old age.

Its superlative advantage is that it never shows, or at the worst it can be rubbed off.



FINANCIAL

New Men and Methods in Canadian Finance

NOTABLE as the development of the Dominion of Canada has been in regard to her agricultural and manufacturing industries, the growth of her banking business has been even more remarkable. A few figures will serve to make this clear. In the year 1872 the paid-up capital of her banks was in round numbers $45,000,000, and the deposits in them were $48,000,000. In 1902 the paid-up capital had grown to $71,000,000, being an increase of 58 per cent., but the deposits had swollen to $397,000,000—or an increase of *717 per cent.!* That is to say, that whereas in 1872 the paid-up capital and the deposits were almost equal, in 1902 the deposits were 5½ times greater than the capital!

Side by side with this enormous expansion there has been a steady increase in dividends, and consequent enhancement of the value of the stock. In this connection it is interesting to note that it is not the biggest bank which has the largest reserve, or pays the most liberal dividends. Arranged in the order of their paid-up capital the principal banks stand thus: The Bank of Montreal, $12,000,000; the Bank of Commerce, $8,000,000; the Merchants Bank, $6,000,000; the Dominion Bank, $2,900,000; the Imperial Bank, $2,868,000; the Molsons Bank and Bank of Toronto, $2,500,000 each; the Union Bank, $2,236,000; the Bank of Nova Scotia, Royal Bank, Bank of Ottawa and Bank of Hamilton, $2,000,000 each.

When, however, you place them according to their reserve, and this is perhaps a truer test of their stability than the other, there are many changes in the order. The Bank of Nova Scotia honorably heads the list with a reserve exceeding its capital by $1,000,000. Next comes the Bank of New Brunswick with an excess of $200,000; and the Bank of Toronto with $100,000. The Dominion Bank's capital and reserve are equal. In all other cases the reserve is less than the capital. Thus that of the Bank of Montreal is $8,000,000; of the Bank of Commerce, $2,000,000; of the Merchants Bank, $2,700,000, and so on down to the Banque St. Jean, with a reserve of only $10,000.

In regard to dividends, the Bank of New Brunswick occupies the premier position, paying 12 per cent. per annum. The Banks of Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and Nova Scotia, the Dominion, Imperial and Standard banks pay 10 per cent.; the Bank of Ottawa and Molsons Bank, 9 per cent.

Considering the steady good fortune which has attended banking operations, particularly during the last decade, it was inevitable that despite the extension of the branch system, whereby each bank enlarges its business by establishing branches in other cities and towns, (the number ranging from five to fifty, and including the United States and the West Indies as well as Canada,) there should be new banks founded. Of these the most important are the Sovereign Bank, with headquarters at Montreal, and the Metropolitan, of Toronto.

The Sovereign Bank, (in which it is understood the house of J. P. Morgan & Company hold a substantial interest), with a paid-up capital of $1,250,000, has made a very promising start, the first six months' operations showing deposits of nearly two millions, a circulation of $760,000, and assets of $3,855,000.

But the most interesting event of the year in bankdom undoubtedly has been the opening of the Metropolitan Bank,

and this because it affords so effective an illustration of the glamor of a name. Within the past few years Mr. A. E. Ames has taken a prominent place in the very front ranks of the financiers of the country. Hardly yet two score years of age, he left a snug position as a branch bank manager to become a stock-broker in Toronto, and in a remarkably short time, thanks in part to his family connections, but mainly to his own brilliant abilities, has won for himself so commanding a reputation as to be able to compass the unparalleled achievement of founding a new bank with a capital of $1,000,000, promptly subscribed at a premium of *one hundred per cent.*: That is to say, for each $100-share $200 has been paid, and the bank must earn fully ten per cent. in order that its shareholders may receive five per cent. on their investments.

When it is added that for the important position of General Manager of this new enterprise there was selected a young man without any previous bank training, but known for his progressive ideas in connection with financial operations, the interest with which it is regarded by conservative financiers may be readily understood.

A noteworthy change in connection with the management of our banks has been the diminution of the directors' importance, and the concentrating of power in the hands of the General Manager. Once upon a time the Directors met in solemn conclave every day, and gave personal attention to the details of management. Now in most cases they meet only once a week, and are consulted only in regard to special matters.

Not only so, but as regards the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Royal Bank, they are practically separated from the direct management. Both these banks belong to Halifax, and there the directors reside. But the General Manager of the former has his office in Toronto, while that of the latter is in Montreal, and the work of the directors is in large part little more than to ratify the action of the General Managers.

These two men, as it happens, may fairly be taken as representatives of the conservative and the pushing managers respectively. Mr. H. C. McLeod comes from the East, and his life has been spent in the service of the bank whose fortunes he directs. When it was decided to open branches in the United States he was chosen for the responsible task, and accomplished it so successfully in Minneapolis and Chicago as to lead to his appointment later as General Manager. It is interesting to note that Mr. James B. Forgan, now President of the First National Bank of Chicago, was at one time associated with Mr. McLeod in the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Mr. McLeod is an earnest believer in surrounding the banking system with all practical safeguards, including Government inspection, and has recently been advocating an amendment to the Banking Act requiring the holding of a much larger percentage of cash reserve than is now general. His views have all the more weight because he sees to it that his own bank holds the largest cash reserve of the thirty-six in active business.

Mr. Pease is nothing if not enterprising. He went from the West to the Merchants Bank of Halifax, as it was then called, to take charge of its head office department, and in due time became General Manager, moving himself to Montreal, and changing the name of the bank to the Royal. He has vastly increased the business, and shown himself an able financier.

An especially interesting personality is that of Mr. B. E. Walker, General Manager of the Bank of Commerce. He is still a comparatively young man, yet has been some sixteen years in his high post. He won his laurels as the New York agent of the institution, and has no

superior in knowledge of international finance. Aside from his financial genius, which is amply proven by the growth and prosperity of the bank, he is a man of many talents, and of great public spirit, showing a keen interest in art, education, and civic improvement.

The premier bank of Canada is, of course, the Bank of Montreal, whereof Lord Strathcona is the absentee President, and Mr. E. S. Clouston the General Manager. Mr. Clouston is an eminently safe man. While he is at the helm there is no fear of any such daring ventures being undertaken as there were in the days of the late Edward King, when millions of the Bank's money were sent to New York to be loaned at high rates of interest during a time of depression and panic.

But the banks would not have the same use for their funds, nor be able to obtain such good returns upon them if it were not for another set of men no less necessary to the development and progress of the country. These are the originators and conductors of the great undertakings whose establishment has characterized the material history of Canada within recent years.

For convenience of reference they may be divided into two groups. The Toronto and the Montreal group.

The most prominent figure in the Toronto group is Senator Cox, President of the Bank of Commerce, of the Canada Life, of the British American and Western Assurance Companies, and director of corporations too numerous to mention. To this state he has risen by sheer ability from that of a life insurance canvasser in a small town, and while always maintaining a close connection with the insurance business there are few of the great enterprises that have been launched in Canada during the past quarter of a century in which he has not had a more or less important part. He is a tremendous worker, giving personal attention to the management of his widespread interests, and according to general repute is many times a millionaire.

Closely associated with him is Mr. J. W. Flavelle, President of the National Trust Company. He, too, came in from the country not a score of years ago, and has rapidly ascended the ladder of fortune. He is Managing Director of the Wm. Davies Company, by far the largest pork-packing and provision house in the Dominion, but finds time and energy to share in the direction of a multiplicity of other undertakings, the majority of which are made to contribute to the growth of his fortune.

Two men who have been important factors in Canadian finance because of the magnitude of their enterprises are William Mackenzie and D. D. Mann. From somewhat humble beginnings as railway contractors they have risen to be railway owners on a large scale. They are altogether responsible for the Canada Northern, the first serious rival of the Canadian Pacific as a transcontinental road. They own the Inverness Railway and Coal Company, a promising property in Cape Breton, that may yet cross swords with the Dominion Coal Company. Furthermore, Mr. Mackenzie has been very active in street railway matters, controlling the system of Toronto and having heavy interests in those of Montreal and London.

A somewhat recent addition to the group, but a very forceful one, is Mr. Frederic Nicholls, Managing Director of the Canadian General Electric Company. Not many years ago he was Secretary of the Manufacturers' Association, with a scant salary. Now he is a millionaire, a director of various great corporations and a leader in the march of industrial development.

The Toronto group also includes certain stock brokers who must be taken into account. Mr. A. E. Ames has already been mentioned. His firm includes three members of the Stock Exchange, and

their transactions probably exceed in volume those of any other house. Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., Director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has also three partners "on the floor," the bulk of the work, however, being done by his son, Mr. F. G. Osler. Colonel Pellatt has won both fame and fortune by various successful *coups,* more especially in electric light undertakings, and Mr. Aemilius Jarvis, renowned as a yachtsman, is a heavy operator, who has recently distinguished himself by a combination of the Salmon Canning establishments of British Columbia.

It is by the co-operation of some or all of these men that various great financial undertakings, not merely in Canada but elsewhere, have been carried out. They have had their share in the founding of the Dominion Steel and Coal Companies, the Canadian General Electric, the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co., the Crow's Nest Coal Co., the British Columbia Packers' Association, the Canadian Northern Railway, and other big projects which have substantially materialized.

Not content with purely domestic affairs, they have taken hold of the Twin-City Electric Railway connecting St. Paul and Minneapolis; they have established the Sao Paulo Tramway and Power plant in a prosperous province of Brazil; they have invested heavily in the Sloss-Sheffield Steel enterprise in the Southern States; and to a certain extent in Mr. Clergue's scheme at Sault Ste. Marie.

Uniform success has not, of course, attended all their ventures, as witness the ill-starred Cycle combine, but upon the whole they have done very well indeed, and are quite ready for fresh commitments when something sufficiently attractive presents itself.

In Montreal the recognized financial leader is Mr. James Ross, Sir William Van Horne devoting all his energies to his Cuban Railway project which promises so well, and Mr. C. M. Hayes having thought only for the interests of the Grand Trunk Railway.

Mr. Ross laid the foundations of his fortune by lucrative railway contracts. He has long ceased to build railways directly, but indirectly his energies have extended outside of Canada to the West Indies, and even to Great Britain. He dominates the Montreal Street Railway System, is President of both the Dominion Steel and Coal Companies, and director of other companies by the score. He is in the prime of life, a man universally respected; simple and sincere of manner, as straight as a rule in all his dealings, a lover of art and music, unquestionably the strongest figure in the field of Canadian finance to-day.

Closely associated with him is Senator Forget, the only French-Canadian in the front rank of financial affairs. He is the king of the Montreal Stock Exchange, where he is represented by his clever brother Rudlophe. He can make or break the market almost at will, and no important undertaking goes through without his having some part in it. He is a self-made man who does credit to his maker.

Another self-made man of whom the same may be said is Mr. Chas. Hosmer, whose brilliant performance in floating the Ogilvie Milling Company brought him both millions and renown. There is no more popular man in Montreal than "Charlie" Hosmer. The late Senator Mackay, of Commercial Cable fame, took a deep interest in him, and once set him on his feet again when a severe slump in Cable stock had "wiped him out," and he bears the reputation of having passed this kind service on when an opportunity presented.

The Hanson Brothers are in a large way of business, being much helped by their close connection with the big house of Coates & Co., of London, whereof their brother is a partner, and Mr. R. Wilson Smith, proprietor of the "Fin-

ance Chronicle," is the head of a financial house with extensive connections.

No account of present-day finance in Canada would be complete without some reference to the remarkable development of Stock Speculation within the past two years. The times are undoubtedly prosperous. Perhaps they were never more so in this country. Hence there is much store of money to burn, and, let it be said, it has been burned at an appalling rate during the last few months. After a spring and summer of Bull markets there has succeeded an autumn and winter of Bear prices, and the lambs whose fleeces had grown so long and rich have been in many cases sheared to the skin.

Some conception of the remarkable increase in legitimate Stock business may be formed from the following comparative statement, showing the total shares sold in the Toronto and Montreal Stock Exchanges respectively :

	Toronto	Montreal
For week ending 20th December, 1902..	27,276	24,002
For corresponding week of 1901	9,346	17,321

In view of this, it is easy to understand the value of a seat in the Montreal Stock Exchange rising to $25,000 and in the Toronto Exchange to $20,000, there being only 55 seats in the former and 38 in the latter.

It must be borne in mind too that some months ago, when everything was booming, the transactions were considerably in excess of the figures above given.

Then there are the bucket-shops whose numbers are increasing with a rapidity which bodes ill for the common weal. They have done and are doing incalculable harm. Not only in Toronto and Montreal, but from Halifax to Victoria their tentacles extend, and like veritable devil-fish, they are drawing victims into their fatal grip. So awful is the record of defalcation and of suicide that one can understand the charge of their being a worse evil even than the bar-room. The safety of society would seem to imperatively demand some effective means for their extinction.

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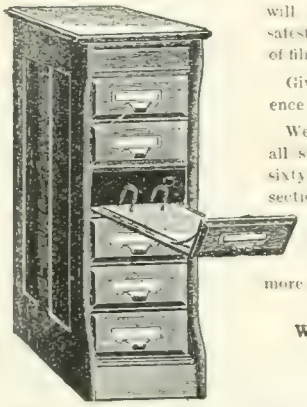

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ASSETS.

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$642,954.04
Real Estate	513,955.38
Loans on this Company's Stock	70,051.60
Accrued Interest	7,785.70
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	3,136.74
Accounts Receivable	1,050.97
Furniture and Fixtures	6,690.93
The Molsons Bank	27,408.43
Cash on hand	9,774.47
Total Assets	$1,282,808.26

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	$1,013,590.17
Dividends Credited	37,079.34
Amount Due Borrowers on Uncompleted Loans	1,771.14
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	42 675.48
Mortgages Assumed for Members	11,300.00
Reserve Fund	45,000.00
Contingent Account	131,392.13
Total Liabilities	$1,282,808.26

THOMAS G. HAND, G. A. HARPER, } Auditors.

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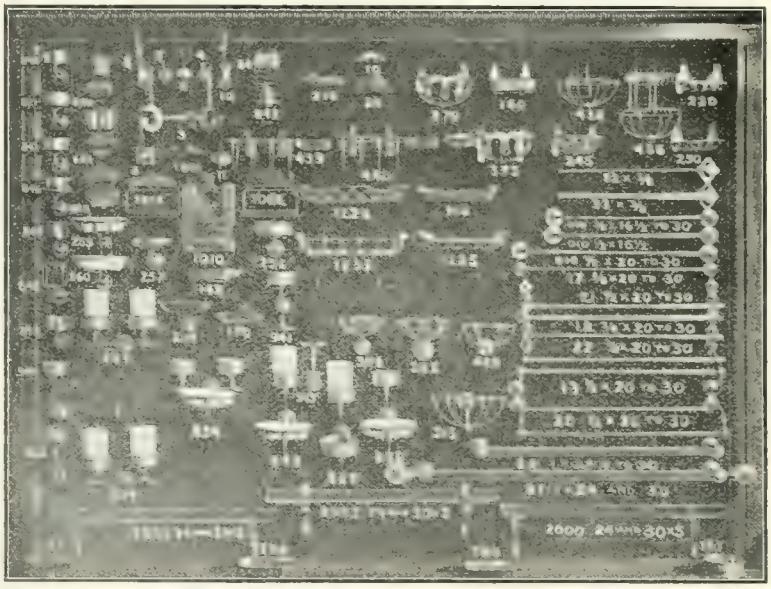

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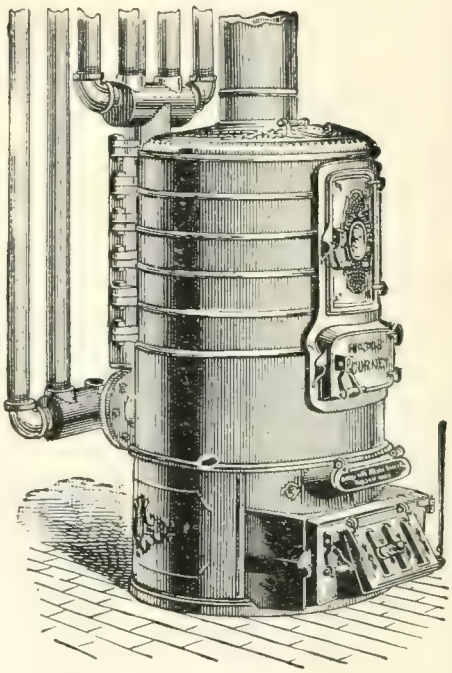

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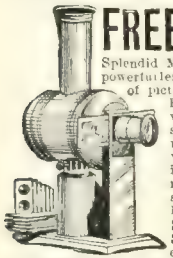

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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

VOL. II TORONTO, MARCH, 1903 No. 3

CURRENT COMMENTS

Getting Our Eyes Open

THE people who know most about a place are its own citizens, and of no place is this truer than of Western Canada. THE NATIONAL MONTHLY recently had the privilege of an interview with a business man from the Territory of Assiniboia, who was returning from a tour of the Western States and some of the American cities. He was a man filled with what we call the "Spirit of the West," and he said that he was going home with a greater faith than ever in his own country. But his American trip had been an eye-opener. Twenty years before he had gone over the same ground, and the object of his recent visit was to see what progress had been made in the meantime. In some districts of Dakota, Nebraska, and other western states, where twenty years ago he had seen only desert plains or straggling settlements, there were now thriving towns and cities, and the prairies had been converted into the best of farm-lands. The American West, he said, was full of the marks of progress. But he believed that the Canadian West was even better country, and that its only need was to adopt the same methods that had been so successful on the other side.

What our politicians ought to do, he said, was to make such a tour as he had, and then to study the needs of Canada by actual comparison—to see what others had done, and then to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with our own country. The West was already waking up. The two things it wanted most were railways and immigration. The best class of immigrants to be had were the men who came over from the United States, for even when these were of foreign descent they had already had experience which fitted them to become Canadian citizens at once. There is no danger, our informant said, of Western Canada becoming "Americanized;" the people who come over come with the intention of being citizens, and in many cases that he had known personally they had expressed themselves as delighted not only with the resources of the country, but with the excellence of our Canadian laws and system of government.

The greatness of the country was something that no one who had not seen it could realize. Politicians who stayed at home had no conception of it, and therefore an intelligent study of conditions on the spot was almost essential. The Canadian West had the makings of a great country, but its future would never be worked out as it should be, unless a wide-awake policy such as our American neighbors had followed were applied there too.

The country is there, but the people must be brought in to settle it and the railroads must be built to give them business accommodation.

There can be no doubt that in all this there is much sound sense. It is the opinion of a man who knows from experience and observation, and is worthy of the attention both of our capitalists and our statesmen. Canadians must get their eyes open.

A New Transcontinental Railway

A PROPOSITION first made some years ago has within the last year been revived, and is now taking definite form. It is the construction of a third great system of railways across the continent, and at the approaching session of Parliament this will be one of the most important matters under discussion. The new scheme bears the name of the Trans-Canada Railway, and the proposed route is from Chicoutimi, in the Province of Quebec, through Northern Quebec and Ontario, north of Lake Winnipeg, and through the Territories to a terminus near Port Simpson, on the British Columbia coast, the entire length being about 2,700 miles. The road will pass through the very best of wheat-growing country, and excellent timber limits and mineral deposits will also be opened up.

The promoters of this enterprise are confident of success. An active campaign to interest the public both in the West and the East, has been carried on for some time past, and the fact that Canada greatly needs increased railway facilities makes such an agitation the more likely of public favor. But the Canadian public are not in favor of granting to railway companies such extensive privileges as they have had in former years. It is probable that the proposition to give this new transcontinental enterprise a bonus and land grant will be vigorously opposed, the general sentiment seeming to be rather in favor of the Government taking a number of shares in the stock-list of the company, thus showing its interest as an investor and not as a benefactor. The day of subsidies is past, say many of the leading papers and politicians; railways should be built and managed on a strictly business basis.

Canada's prospects for more railways are good. The Canadian Northern is already building, the Trans-Canada is asking for rights, and the Grand Trunk has plans for extending its line to the Coast. For a portion of the distance the latter will, according to the plans so far announced, cover the same ground as the Trans-Canada, and it is an open question whether the northern territories are yet ready for two new roads so close together; but this will be a matter for the legislators to decide in Parliament. In any case, it means much for Canada's industrial development that direct communication be opened up between the St. Lawrence and the western wheat belt.

Canada's Supply of Water Power

THE many uses to which electricity has been applied of late years have wakened Canadian people to the immense value of natural water power. It was thought not very long ago that a mill operated by water-power was an old-fashioned institution, and that steam represented the greatest modern progress. But with the discovery of the practical value of electric force has come also the discovery that the natural water powers which abound throughout the country, are both the cheapest and the most efficient motive supplies. Nowadays the water-falls give the power, and electricity conveys that power over miles of wires to the manufactories at half the cost of steam. The electric motor was the solution of the problem; it is no longer necessary for each manufacturer to have his own engine or his own water-power.

It may be taken as a sign of the times that there is this winter more discussion of the water-power question than perhaps of any other mat-

ter of public interest. The various developments being made at Niagara Falls have started the ball rolling, and now almost every town in Canada is examining its available supplies of water-power. At Niagara three companies are in the field, the last being a combination of large power-using interests in Toronto. It is proposed to carry the power generated at the Falls to a number of places within one hundred miles, and Toronto, Brantford, Guelph, Galt, and other towns are deeply concerned in the success of the new enterprises. What has been done on the American side, where, for instance, Buffalo is almost entirely supplied from Niagara, shows what can be done equally well on the Canadian side.

But although it is the greatest, Niagara is not the only water-power in Canada. Other cities too far away to be directly interested in its development, have water-powers of their own, which are also being rapidly turned to account. Only a few weeks ago power was sent into Montreal from Shawnigan Falls; Quebec City's street car system is operated by power from Montmorency Falls; in Hamilton the street cars are run by power from Decew Falls, along the Welland Canal; Ottawa is planning to develop the Chaudiere Falls more extensively, while in Winnipeg there is said to be illimitable power awaiting development in the Winnipeg River. Thus there is within reach of nearly all the large Canadian cities a natural supply of power, which in the near future will be of incalculable value. The exploitation of these water-powers will mean the establishment of great numbers of manufactories, and it goes without saying that the granting of franchises and their regulation by Government is a matter of immense importance.

The Wonders of To-Morrow

IN these days of progress it is not a wise policy to be skeptical of any great movement. Men who have ridiculed various enterprises as utterly impossible have been so often proved mistaken that the most rational attitude on the part of any one is at least a willingness to await developments. This is as true of our great industrial enterprises as it is of science.

In this connection, some words of Thomas A. Edison, himself one of the greatest discoverers, are of practical interest, as showing the safest attitude toward new projects. Speaking of the only partial success which had at that time attended the experiments in wireless telegraphy, he said: "It takes years to work those things out in their details, but it will be done, you may be assured. . . . . To-morrow some fellow may have discovered some other little fact, some little things that will lead to a whole train of things that nobody can see now. We discover those things one at a time. No man knows more than the millionth part of one per cent. of what there is to know. A tiny little thing that the discoverer can see no use for starts the practical men to work, and soon they have found a practical application for it."

Canada's Trade

THE last annual report of the Department of Trade and Commerce gives some figures that must be a source of gratification to every Canadian. As an evidence of Canada's prosperity there can be nothing more definite than the fact that in the last fiscal year the trade of the Dominion increased over the previous year something more than thirty-seven million dollars. As compared with seven years ago, the total trade has increased very nearly one hundred per cent.

While these facts are very gratifying, there is still further reason for satisfaction in the fact that, as regards percentage increases, Canada leads the procession. That is to say, that of all the countries in the world showing an increase of trade during the past seven years, Canada's percentage is the highest, Japan being second. While we have yet a long way to go before we approach the aggregate trade of

older and larger countries, we may congratulate ourselves that proportionately our growth is greater than any.

A large amount of this trade comes, of course, from the West, where growth and expansion are the rule at all times. The total value of the agricultural products of Manitoba last year was $50,000,000, and this amount was produced by 41,000 farmers—a remarkable showing for one province.

To Make Our Cities Better

A MOVEMENT is on foot to beautify the cities and towns throughout Canada, the plan being first to awaken a public interest in such improvements, and then to organize locally under the auspices of civic or municipal governing bodies. One of the most important features of this improvement work will be the laying out, and care of public parks and squares. Individual property-holders will be asked to show their interest by improving their private gardens and street-fronts, where necessary, and as a body the local improvement league will concern itself with such matters as unsightly telegraph poles, broken fences, bad roads, and poor scavenging. In all these respects, by awakening a public and private pride in the good appearance of the place, it is expected that much can be done to make even the best of our cities look cleaner and better. In Hamilton, in some districts where such improvement has been carried on, property has been enhanced twenty-five per cent., while in Ottawa, where there is a very active improvement league, a great deal has been accomplished by public addresses, garden competitions, and the force of individual example.

One very important result of such improvements is that not only are our cities made to look better by having more trees, prettier parks, and cleaner streets, but a stimulus is given for cleaner civic government. Pride in external appearance leads in such cases to a desire for sound government.

A Canadian League of Civic Improvement was organized last month at a convention held in Toronto. It has representatives in various parts of Ontario, and strong efforts will be made to enlist the co-operation of the public.

A Demand for Rural Mail Delivery

ANOTHER evidence of the people's awakening is the present agitation for a system of mail delivery in rural districts. In the average country settlement in Canada the post office facilities are not of the best—a great deal better than fifty years ago, it is true, but not in keeping with the progress of the present day. The farmer is obliged to go several miles, in some cases, to the nearest post office, and very often he gets a mail only once a week. Under such conditions he is not only deprived of the news of the day, but he is forced to go without one of the greatest social advantages and family conveniences. Country districts are isolated even more than they need be.

The remedy is a rural delivery of mail by the Government Post Office Department. Such a system has been in operation in the United States for many years, and is being constantly extended, it being expected that in two years' time all available parts of the country, from coast to coast, will be covered. Each route has a postman, who delivers letters and papers, sells stamps, issues money orders, and transacts general post office business. The country districts are thus given the same postal facilities as the towns, and the plan has not only proved immensely popular, but has been very profitable to the United States Post Office Department. There is no apparent reason why a similar plan could not be adopted in Canada, making it an experiment, at first, in a number of communities, and extending it as results might justify. It is just such a plan that is now being advocated, and the Government will be asked to give its attention to the matter in the interests of rural Canadians.

Concentration for Country Schools

ONE of the best ideas for which Canada is indebted to the United States is in connection with the management of country schools. The educational system of Canada is good, but it is open for improvement in not a few respects, and one of these is the consolidating and centralizing of the schools in rural districts. The principle is not unlike that of business amalgamation under one central head, for purposes of more effective and progressive work, and the details of working are borrowed from the State of Ohio, where an unique system has been in operation for several years. The plan is as follows:

Instead of a number of small schools in adjoining communities, meeting only local needs and doing only very elementary work, there is one large central school, with five or six departments, covering the whole district and doing much more efficient work. The small local schools have been closed. The pupils of this consolidated school come from a radius of six miles, and an essential part of the new system is the conveying of these pupils from their homes to the school. For a total roll of some 160 pupils, nine large covered vans are in use, which go over the road, in as many different routes, every morning, gathering the pupils from house to house, and bringing them home again in the afternoon. It is said that no inconvenience or injury to even the youngest children has resulted from this plan, which has altogether worked most satisfactorily. The attendance at the school has increased over the total attendance at the nine former local schools, and much better educational work has been done. In some districts it has solved the problem of education or no-education.

A committee of Canadian educationists has examined the Ohio system, and has urged its adoption in this country, where the conditions in many places are very similar. It is believed that a higher standard of education throughout the country would follow the introduction of such a system. Already one district in Nova Scotia has decided to give it a trial, and the attempt will be watched with interest.

The Alaska Boundary

THE only source of disagreement that has for any length of time remained between the United States and Canada is now in a fair way of settlement. The dispute concerning the Alaska boundary, which has held fire for several years, is at last to be peacefully ended by the modern means of arbitration. The terms were mutually agreed to last month, and three eminent jurists on each side will finally decide what shall for all future time be the boundary line between the Canadian Yukon and American Alaska.

Neither Canada nor the United States is responsible for the beginning of the dispute. It arose from the uncertainty of the old Russian treaty by which the United States acquired possession of Alaska. That was in 1825, and it was not even guessed at that time that the country would some day become so important that every mile of its territory would be worth disputing. But with the discovery of gold it was desirous that the limits should be definitely marked. The Russian treaty named certain geographical bounds which should mark the Alaskan territory; but the exact delineation of those bounds it has not hitherto been possible to agree upon, each country claiming a disputed area 320 miles long, and from 15 to 70 miles in width. This disputed area is rich in gold deposits, and, more than all, it bars the way between the Yukon and the sea. A seaport is of great importance, for both commercial and military purposes, and it is not at all to be wondered at that both nations should be desirous of retaining possession. Commissions and committees have failed to effect settlement, but now that arbitration has been agreed upon, the end may be confidently expected. Which will be the winner remains to be seen.

A Canadian Benefactor

IT is in order nowadays to give honor to the men of wealth who bestow gifts upon various educational and charitable institutions. Chiefest of all such benefactors just now is Mr. Carnegie, whose dollars have greatly enriched so many libraries in his own country and in this. But the liberality of one of our own Canadians is worthy of honorable mention also. Sir William Macdonald, of Montreal, one of Canada's most successful business men, has from time to time given large amounts of money to McGill University, and has recently furnished the sum of $170,000 for a large manual training school and separate college residence at Guelph, in connection with the Ontario Agricultural School. The Macdonald Institute, as it will be called, will be devoted to domestic science, nature study and manual training, its great object being to furnish a means of higher and more practical education for women. Plans of the new buildings have been prepared, and operations will soon begin. By the generosity of this one benefactor Ontario will have an institution whose benefits will be far-reaching and which will mean a great deal for the cause of education in Canada.

The Programme of Parliament

THE Canadian Parliament of 1903 will have some unusually important business on its programme. These are growing times in Canada, and legislators must face the necessities of a growing country with both determination and prudence. One of the chief matters of discussion will be the great number of new railway enterprises seeking franchises, which is in itself a sure sign of progress; and another will be the revision of the tariff, which will be discussed in some form or other. One of the Ministers is quoted as saying that the Liberal Government is no longer a free trade government; it stands for a just and fair tariff, but not a prohibitory tariff. But the exact determination of what is a "just and fair" tariff, as distinguished from a prohibitory tariff is not yet given.

The other most important features of the parliamentary programme will be as follows:

1. A bill for the redistribution of constituencies.
2. A bill to revise the Railroad Act and to provide for the appointment of a railway commission.
3. A bill for the compulsory arbitration of disputes on railways.
4. A bill for the revision and consolidation of the Acts relating to telegraph and telephone companies.
5. A bill to amend the Militia Act.
6. A bill for the adoption of cattle guards on railways.

A Demand for Protection

THE Chamber of Commerce of Montreal, is one of the leading commercial organizations in Canada, and its opinions always carry weight. It is withal a thoroughly patriotic body, and is strongly in favor of the "Canada-for-the-Canadians" policy. At a recent session of the Chamber the President spoke on the matter of protection.

"It has become indispensable," he said, "for all those who have at heart the preservation of our population to attract towards our country a sound and strong immigration, and to bring it to the country to fill up our waiting homes. We need a protection which would allow us to use our incomparable water-powers, our immense forest wealth, to manufacture our wood pulp, etc.; a protection necessary for the development of our mineral resources, a natural and obligatory protection, if we wish to resist successfully the invasion which threatens us on all sides. We cannot allow this invasion unless it accords us a practical means of preserving Canada for the Canadians."

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH

A HINT AS TO THE SOURCE OF THE CANADIAN CHARACTER

By ARTHUR STRINGER

EARLY this morning as I stood under the open, high-arched sky of Northern Alberta—and there is no sky like these skies of Canada!—as I stood, I say, marvelling at the deep sapphire above me, where it melted softly into liquid cyan blue, and from cyan blue into dreamy turquoise, I sniffed gratefully at the crisp, cool air, fragrant of life more odorous than leaves and grass and water, and thanked the gods of Earth and all her discontented hearts that I was born Canadian, that I was still Canadian to the backbone, and, *more Hibernico,* two inches into the marrow.

As I took my way, in this mood, toward the rapid, hurrying Waziska, where, like the good and evil deeds of men in life, the traveller's canoe can never turn back, I stumbled wide-eyed with wonder on a glowing, odorous clump of over-ripe, wild strawberries, making a dash of ruddy, bewildering color on a sun-soaked cut-bank of yellow sand.

In the shadow of these stern sub-arctics I had foolishly dreamed the last wild strawberry to have been left a good five hundred miles behind. But here I found them, sweetening and glowing merrily enough in the open air, under their high northern sky of pulsating sapphire, as timorously saucy as a small boy at the top of a pine-tree, fairly whistling, like a little chorus of red lips, to be seen and noticed; and altogether as clamorous as any minor poet for publicity.

For all their brave swaggering, however, I must reluctantly confess that they were nothing more than mere hot-house fruit. Yet they had blossomed and ripened in a conservatory built, not by man, but by nature herself. This mad little river of racing, hurrying, unresting waters had nibbled impertinently at a bluff that lounged sleepily in the sun,—had nibbled till the face of it was eaten clean away and it came tumbling and rumbling down in a smoky avalanche of greyish-yellow, sandy loam. There it sprawled, with the sun straight over it to look up at, and the hurrying water beneath it to lap at in its thirst, while two little up-thrust shoulders of rock protected its face from the winds of east and west, just as the shoulders of a marble Clytie shut in the soft hollow of her bosom. On this little slope of sand and loam the long, indolent, northern sun shone and glowed until it quivered and swam with heat, until, indeed, even the three chill twilight hours that make up a northern summer night could not quite steal away all its precious warmth.

But just how the essential berry-seed came there, no man shall ever know. Probably some migratory-winged hunger dropped it carelessly in his flight. Yet there it had been carried, by bird, or water, or wind, and there, plainly enough, were the ruddy clusters of over-ripe berries, flashing unexpectedly up at one, like the merry eyes of children found hidden in some corner of your dull old library of a dull day. And oh, what swollen and pulpy globes of soft deliciousness they were,—the essence of filtered sunlight, racy and tangy, as both you and I have always found Northern fruit to be; and so mysteriously luscious that one could imagine each soft oval to be the very heart of Summer herself, and with its life's blood still staining your lip you could wish she were as many-hearted as that mutable woman who lost Actium for Antony.

So without further ado I fell on my

strawberries bodily, as hungrily as Persephone herself on the violets of Enna, till some Pluto of introspection seized me and carried me off to the world of Tartarean wonderment.

What a misunderstood land, I thought, is this northern country of ours, this vast country of essential silences, of passionate summers, of inscrutable snows and frosts! And how seldom it has been sung of as it ought to have been sung of, how little known to that lyric *animula vagula* thrumming so busily up and down your garrulous and garish South! How she has waited in silence for her interpreter! And what wealth of runic passion and song she holds when wisdom and much waiting have once forged the golden key for him!

"Dark and true and tender is the North!"—'twas no Latin penned the line; nothing south of the chalk cliffs of Albion could teach such things. And yet, if there had been no Cambunian Range, who knows but what Homer's Elysium would have been in some remote region beyond Macedonia, in the mysterious north of the Greeks; and would not Apollo's Hyperboreans, as well, have been less ghostlike to the people of Thessaly!

It might have been so, yet we find it hard to forget that icy, deepest Hades of Dante. We must remember, too, that the minstrel and the maker of verse and song is a feeble fellow, sorry afraid of the cold, piping only in the sun. We must remember that even the birds themselves forget their quips and quavers when they flock northward to nest and brood and bring up their young. Nor can we forget that even water, the first of Mother Earth's wandering singers, itself at times grows silent and muffled, like a very tongueless Loti, as it falls under the flame of the Aurora Borealis. The only music of this great North of ours is a sonata of mingled mood and silence. She has her passions, it is true, but they are the passions of a barren and beautiful woman hungering for some ever-eluding life to creep up into her empty arms, for some worthy cry on which to lavish her laughter and tears. It is Silence waiting for its Voice. It is the Dusk of Life groping toward its older dreams. And for that reason ever "Dark and true and tender is the North!"

If you would know this reticent North you must, above all things, lie by night on her lap, under the open sky, with a Hudson Bay "Four Pointer" about you, and the Great Bear wheeling solemnly above you. It is then, it always seemed to me, that some shy whisper first creeps down through the tense silence from her sphinx-like lips. For woman she ever was, this mysterious, bewildering, inscrutable North,—moody and shy, a goddess in her twilight age, an old and tried enchantress with her blood now running somewhat a-cold, now huddling above her flickering fires of memory, in a chamber of whispering gloamings and shadows. Time was when her blood ran rich and warm enough. But she has had her day of hot life, this languid and muffled woman; she gives you the impression that she has lived it all, that she has drained the golden bowl; that she remembers still, remembers too well, and that therein lies her one great sorrow. Yet, you can imagine you hear her telling herself, that is all past now, past and gone this many a day; and for centuries now she has crept early to bed by night, seeming most nun-like under her white sheets, yet tingling through all her tired veins with an inappeasable passion. Old enchantress, she knows too well the first fine careless rapture and grace are gone. But when once she has awakened from that long slumber of hers, who, indeed, is more lavish of alluring and haunting perfumes,—as these Northern prairies today tell you only too well; who more artful with cosmetic of crimson and carmine, —as our Ontario maple has confessed to us time and time again; and who more lan-

gourously moody, who so wistfully challenging, with that air of suave austerity and latent, unlooked-for passion of hers?

And wise, oh, she is very wise! She has had so many wooers; she has been courted so long that now, one almost fears she can never surrender. She bewilders by her very coldness, she intoxicates and maddens with her very reticence. And being so, my cold and tender North, you will be ever sought, you will ever allure your own adventurous brood to your knees, till Andres and Nansens are forgotten, and men still die failing to wring from you the ultimate heart of your mystery!

Yet what, indeed, is the cause of this sublimated sorrow which creeps so like a minor undertone through all these quiet norland summer days? It is the essence of that northern note which breathes through the aspirations of the Symphonists from Bach to Beethoven, and even on to the symphonic suites of Grieg, if you will. It is the haunting melancholy of Shakespeare's introspective young Dane. It is the thing, I venture to claim, that is making, in another hemisphere, our Paderewskis and Kocians and Kubeliks. It is the pensive spirit that hides in the leaves of Yggdrasil,—even, to-day, indeed, one looks, scarcely knowing it, for Thor and Balder to come striding austerely over these lonely low hills, so ghost-like under their moveless army of slim white poplar. It is the spirit that one day soon, in time to be, shall strike deep into the heart of some young son of this vast land of ours, and touch him into song; and it shall be song the like of which the world has seldom heard. In it shall be the melancholy of the Slav, commingled with the spiritual audacity of the American; in it the grim strength of the Anglo-Saxon shall be fused with the dreamy wistfulness of the vanished Algonquin; and that ultimate child of Canadian song shall have a voice fresh with all the freshness of the Great Lakes, a voice with breath that is the breath of those uncounted miles of wheatlands that break like a golden tide at the feet of the Rockies, a voice with a beauty like the beauty of our flaming autumnal woodlands, with a mystery like the mystery that broods over the snow-clad leagues of our northern pines. And when he comes Canada shall know him as her own.

About me here, at this moment, the sun is shining brightly enough, and the only sign in the quiet, sapphire sky is the filmy lace of the Chinook Arch, foretelling some breath of still balmier air. The only sounds, too, that strike my ear is the muffled chirp of a lonely bird or two, and the endless monotone of the racing, hurrying, impetuous river at my feet.

'Tis the very heart of the northern midsummer here, and the hills have by no means begun to put on their Titianesque crimson and blues. But for all that there is an intangible touch of Autumn in the quiet, brooding sunlight. It is both a premonition and a warning, for the shadow of winter always lurks mockingly near these northern summers, and always about these long, golden, northern afternoons of sun and silence dwells some poignant sense of transciency, some fleeting touch of tears. For, like Cassius, the North must always think too much. It is the atmosphere of eternal premonition, of aspiration,—the atmosphere that makes mystics and dreamers, and tellers of strange tales, of men. 'Tis all so keen, so fine, so subtile. It is the joy that leads to fugitive regret, the beauty that is weeded to death, the fleeting life that makes the living mourn again for the miraculous apples of Iduna. Who, indeed, ever heard of a northern bacchanalian? And what Sodom could flourish in the shadow of the Arctic Circle?

Beyond the Euxine there were no fauns. The sober twilight of our presaging autumns makes us northerners all lookers into the future. We can never quite forget, never be satisfied with the day and its pleasures. We know only too well how brief our season of burgeoning and flower-

ing must be, beautiful as it is, and how long shall be the season of snows. And that knowledge brings with it, too, the minute sands of our unrest and our sorrow, out of which should rise and blossom the best of Art, as the wheat-fields of Egypt rise from the mud of the Nile.

So whether we would or not, we must question the To-Be, and pause regretfully in the midst of our handful of golden days —and what golden days they are!—and ask of the coming darkness, Whither? and Whence? And we know that we must gather our scattered sticks of solace, be it art or music or lyric song, to warm our naked souls through the winters of discontent. If that solace be music, it will be the music of the Poles, touched with the majesty of a free people; if it is art, it will be art that is opposed to the last to the realist; if it is song it will be song with a god-like madness and sorrow and yearning in it, a breed of song that went out, perhaps, with the birth of the popular magazine, too hot and impetuous and candid for modern ears.

Yet, at the last, I am afraid that much of this feeling of exaltation, as we watch our North fighting with a sort of berserker rage for her last silver trireme of summer, must, indeed, be largely, if not altogether, physical. The clear, keen, invigorating northern air is so like old wine to the veins, its unpolluted oxygen is so exhilarating, that a day above the Fifty-fourth Parallel has always seemed to me as a draught of Youth itself in the autumn of existence. It is an aerial intoxication that converts all the Sub-Arctics in summer into one united Greater Dionysia. There is a surfeit of life, a superabundance of energy, a plethora of aspiration, and yet, all along, that eternal undertone of wistfulness, which ends in abortive play of mood and Hamlet-like lethargy, while some Aristophanic voice seems to whisper to us how futile is all endeavor, and how fleeting is all existence.

But already, I notice, the sun, golden and full and deep, is low in the green-gold West. The sky of sapphire has long since faded to a robin's-egg blue, and is now a shimmering, changing, pale turquoise, shot through with pearl and amethyst,—a brilliancy slowly dulled to a slumberous translucency. One quiet breath, and all the old warmth of atmosphere is gone. The last wisp of wind has dropped. Like twin rainbows blown awry, north and south thin bands of violets and greens and reds creep up over the darkening hills. Overhead the great dome is still dreamily limpid with the softest of blues and yellows. The orange of the west deepens into rose and carmine, and as each remoter hue and tone melts and crowds and shifts, like a many-tunicked army, into stratiated lines of iridescence, a keen, small wind strays up through the quiet hills, a whisper of unrest creeps through the leaves of the ghost-like poplars. Then the great, golden sun founders in a burgundian flood and tumult of bewildering color, and the pageantry of the norland sunset is past. But as I turn homeward under the violet skies, I look up at the bright, steely, crystalline stars, and once more thank the gods of my being that I am a Canadian.

HIS SWEETHEART

BY JEAN MURDOCK

"COME and spend your enforced holiday with us; Jack and Baby will do you good, and I will try not to bore you to extinction."

The young Doctor, whose health had shown signs of breaking at his arduous hospital duties, had been ordered by his senior physician to leave off work and worry, and spend a summer in the country.

"It will either be that or a complete breakdown, my lad, so take your medicine in time, and come back well and strong to help me in the fall. It's not so much overwork that ails him," mused the kindly old Doctor to himself, after the young man had gone, "as a fret I can't just understand, but anyway the summer's rest will do him good, and he's too much in earnest about his work for me to want to lose him."

The old man had written of the young Doctor's illness to the writer of the note which opens our story, knowing what a pleasant home her's was by the sea; but alas! not knowing of any previous acquaintance betwen Jack Leslie's vivacious wife and young Doctor Mervyn. Hence the note which the young man was crushing so viciously in his burning fingers.

"Go and spend the summer at her house, indeed! to be laughed at, and flouted, and to be petted by dear, old Jack Leslie, whom I would wrong if I could, much as I love him; but as she says, there is Baby Madge, and who could resist her? Yes, on second thoughts, I'll go: just to show madam that my wound is healed, that I am not the love-sick boy she jilted seven years ago for a rich man's gold." And having once made up his mind, he was in as much of a fever to be off as before he had been to persuade his old friend that he was all right and needed no rest.

"Many thanks for your kind invitation; will be with you on Saturday," was the answer he sent to Mrs. Leslie's daintily perfumed note, at which she laughed a saucy little laugh, then flipped it across the breakfast table to her husband.

"He hasn't yet got over his sulks, Jack, but I'll cure him effectually this summer," and she tossed back her pert head, and then nodded it emphatically at her husband.

"Don't be too hard on him, Madge, he may really be ill, as Doctor Hallinan says," was the good natured response.

A little flutter of excitement was felt in the Leslie household on that Saturday morning, for little Madge had been extolling the visitor's virtues all week, and Madam herself had prepared his room.

At two o'clock the carriage with Baby Madge and her father in it had bowled away to the railway station, leaving Mrs. Leslie humming a triumphant little tune as she went to array herself for the coming of the guest.

"Each summer he says he will not come again, and each summer he comes again," and she made a saucy little *moue* at her own bright face in the glass.

Eight years ago Madge McKenzie had been engaged to young Doctor Mervyn. He was not a doctor then, but a fledgling student, and Madge had said that it was good for him to be engaged to a girl five years his senior; it kept him from getting into difficulties at college and it did her no harm, for she never believed that Grant Mervyn was really in love with her.

But when Jack Leslie, an eminent scientist, had come to spend the summer with her father in search of specimens, he found one he little expected to find, and fell in love with it immediately. Jack Leslie had never troubled his head about women until now, hence the success he

had made so early in life in his chosen profession. But Madge McKenzie's bright eyes and saucy ways took him completely by storm, and he fell down at her feet and worshipped her with as much earnestness as he had hitherto devoted himself to his work.

Opposites attract, and the young man's grave, quiet ways, and earnest devotion to her, won Madge in spite of herself, and she promised to be his wife, never thinking that Grant Mervyn would raise any objection, but he did.

"Have I not always told you, my child," said Madge, with her sauciest smile, "that I only did it for your good, and to keep you straight while you were at college? Did I ever say I loved you since we were silly children? Come, Grant, don't be foolish, you'll thank me some day for refusing to let you marry a woman five years older than yourself," and then she paid no more attention to him, but quietly became the wife of the man she loved, leaving the boy's heart sore and hurt.

But Grant Mervyn had never gotten over his infatuation for her as she had said he would. Each summer he met her for a fortnight at her father's home, and she had always persuaded him on one pretext or another to spend another week at her seaside home, where he grew to respect and love her husband Jack Leslie, and to adore the little blossom that came to bless their home the second year of their union. Here Mrs. Leslie lectured him, and laughed at him, and petted him till each year he vowed he would not come again, and went away more in love than ever.

And so he came again, and was really glad to return Jack Leslie's hearty handclasp and Baby Madge's dainty kiss. A very picture was this five-year-old maid, with her sunny curls, her eager blue eyes and her crisp muslin dress, with its floating blue ribbons.

"I'se got a new pet, Uncle Grant, to show you; and you must help me to learn to ride it. It's a dear, little, funny donkey, with long ears and fuzzy-wuzy tail; and papa has buyed me a cart for it, and will you teach me how to drive it? Papa is too busy, and mamma is 'fraider of it than I is," which truthful remark elicited peals of laughter from her companions.

"You do look a little rusty, old chap," said Jack Leslie, when they had taken their seats in the low carriage. "A few weeks of our fresh summer air will blow away the cobwebs that have gathered while living among the smell of physic and the groans of sick people for a year. Ugh! Deliver me! I'd rather study nature," and the professor leaned idly back in his carriage and left his little daughter to handle the reins, which she was only too delighted to do, bringing them up the winding gravelled drive with a flourish to the front door, where mamma awaited them.

With one nervous spring Grant Mervyn was out of the carriage and up the steps, clasping Mrs. Leslie's cool hand in both his own, and being speedily brought to his senses by her gay laugh.

"Doctor Hallinan sent you just in time, I am sure," said she, with a mocking light in her bright eyes. "A month more and you would have been—gone!" and she clasped her hands tragically.

"Oh, if you only invited me to make game of me, I will go away at once."

"By no means. I invited you to feed you well, to take good care of you, and send you back in the fall fat and happy," and she laughed merrily at his rueful face. "Come into the dining-room, there's sherbet and iced bananas ready for you after your hot and dusty journey," and she led the way, with her little daughter clinging to her hand.

And this was his arrival: and the summer days flew by, spent happily in amusing little Madge out of doors, or amusing her mother in the house, or in long seaside walks, when the professor accompanied them and taught his little daughter to

notice all the wonderful things that usually escape eyes not trained to close observance—walks that cooled the fever in the young man's blood, and gave him back steady nerves, and sound, healthful sleep. The contact of the bright wit and ready word of his hostess, and the loving, clinging ways of her little daughter, did him good also, and helped to bring him to his sober senses, so that he could look upon his friend's wife as an apple that was altogether beyond his reach, and too fair and pure a thing to be tarnished by a love that was not honest. Consequently he did go back to his work, when autumn came, a stronger and a better man. But it was five long summers after, before he came again to Mrs. Leslie's seaside home.

He had ben studying and travelling in Europe, and came back with honors added to his name, and a clearer comprehension of the world's men and women; so that at last he was able to tell Mrs. Leslie that he was glad of the wholesome lesson she had taught him, of not being always ready to jump into the condition of being "in love;" and to meet with surprise her tall daughter of ten years.

"Can this be little Madge, whom I taught to ride the donkey?" But he was soon convinced, and their summer was just as merry and full of enjoyment as any in the past, so that it was with sincere regret he said good-bye and went back to his work, where old Doctor Hallinan was only too glad to lay the lion's share of the practice upon him.

And it happened that his holidays fell no more in the long, pleasant summer days, but that he was glad to snatch them a few days at any time, for his old partner could ill spare him in the hot weather. In this way, when he came to the Leslie's, he missed the merry chatter and winning ways of the daughter of the house.

For eight years matters went on so, when failing health again compelled him to a summer's rest, and he was glad of Mrs. Leslie's ever kind invitation to come to them.

It was at the same season of the year, on such another June day, that Doctor Mervyn, grown older and wiser, stepped from his train to be greeted by his friend, Jack Leslie, in the same old, hearty fashion.

But who was this dainty lady beside him, who bore such a striking resemblance to his old sweetheart, Madge McKenzie, except that this fair vision was shy and quiet?

"Has little Madge grown quite beyond your comprehension, Mervyn?" queried her father, laying his arm around the young girl's shoulder, affectionately, "and Madge, have you forgotten Uncle Grant?"

Then they shook hands, looking at each other in wonder, and found it necessary to become acquainted all over again. But if Doctor Mervyn found it difficult to believe in the grown-up daughter Madge in the presence of her father, he found it almost incomprehensible that Mrs. Leslie, who was as young in looks, if not quite so mischievous in manner as in the olden days, should be her mother.

The grown-up Madge was a constant marvel to the Doctor, who had never taken notice of any young lady since the disastrous love-making of his early days: her dainty ways, her sunny face, the sweetness of her disposition, most of all, her resemblance to his boyhood's love, took his heart by storm, and the staid man of the world began his wooing all over again.

It was all so strange and new to gentle Madge, the devotion of this tall, bearded man, that she told him many a time in the happy after-days that he had quite frightened her into saying yes.

Mrs. Leslie looked on well pleased, for she thought that a boy who could be so true to his youthful love, would be very likely to be a great deal in earnest in his

manhood's years. Doctor Mervyn took no pains to hide the fact that he was indeed very much in earnest; he would scarcely let Madge out of his sight.

"But you are so different from the lover I had pictured for myself," Madge demurred when he had really told her of his love. "You are so ——"

"So old, you are about to say, sweetheart, but that only serves to prove that I am all the better able to take care of you, and that I am not likely to change my mind. Come and let us go and tell your mother," and drawing his arm about her, he led her into the house, where they could see Mrs. Leslie swaying back and forward in her own particular chair by the open window.

"Culprits!" she cried, seeing the news in their faces, his so triumphant and yet so tender, and her's so shy and downcast. "What mischief have you been making now?"

"No mischief, madam; but I have come to beg from you this fair maiden."

"And what does the fair maiden say?" asked Mrs. Leslie, rising and holding out her arms to her daughter. Madge flew to her mother, and hid her blushing face against her shoulder.

"Take her, Grant, and God bless you! You have always wanted Madge for your sweetheart," and the bright mother eyes were full of tears as she raised her face to receive the kiss he placed softly upon her forehead.

THE DEVIL'S OVEN, THOUSAND ISLANDS

"PICKLES" AND THE ELECTION

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

THAT November found the Republicans and Democrats and Independents of the "Greater City" finally united against the "Mohawks," and the whole nation was hanging upon the battle; for it was the old, heart-moving struggle between Good and Evil. For years the "Big Boss" of Mohawkdom, and the two score lesser bosses under him, had been blackmailing the rich, and bleeding and terrorizing the poor, and teaching the people everywhere that if only they "kept right" with the district "collector," it mattered very little whether they "kept right" with the Creator.—Now, there was some hope of an accounting.

But it could hardly have been said that it was any realization of what was at issue, that drew that small "newsy," "Pickles," from his stand at the Bridge into the very midst of the battle. It was rather because chance had identified him with the big E—— Street tenement,—"Athens," by nickname,—in which three-quarters of the Greeks in Boss Monger's district hived together. The youngster looked after one, Argyros's fruit-stand during the noon-hour; and in return he was given sleeping-room with him and half a dozen other Argives in the basement of that E—— Street hive.

There, through the chill Fall nights he lay snug and warm, on the soft, grass-mattressed top of a fragrantly-smelling banana-cart,—and thought all good things of Greeks. Hence, too, when Monger's campaign "collector" called one night and levied on them for a good two weeks' earnings and they dared not deny him,—and when again, the day following, "Pickles" beheld the boss himself all but beat to death a trembling, white-haired rabbi for speaking against him in the Synagogue,—he thought all evil against him and everything Mohawk! And when, finally, a few nights later, those young, indomitable "Unions," Travers and Van Allen, came on *their* visit to the E—— Street basement, and preached flaming, rebellion against Monger and all his Mohawk tyrannies, they received a small recruit they had not been looking for.

But it did not take them long to decide that they had enrolled a "lad of parts." Travers, who in daylight hours was secretary to the "Union" headquarters downtown, had him made a messenger, at a salary of five dollars a week. But he really went forth to be what Van Allen called the "Ambassador to Athens." For through him the "Unions" reached the whole one hundred and thirty Greeks of the district.

He took to the new game, even to the exclusion of craps. For in it he had all the honor of the "grown-up." And not only had he daily, ever-bettering reports to make of his "Athenians," and the secret campaign now set burning among them; but soon in his fierce enthusiasm he was coming in with the addresses of "colonizers," whom the "Mohawks" were bringing in from "solid" districts across the river. He "got lines on" "repeaters," and he "spotted" whole lodging-houses full of "drifters" who were on the list to "personate." In a week no face was better known in the "Union" rooms. He was a little fox, but he was doing a very great deal towards spoiling the Monger vineyard. . . . . .

And his name and fame at headquarters went up, and up, and up. Finally the day came when bursting with triumph, he slipped breathlessly into "Traversy's" office, and reported that the Greeks were sure: they had had a meeting the night before, and they were with them to the last man. —"On'y dey wouldn't let it get out fer all

de money in America, dey're so scared o' Monger!"

The young lawyer rose up joyously, driving his fingers into the lad's small shoulder in his exultation, and told him he was the one and only "vote-pusher" in that district; he had given Monger his knock-down, and it was only a matter now of how deep they could bury him! Whereafter "Pickles" went forth and walked in the centre of the street, because he felt too large for the sidewalk.

Also he continued to work as no "vote-pusher" had ever worked before. He made Demosthenic orations to his "Athenians." He "got lines on" more "repeaters." He "spotted" more "personators." He thought votes all day and dreamed them all night. And, the Saturday before election day "de general chief" of the "Unions" himself rewarded and crowned it all a thousand times by formally taking him into the campaign legion-of-honor. For he pinned a purple and gold badge upon him, and duly authorized and assigned him as "watcher" to No. X. polling subdivision,—the one in which Travers was to be "Union" inspector, and Van Allen ballot-clerk. It was the "big subdivision," the most important in the district, and in it "Athens" voted. With "Pickles'" badge, too, went a card which admitted him within the booth-rails, which gave him the right to challenge doubtful voters, and to sit with the clerks, inspectors and division-captains, while the vote was being counted,—and if you don't feel the greatness and honor of that position, it is because you are a "no-good" American, and the faculty of awe and reverence is not in you! . . . .

From the streets that night came the blare and crash of scores of brass bands, the sound and fury of jostling marching-clubs, of roaring cart-tail spell-binders, of the shouting of hilarious corner audiences, of the crackling of red fire and the bursting of rockets.

In the Union head-quarters, faces sharpened and eyes lead-ringed from lack of sleep, ran nervously and unceasingly up and down the weary registration lists. And one small "newsy," aloof in a corner, was stooped in painful concentration over "*The Revised Instructions to Watchers and Challengers.*" He was laboriously spelling his way through the solid legal paragraphs, heroically resolved to memorize the whole two dozen pages.—"*A void ballot is a ballot on which there shall be found any mark other than the cross X mark made for the purpose of voting, ... or one which is defaced or torn . . . . or one which. . . . And it is the privilege of a duly authorized 'watcher' . . . .*"

—At half-past five in the morning of that raw, cheerless November the Fifth, young Travers, Van Allen, and "Pickles" were standing aside from a spitting group of Mohawks, waiting for the bakery in which the "big subdivision" voted, to open its doors. And before they had been inside long enough to arrange their places at the tables and set up the row of little bathhouse-like polling-booths, they were beginning to feel that they were "in for it."

Of the "chairman" and three "inspectors," one alone, Travers, represented the "Unions." And not only had Monger two watchers and two "challengers," as well as a ballot-clerk, but he had half a dozen "general utility" men outside the rails. And in this, too, he had kept within the law. . . . . During the last six weeks some three hundred thousand honest "Union" voters had been telling each other how furiously their blood boiled against "Mohawk" infamy. But apparently it had not boiled quite enough to bring out the five or six thousand of them that would have fully manned every polling division in the Greater City, and given the few hundred brave spirits who had done all the fighting for them some little assurance of fair play on that day when everything came to the decision.

However, the two young fellows were

evidently familiar with the "reformer who always stays in the audience." And, though their subdivision was pivotal in Monger's district,—as, indeed, *it* was one of the pivots of the city at large,—they accepted the situation with unworrying philosophy.—"Seems as if there are only going to be the three of us, old man," Travers whispered to his diminutive "watcher,"—"but I guess we'll manage to hold her down, all right."

"Pickles" did not answer him. He was taking stock of the "Mohawk" representatives with the gloomiest forebodings. They were all alike, typical "Monger's men," — thick-necked, bulldog-jowled young "sports' and bar-keepers; keen, hawk-faced "runners" and "touts" and "pullers-in." Half of them he knew,—Dorgan and Kutner of the "Bald Eagle," Gronan the policy-shop man, and Sodolfsky the door-man of a C—— Street pool-room. As for the chairman, the fact that the lad had never seen him in the district before made him only the more suspicious of him.

There was a shifty-eyed something about the man, too, that made Travers and Van Allen view him even more askance. And when he had made his first decision, forced upon him by the more than dubious identity of the third man to vote, their suspicion became a surety. For he ruled that all so challenged for identification should, for the time, be allowed their votes, and their legality be definitely decided upon in the leisure after the poll. This was practically in direct contravention of the State election laws; and the two young "Unions" knew that if crookedness could still beat them in the "big subdivision," beaten they certainly would be.

"Pickles," boiling, wanted to fly without further question for a squad of the special police-deputies under the Superintendent of Elections in the next district. But,—"Oh, let it go," said Travers; "this is something we have to look after ourselves. We get *them* when it comes to fighting,—and anyway, he can't stop any of *our* men, now. Supposing he'd left himself free to hold up your Greeks ?" Which *was* one phase of the decision that might very soothingly be thought upon.

And when, only a few minutes later, those "Athenians" arrived and for a long hour and a half crowded past the gaping "Mohawk" inspection, unchallenged and uninterrupted, "Pickles" was consoled. They came in a huddling, whispering body. They were full of present fears and miserable apprehensions. They could hardly be got to break their mass to pass the wicket one by one. They were like cattle quivering and quaking in a stock-yard run-way.

But it did not take Monger's men long to decide how they were *voting*, nor how overwhelmingly complete was the "turn-over!" It meant a difference of two hundred and sixty in a seven-hundred-vote subdivision,—in the boss's very stronghold, too. "Unless something could be done," it would lose him his district, and end forever his power and pull and bossdom!

Monger himself showed with sufficient clearness what it meant to him when he pushed panting into the booth ten minutes later. He plunged straight ahead of him, glaring at his henchmen like a charging bull. And before he reached them he was cursing and swearing at them.—"You got to fix dis, now! You got to set it dead to rights!"—In his fury he was careless if all the "Unions" in the "Greater City" heard him.—"Youse give it to me fifty times dat dese Greeks was solider dan ever! I told you it was a bunch you couldn't put no reliance on, and de on'y way to scare dem sure, was to pick one out and smash his head wit' half a brick fer an example! But you knowed, oh, you knowed! You was so certain, you was!—But you got to fix it now. You got de time yet, an' you got to fix it. You said dis division was all right, and now you got to deliver de goods!"

He poured his rage and brutality upon them, and they kept their eyes upon their registration-books, drawing lines and crosses on their blotters. They swallowed the green in their throats, they took what he gave them, and they goaded him with no reply.—And, when the "quiet hour" after the noon rush of voters came, they put their heads together in a corner and held a council. When they took their places again, it was with an air altogether distraught and casual. Travers and Van Allen felt the new portentousness in the atmosphere in a minute.

A young "Union" came in and whispered a question to the former.

"How are they going to play it out?" he answered,—"Oh, pretty near as straight as a ram's horn, by all present appearances.—But I'm still swearing by ourselves, Willie!"

"Pickles," for his part, was watching the "Mohawk" heelers with pupils tensely a-glitter. It was never for nothing that "Monger's men" looked meek and resigned. But, whatever it was those half-dozen "Mohawks" held up their uncuffed sleeves, it remained too far up for even the X-ray-like vision of the small "newsy." And, as hour after hour went by, the thing became not a whit more open. An occasional "drifter" or "colonizer" still went through under the ægis of the chairman's early-morning ruling. But Monger, it was evident, could have no hope now of winning by *their* crooked help alone.

Yet there was nothing else. The situation was absolutely without change. There was the same impatient line of voters, shuffling through the litter of paper on the dirty floor, the same dry haze of dust and tobacco-smoke, the same monotonous sing-song of names repeated from clerks to inspectors, and from inspectors to chairman, the same maudlin election-forecasting among the loafing crowd outside the rails. The current of the day was flowing flatly and wearily onward, unvarying, undeviating, unaltered. And "Pickles," as silent in his corner as a young Arab before his tent on a "Midway," held his prickling eyes now on this man, now on that. But whomsoever he watched, Kutner or Dorgan or Gronan or Sodolfsky, or the others he did not know,—one and all were manifestly "playin' de game on de level." Then like a terrier at a rat-hole, for a straight half-hour he watched the slot of the big square ballot-box.

But, at the end of it, he had only to acknowledge that the chairman was "playin' his game on de level," too. He took each trebly-folded ballot from the hands of the departing voter, and dropped it into the box regularly, and in good condition. There was no marking, no mutilating, no illusive sleight-of-hand.—A quarter after four came, half-past four, a quarter to five! Yet, in the confusion and hurry of the final minutes, there was no "Mohawk" attempt to rush through a batch of "repeaters!"—And "Pickles" was half crazy with the miserable suspense and uncertainty of it. Five o'clock came, and the chairman in his court-crier voice declared the polling ended. Clerks and inspectors hastily tallied books,—an exasperatingly empty form after the chairman's first decision. But the two young "Unions" went through it in grim-jawed silence.

Then followed the shuffle to arrange the tables end to end for the count. Travers crossed over to "Pickles" and relaxed into the chair opposite him, with a fagged-out but comradish grimace.—"Well, old man, what do you think of it?"

"I t'ink dey got a brick under de hat, somehow or udder!" "Pickles" answered fiercely.

For all the strain of the last twelve hours and the stress of the moment, the young fellow went into an inward roar.—"Oh, you *do*, do you? —Well, two more of us are thinking just about that, too. But the *hat* seems to be a kind of *trick* hat: we don't discover the brick till we've gone up against it!"

"Pickles" made no reply to the un-

timely frivolling. He was there to watch, and he had scarcely taken his eyes off the ballot-box. And now, when the chairman sat at the head of the triplet of tables, and the three inspectors took their places in a row at his left hand, first Travers, then Kutner, then Sodolfsky,—he was determined to "dig up de Mohawk pipes" if he died for it.—Tormenting thought, it might now be hours too late!

The crowd, a dozen deep, were steaming and crushing over the booth-rails. For all that a two-months' campaign stands for gathers itself, a hundred times intensified, into the breathless minutes while the ballots are being counted. Monger came in, and was, by virtue of his division-captaincy, admitted within the wicket. "Pickles," happening to look up found himself almost at elbows with him. He was not a coward, but he edged away from the big leader, down the line till he was opposite the last man, Sodolfsky.

The chairman unsnapped the padlock of the ballot-box, turned it on its side, and emptied the snow of ballots in a drift upon the table. Then, still without unfolding them, he arranged them into piles of ten. "Pickles" drew his breath painfully;—"If dere was goin' to be any swipin' done!" . . . . —But Monger's lieutenants were not officious. They did no more than straighten the little piles, and prepare for the preliminary scrutiny. In this scrutiny the chairman unfolds the ballots, rapidly glances them over, calls their denomination, and passes them on down to the inspectors. They classify them into three divisions, one for each of the "big" parties, and a third for "odds" and "split tickets." The count proper, in which all ballots spoiled or doubtful from whatever cause, are for the time thrown out, and from which the poll is practically declared, can then naturally and rapidly follow.

When ballots as large as napkins have been folded and refolded on themselves, "opening the papers" is a somewhat laborious business. But the chairman got briskly to work. He put the first, a "Mohawk," in front of Travers. He was about to send it down the table, but Monger called out scornfully,—"Oh, you can leave it dere. Mebbe if we let you have our pile under yer nose, youse'll feel a little sureder we're on'y gettin' what's comin' to us!" So the "odds" and "splits" found themselves in front of Kutner, and the "Unions" in front of Sodolfsky. If Monger had reversed the natural arrangement, he had left it a "saw-off," as fair for the one as it was for the other.

But there was something about the air and attitude of Sodolfsky, something in the pool-room door-man's careless sprawl of elbows and bored disinterestedness of countenance, which caught "Pickles's" suspicious notice in a trice. And he kept his eyes upon him unwaveringly, almost unwinkingly, minute after minute, till he felt them "goin' bleary" with the strain of it.

Yet he could get no cause against the man. He was doing his work precisely as the others were doing theirs. As each new "Union" ballot was passed along to him, his left hand flattened down the pile already before him, and his right added the last to come patly and evenly in their folds and creases. Though "Pickles" watched him until his head "went hot-box," he could find no fault in him. In desperation, he transferred his "bead" to Kutner, then to the chairman,—then back to Sodolfsky again. His brain was half-mechanically repeating to itself what he still remembered of the "*Instructions to Watchers.*" If that right hand, as it received each new ballot should "*tear, erase or deface . . . . . or put upon it any mark other than the cross X mark—!*"—But it *did* not. Anyone could see, beyond all question, that it was leaving those ballots just as it had picked them up.—"Pickles'" eyes again started despairingly up the line. His head was now like a choked up furnace. As ballot after ballot passed him his heart groaned anew. . . .

"Oh, dey're goin' to do us, de beasts!" he whimpered wretchedly to himself,—"Dey're goin' to do us, sure!" In final misery he came back once more to Sodolfsky, and watched him add the twenty-first to the twentieth, and the twenty-second to the twenty-first.—

Then, as that swart, long-fingered upper hand laid the twenty-third upon the twenty-second,—suddenly, and for only the barest moment, the lower half of it bent stiffly upward. The deft under hand was just slipping swiftly from beneath it. Across that "twenty-second" was a sharp, black mark!—

—For three seconds "Pickles" was without power of speech or motion. Then,—"You got a pencil!" he screamed;—"You got a pencil or some black lead! It's a-tween yer fingers!" And he sprang furiously for the other side of the table.

Monger's huge fist caught him below the ear, and knocked him rolling under the feet of the yelling, lurching crowd. He was dazed only for half a minute. The next,—nobody giving the first thought to him,—he was digging and writhing his way through the phalanx of staggering legs. Then pitching himself into the darkness of the shop behind, he flung through the door. It slammed upon him heavily, and on the instant the sound was dulled by the barricading back of a bulwarky "Mohawk."

He sped down the street, and—"De deputies, de deputies!" his spirit wailed in anguish. For with poignant clearness he realized what would now be the "Mohawk" game.—"Dey'll get Traversy an' Van Allen fightin'," he groaned,—"an' den, while some of dem does dem up, de udders'll grab our ballots!" And dropping his head pantingly on his breast, he fled through the election-night crowd like a hunted animal. It was a long half-mile run, but he was making the race of his life. . . . . .

He never had any precise idea of how he got those policemen; but a minute after he burst, choking into the wide, arc-lighted, official-bulletined hall, he was flying back again to the "big subdivision" with six broad-shouldered "election specials," running lumberingly but swiftly in his wake. He gripped the throbbing pain in his side, so that he might not give in and fall behind them. . . . . .—"If on'y dose "Unions" does de wise an' foxy! If on'y dey take it out in talk, an' stand t'ings off wit' an argyment!—If on'y,—if on'y—!" And the half-mile back seemed endless. . . . .

—Deputies Sulzberger and O'Sullivan drove with the united rush of a five-hundred-pound double battering ram against that barricaded bakery door, and their four fellow six-footers tumbled ponderously in behind them. And then went up such a volleying yell of check-mated "Mohawk" rage as had never been heard before in Monger's district! For "Traversy" and Van Allen had been "wise an' foxy," and they had been "standin' t'ings off wit' an argyment."—And the ballots still lay exactly as "Pickles" had left them!—

"The Ambassador to Athens" screeched with joy and triumph. Oh, Monger and his men might do what they would to him next day,—they could kill him, run him from his stand at the Bridge, send him to the Island,—but he had them now!—"I done it," he screamed;—"I brought dem!—Oh, you can't fly de coop now, Sodolfsky!—Let dem see a-tween yer fingers!—Oh, you're dirty, you're dirty!" He stopped for a moment, dry-mouthed.—"An' *him,* too, de old chairman guy,—he's been doin' us all day! He's de worst of de gang! But we'se got it *in* fer him! . . . . . An' now, Traversy, an' now, tell dem to go on wit' de countin'!"

* * * * * *

An hour later it was evident beyond all possibility of set-back or mischance that Monger's power was broken for all time to come. His district had gone two hundred against him, and Mohawkdom would never forgive him that. The "big subdi-

vision," in spite of his "drifters," and "repeaters," and "colonizers," in spite of Sodolfsky's black-leaded ballots,—(set aside for judicial reconsideration, and for *another judicial purpose,* also)—had given a "Union" majority of one hundred and forty-eight. And by nine o'clock it was as overwhelmingly evident that the same "Union" tidal wave was engulfing Mohawkdom throughout the whole "Greater City." Up-town, in the surging streets below the pallidly winking bulletins, were a hundred braying, blaring pandemoniums of fish-horns, bellowing megaphones, and rattles, like ten-horse-power cicadas. Down-town in the tenement quarters the altar-fires of civic freedom were ablaze at every corner, and ten thousand small boys were iniquitously feeding them with barrels and boxes looted from every near-by grocery.

Monger himself was making what bestial speed he could to drink himself into the gutter of forgetfulness. And when he should awaken, he would with swiftness begin to realize how completely, how crushingly, had all conditions in his world reversed themselves. The thousand poor and helpless whom he had for years so mercilessly afflicted, even by them would he now be as fiercely and unpityingly brought to justice.—Sodolfsky was already behind a steel-bar lattice; some "two years hard" would in all probability be his portion. And those with whom he had been "working,"—at any rate the shifty-eyed election chairman,—would as probably, and for as long a time, *continue* to work beside him.

In the down-town "Union" head-quarters "Pickles," rocking an ecstatic knee on the corner of "Traversy's" desk, shrilled anti-Mohawk mockery high above the shouting of belated returns and the tumultuous give-and-take of joyful congratulations. The "Ambassador to Athens" was uplifted to the glittering stars!

On the Monday following, he was wearing messenger-boy uniform within the wicket of the paternal Travers' law-offices. But, let it here be very explicitly set down, that as to whether he arrived by that smooth and well-ordered route of the law at the high estate which inevitably awaited him, the present honest chronicler cannot conscientiously engage to prophesy.

RAINY WEATHER

As I walked home one rainy day
  Escorting Miss Estella,
Above her head with care I spread
  My old black silk umbrella—
Such very wet and windy weather,
We had to keep quite close together.

"Now," thought I, "is the very chance
  Which I've so long been seeking ;
I'm sure the way is clear to-day,
  What should prevent my speaking?"
So I began, "In rainy weather
When two must be abroad together,

How pleasant 'tis to find that one"
  (I grasped the handle firmer)
"Umbrella 'll do to shelter two ;"
  (My voice dropped to a murmur)
"Then let us two in rainy weather
  Walk always side by side together."

"I should advise," in calmest tones
  Responded Miss Estella,
"You not to try to keep two dry
  Beneath this one umbrella ;
What's only fit for sunny weather
  Is not for us to share together."

I quickly glanced above. Alas,
  The while that I'd been speaking
A hole had spread above her head
  Through which the rain was leaking !
I cursed the luck that sent such weather
  When we two happened out together.

And so I learned that 'till a man,
  Above his head can carry
A good sound roof that's water-proof,
  He needn't think to marry.
Alone I trudge in rainy weather,
I can't afford to go "together !"

HELEN A. SAXON.

GOVERNMENT FARM AT INDIAN HEAD, MAN.

HIGHLAND CATTLE. CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

WHEAT SHOCKS AND WAGON LOAD OF GRAIN.

A MOUNTAIN TOWN, KAMLOOPS, B.C.

WHERE ANTHRACITE COAL IS MINED—BRITISH COLUMBIA

BORROWED PLUMES

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

TO be making endless entries in great clumsy ledgers when one would fain be fashioning polished paragraphs, or achieving felicitous verses, does not conduce to a contented spirit, and, appreciating this, one has less difficulty in understanding the unhappy look which Maynard Boulton's handsome features so frequently bore.

He was wont to liken himself to Pegasus harnessed to a dray, and somehow the simile afforded him a certain sort of consolation.

"If I only had a moderate income of my own, so that I could afford to quit the bank, and give my whole time to literature, what a happy man I'd be!"

Such was the cry of his heart, uttered again and again, when he was alone, and growing stronger, not weaker with each iteration.

What scant margin of time he could rescue from his daily tasks, and his social duties, he did devote to the patient pursuit of the Muse, and a still deeper pathos than that which had its foundation in the hopeless Philistinism of his routine occupation lay in the fact that the literary product of these exalted hours in some way failed to win the suffrages of editors or publishers. With one consent, and with kindly phrases which, however they varied, hid the same cruel meaning, they made excuse.

Yet Maynard, although sorely disappointed, was not daunted.

"It's that wretched grind at the bank which is to blame," he cried, "it takes all the inspiration out of me. If I could just have a year to myself I'd show these editors that I have the right stuff in me."

But the unsympathetic Fates betrayed no disposition to respond to his prayer for a period of leisure, and the unappreciating editors continued to courteously decline his proffered contributions.

Mrs. Waller's, where Maynard had his rooms, was a boarding-house of the higher class, whose patrons were carefully selected, and strictly limited in number. The atmosphere of the establishment was consequently more conducive to intimacy among the residents than is usual in such places, and they were for the most part on the friendliest of footings.

Maynard, while always polite and conventionally attentive to the ladies, showed no definite interest in any of them. The Muse absorbed his heart, and she was his only mistress.

Yet there came one day an addition to the pleasant circle that aroused him from his attitude of courteous detachment.

She seemed little more than the shadow of a woman—a white, frail, exquisitely dainty little body, with wonderful appealing eyes, and a mass of dark hair, already touched with silver. Doomed by some incurable spinal trouble to a life divided between bed and sofa, she nevertheless bore her cruel lot with unconquerable serenity, and the smile that was so ready to illuminate her pale, pinched features bespoke the bravery of her spirit.

Her name, Christina Thorgood, at first gave one the impression of being too sonorous and significant to belong to so small a person, but further knowledge was sure to find in her ample argument for its fitness.

This certainly was the experience of Maynard Boulton, who at the very outset of their acquaintance felt drawn towards the cheery invalid as he had never been towards any member of her sex.

Her society yielded him a two-fold return, for while he could not altogether suppress the comfortable conviction of bestowing kindness, he was even more alive to the fact that Miss Thorgood exercised a distinctly beneficent influence upon him. She both soothed and inspired him, so that he always came away from her the better for the time spent in her presence.

A bond between them was that they were both practically without kith or kin. Save for a distant relative, who was trustee of her moderate fortune, and with whom she had only business relations, she was the last of her family, and he, on his part, stood equally alone in the world.

It presently became his custom to drop into her cosy sitting-room, whose furnishings bore evidence no less to her perfect taste than to her love of beauty, every evening for a while before dinner. From the seductive arm-chair before the fire he would tell her, as she lay on the sofa, the news of the day, and such little incidents as were of interest to one who rarely set foot upon the city's streets.

This grew to be the brightest hour of the long weary day to her, and she waited for his tap upon the door with an eagerness that she would not for her life have had him discover.

As their intimacy deepened, their interchange of talk went far beyond the mere externals of things, and, almost before he realized it, he found himself opening his heart to her without reserve. His thwarted ambitions, his foiled aims, his hum-drum duties, his passion for unfettered opportunity in what he believed to be his true sphere, he told her all, and she listened with her whole fragile being attuned to complete comprehension and sympathy.

"It *is* too bad, but it will not be always so," she cried, rising from her recumbent position, that she might give more emphasis to her words. "Your opportunity will yet come. All things come round to those who wait, you know," she added, with a smile whose sweet significance he did not then understand, although it was revealed to him later.

The ice being thus broken, Maynard began to bring her the manuscripts which the obtuse editors failed to esteem, and the manifest pleasure they afforded her proved inexpressably grateful.

"If I only were the editor of a periodical, how glad I would be to get such contributions!" she exclaimed, her eyes glowing, and a spot of color showing in her pale cheeks. "But, don't despair. You'll come into your own some day."

The keen interest she henceforth took in the methods and manners of literary folk he regarded as in the main complimentary to himself, and he was well pleased that these and cognate matters should constitute the chief topics of their conversation.

As the winter drew on he noted with concern that such slight hold upon life as she possessed seemed to be slackening, and presently the constant attendance of a trained nurse became necessary.

"My miserable luck again," he groaned, after a brief visit to her room, during which she had hardly strength to speak to him. "Here, just when I had found one who understood me and believed in me, she must be taken from me. With her to cheer and inspire me, I would have done better work than ever I did."

But there was no staying the inevitable, and one night that ever remained a memory of unspeakable sadness, he bent over her to catch the whispered words that were to be her last. Pressing a packet into his hands, she said brokenly:

"You shall have your chance—that will tell you all. God bless you for your goodness to me." And then sank into the long sleep—wherein all suffering ends.

The reading of the contents of the packet filled Maynard with strangely mingled feelings. Acute astonishment and exultant joy contended with tenderest sorrow and fervent gratitude. Written in her own minute yet easily legible handwriting, the closely-covered pages contained such a revelation as the writer would never have made in life. They told the story of her heart, and the hot tears flooded Maynard's face as he read them.

Condemned by cruel fate to a life of great loneliness, she had starved for love until it came to her in the person of Maynard Boulton. He had brought into her shadowed existence the light and gladness for which she had pined, and in return for this ineffable boon she asked of

him the acceptance of all that she possessed. She was absolute mistress of her fortune. No one had any claim to her consideration, and so she would have him be her sole heir, entreating that he would receive the poor gift as willingly as she bestowed it. In the carved cedar chest of which the key was enclosed, would be found her will, and certain other papers, to be perused at his leisure, and dealt with as he saw fit.

So admirably had everything been arranged that Maynard met with little difficulty or delay in obtaining his inheritance, and was gratified beyond measure to find it sufficient to render him independent of further "drudgery at the desk's dead wood."

"Ah, ha!" he exclaimed exultantly. "Thanks to that blessed little angel, my time has come. I had no idea what she meant then, but I understand it all now."

It was not until he had somewhat settled down to his new life of freedom that he took time to examine the further contents of the cedar chest. Then came another surprise, as they proved to constitute a veritable treasure-trove, the nature of which nothing Miss Thorgood had ever let fall in the course of their conversations prepared him to expect.

What he found was a large number of manuscripts, the exquisite clearness of whose caligraphy was in striking contrast to the undeniable crudity of their composition. There were essays, stories, verses, instinct with original thought, brightened by a shy delicate humor, suffused with a profound sympathy, irradiated by a rare elevation and purity of outlook, and yet set down in a style that was actually childish in its untutored simplicity.

As Maynard read them one after another, he could not hide from himself that he felt strangely chastened.

"I understand it better now," he murmured. "These have the very qualities that my own poor things lack. I can string words together after a more literary fashion, I suppose, but she had the ideas, wonderful little woman that she was."

At the bottom of the pile lay a letter addressed to him, and endorsed: "Do not read this until after you have gone through the manuscripts."

When he opened it, and read its contents, he was brought face to face with as perplexing a problem as ever troubled a man's mind.

In her own simple direct way she told how through many years of loneliness she had found solace in setting down her thoughts, although never for a moment had she contemplated having them appear in print. She was fully alive to her utter lack of literary skill. She understood that what she wrote must needs be re-written by some practised hand before it could be made public, and on coming to know Maynard she realized he was the one to do this if he felt convinced her vagaries were of any worth.

But, and here emerged the problem, it was her express wish that if Maynard did undertake the task, he must have entire credit for the result. Her own part in it must be kept absolutely unknown. Whether the world received it with plaudits, or passed it by unheeded, could not matter to her. As he would make the venture, he should have whatever reward might befall.

The longer Maynard pondered this proposition, the more he felt its subtle sapping strength. The dilemma was so bewildering in its complexity. If he prepared the writings for publication, and revealed their authorship, he was violating the express terms of his trust. If he put them forth as his own, he would be playing false, although no one could suffer by it, nor the truth ever be discovered.

Yet, so rare was the quality of the dead woman's work, that he felt it must not be kept from the world, which sorely needed the very message it bore.

Neither need it be omitted that affecting all other considerations was the wild desire to bring those who held the gates of literature to terms at last, and have them

asking eagerly for what they had before refused even to encourage.

For many days did the distracting debate wage within him, and when finally the decision was reached he fully realized that he had crossed a Rubicon upon whose other side he stood an altered man.

When a little later the editors once more began to receive offerings from Maynard Boulton they were at first perplexed in no small measure. The style was undoubtedly the same as before, but the freshness of view, the delicious, lambent humor, the penetrating insight, the pathos as true as it was tender—whence came these novel enrichments?

Unable to solve the riddle, they ceased to concern themselves about it, and vied with each other in the warmth of their reception. Whether it was essay, poem, or story, they were only too glad to find a place for it in their pages, and 'ere long the name of Maynard Boulton stood high in literary circles, while the publishers, once so difficult, made no secret of their readiness to bring out his work in more permanent form.

In the intoxication of success, and the sweet satisfaction of having overcome the obstacles which had once thwarted him, Maynard found an opiate for his conscience that enabled him to keenly relish his rapidly-growing fame.

He accepted the homage offered him, however, without permitting it to turn his head, and went steadily on with his work, not allowing himself to be concerned as to what he would do when the store of manuscripts was exhausted.

One day he received a note from the famous editor of the *World-at-Large,* by general consent the greatest of periodicals, asking him to come to his office at a time appointed, and urging upon him to make sure of being present, as he wished to confer with him upon a matter of importance.

Wondering much what the summons might mean, Maynard did not fail to respond, and found himself in the company not only of the editor, but of a group of distinguished writers and artists, evidently gathered for the same purpose.

The editor was a bluff, hearty man, brimming with enterprise and enthusiasm, and he welcomed them all warmly to his handsomely-appointed sanctum. When the party was complete he made known his purpose. The *World-at-Large* was drawing near the semi-centennial of its history, and he had decided to celebrate the event by the publication of a number which should surpass in literary and artistic worth all previous issues. In the accomplishment of his object, he accordingly invited the assistance of those present. With their cordial co-operation, success was assured.

The project was received with the liveliest approval, and, after the outburst of talk it evoked had subsided, the editor began to make definite arrangements with his contributors.

When he came to Maynard Boulton, an icy chill of apprehension struck to the latter's soul. Nemesis, so long delayed, had found him at last, for now there was asked of him something that he knew but too well the cedar chest could not supply.

Nevertheless he bore a brave front, and not one of the jovial company rejoicing together over their liberal commissions, for a moment suspected that he felt like one condemned to execution.

That night in his room he wrestled with his fate until daybreak found him still unsleeping.

He had not dared to decline the editor's request, yet he had no thought of even attempting to fulfil it. What then remained?

Rack his brains as he might, he could see only one way of escape, and that lay in ignominious flight. It was unspeakably hard. It meant the surrender of all that he enjoyed in life. But there seemed no alternative. Accordingly, as quietly as possible, he set about his arrangements, and, when they were complete, he vanished from the place that had held him in honor to begin a new existence elsewhere under an altered name.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER XVIII.—(*Continued.*)

The hotel we stopped at was inordinately expensive—outrageously so. Mine host, an obese Dutchman, made me think of Lewis Caroll's dragonfly, for his body was a plum-pudding, his wings were made of holly-leaves, and his head was a raisin burning in brandy. As you cross the borders into the Fatherland you feel very small, indeed, for at once you are surrounded by tremendously be-buttoned men, very grand and officious. It is hard to withstand the orders of a man who wears a furious cavalry moustache, and a spread eagle surmounting his plated person. The Padre had taken our hand-bags into the Custom-house, but three of these important officials visited my coach one after the other, and tried to get me out "The sinewy vigor of the traveller" had failed me, and I was not in a humor to be moved, so pointing to the station, I said *Mein Herr,* whereupon they left me. The last one seized upon some baggage which did not belong to me, but had already been examined, and bore it off in defiant triumph.

Germany is "a land of vineyards and olive yards, and of brooks that run among the hills." There is no riot of nature here. Indeed, that old shrew has been so tamed and tyrannized over as to be now warped and twisted into the most capricious designs. The crops of different kinds and colors resemble a crazy-patchwork quilt. The women cut the grain and bind it in sheaves. It is not unusual to see a horse and cow ploughing together.

The comfortless tedium of the trip was added to by the numerous tunnels, where there was nought but Cimmerian darkness, steamy, vaporous air, and a smell "of the earth, earthy." Like somebody in the Bible, we had "gone down to the bottom of the mountains, and the earth with her bars was about us forever." At the stations, as in Holland, there were all kinds of commodities for sale, and everybody drank beer. Heads must be strong in Germany.

Our train passed down the Rhine through scenery of surpassing beauty. The river leaped and sparkled in dazzling discs under the lustre of a blazing sun. The fantastic rock forms with their castled tops, added romance and beauty to the scene. These hoary palaces are the dry-bones of the mediaeval strongholds of "the good old times." The heat was scorching, and I was too ill to crane my neck out of the window, so allowed the beauties to pass by unnoticed, while sympathetic travellers drenched me with eau-de-cologne.

Koln!—this is the German spelling of Cologne, but being British, it would be *infra dig* for me to use even a name "made in Germany." I shall not attempt to tell you of the dizzying wonder of the stupendous Cathedral, its vast and delicate proportions, pillars, portals, and chiselry. It has best been described as "frozen music." To read aright its arches, buttresses, and statues is to understand all architecture.

St. Ursula's Church in Cologne is a vast charnel house dedicated to the Saint, who with eleven thousand virgins, was murdered by the Huns in the eleventh century. The interior of the church is "decorated" with the skulls of these virgins. Some of the skulls are partly covered with velvet. We dawdled about Cologne till we were tired of antiquity—wearied of the scents and scenes of the city, and then we journeyed on to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where we rested a few

days before going to our destination.

There are two fine monuments in Frankfort, erected to Gutenburg and Goethe. The city is opulent, and the streets clean and wide. It is a city of sun. The householders, by a cunning arrangement of looking-glasses placed on their window-sill, are able to see all that goes on in the street without looking out. In this way they are able to reconnoitre their callers.

Hood pertinently remarked, it was that the tidy housewife might watch before being at home to a caller with dirty boots.

In a bookstall here, I saw a print representing the German farmer, and those whom he supports. They stand on steps and the Emperor occupies the highest one. He is made to say, "I am supported by the taxes." The preacher exclaims on his step, "I live on the tithes." On the next platform the soldier remarks, "I pay for nothing." The lower parasite is the beggar, who says, "I live on what is donated me," and on the last step the Jew boasts, "I strip them all."

We arrived at Homburg, the lovely Tanus town, late on Saturday evening. As we alighted from our *coupe,* an old woman, followed by two young ones, made a sudden sortie from a doorway and fairly embraced the Padre. Before I knew what had happened, D—— was whipped off and we were landed upstairs in a big room. This was Frau Becker and her maids, and here the Padre had lodged. One maid flew off for a warm bath for D——, another bed was put up for me (they all sleep in single beds in Germany), tea was on the table and D—— and I had been patted and petted and called *das gute kind,* and the prettay *frau.* Just fancy an English landlady being so demonstrative!

Homburg, August.

Homburg has nine thousand inhabitants. It was the residence of the Landgraves of Hesse-Homburg (I am not just sure what a "Landgrave" is), and years ago it was the Monte Carlo of Europe. The Marquis de Caux, Adeline Patti's first husband, was then the leading star of the place. The people talk about "the good old gambling times," although I should judge the town has fallen upon better days. Since gambling has been abolished, each guest is obliged to pay a tax of eight marks to the municipality for the maintenance of the parks, springs and roads. Already this season, exclusive of tourists, there have been twelve thousand visitors. We escaped this tax, for the Padre and family go to make up the parasites who live on the farmer.

Homburg is said to have the worldliest society in Europe at this season of the year. The visitors make it their business to thoroughly "enjoy bad health." In the mornings they throng the springs to drink the waters and to chatter in all known and unknown tongues. I take my morning draught at the Elisabethbrunnen on the tesselated floor of which are wrought the words:—

"Bubble, holy spring, thou present of the active depth,
Distribute forever and ever, a blessing to mankind."

Beautiful roads lead to the Springs, which are surrounded by parterres of flowers, orange trees, and statues of dazzling whiteness. All the while we are drinking, a string-band plays entrancingly. I am beginning to believe that the early rising, the walk before breakfast, a plain diet, and life by schedule, are not entirely unessential in the curative process.

The *Kaiser Wilhelm* bath-house is an imposing edifice, and contains eighty-four rooms. Hither come the victims of spleen, obesity, gout, rheumatism, and of anaemia, both mental and physical. In it you sweat and frizzle in baths of mud, pine, electricity, and vapor. If your purse and constitution will stand it, you may take inhalations galore, or the water, gymnastic and massage cures. Outside the baths, a

Swiss prepares and serves goat's-milk whey. We drink deeply and try to believe it most beneficial.

The centre of attraction, however, is the *Kurhaus* gardens, where twice a day we listen to the most ravishing music. I'll never, never laugh at another German band. At nights when the Rose Gardens and parks are lit up by hundreds of colored lights, they look like a fairy-land nocturnal spectacle. Sometimes a glittering girl dancer, with seductive grace of gesture, will execute a series of gyral antics and giddy paces, on an improvised platform, but under the spell of soft music, subtle odors, low laughter and the "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearl," her performance does not seem vulgar, but rather those of a "trickey, dainty Ariel."

In Homburg, it is never safe for a woman to look directly at a man, no matter how venerable he may appear. He is almost sure to give her a knowing glance, and perhaps follow it up by some ingratiatory remark, thereby hoping to lead up to his evil and unmentionable purpose. Some of these men, I am told, are loose-moraled Englishmen, who come abroad for adventures. They are heart-scalds to their families, many of whom make some claims to respectability. It is quite evident that if hundreds of people are trying to climb the social rungs an equal number are as busily engaged in descending it. The ascent of man is kept balanced by the descent of man.

The stately *Kurhaus* contains reading-rooms, ball-rooms, a theatre, a museum and a concert hall. The play-room where formerly the devotees of *Trente et Quarante* gathered, where the roulette ball rolled and the croupier's monotonous voice was heard, is now given up to games of more innocent nature. There is a gigantic dining-hall too, but it is the smart thing to dine on the *Kurhaus* piazza, where, however, you pay for "atmosphere." One portion of it has been set aside for the Prince of Wales and his suite, who come here every summer. If you would view the grand dames aright, you must promenade on this piazza between nine and ten o'clock, taking care to have on your finest bibs and tuckers, for the procession is nought else than dress-parade. Up and down they go; Russian princesses with costumes fearfully and wonderfully made, the wives and daughters of Ambassadors, English Duchesses, alarmingly *decolletee,* beautiful Americans and wealthy Jewesses. Down the long walk too, lounges Adeline Patti and her boy-husband. Her hair is dyed the new shade, known as "Tuscan red." Her jewels would buy a small kingdom.

Twice a week *reunions* are held. Last night the Duke of Cambridge gave an affair at the *Kurhaus.* The majority of the ladies were dressy, rather than well-dressed. The German officers, with their tortured moustaches, gold-sheathed swords and studied politeness, were striking figures, indeed nowhere have I seen men of better physique and bearing.

I engaged a nurse-maid for D—. We call her Gretchen. She is the most sullen savage in Germany. My attempt at making her understand what I require of her are as ludicrous as they are useless. In the best German I could summon up, and with the assistance of my pantomimic powers, I told her one day that I was not well, and wanted her to bring over my dinner from a restaurant. I waited nearly an hour, when Gretchen appeared, looking particularly happy. She had gone to the restaurant and eaten my portion. I could suggest some reforms in the Meisterchaft system.

The Padre has had the offer of the church here, but I think will decline it, as the season only lasts five months, and he would have to spend the remaining seven in idleness, which would be sheer torture to one of such an active temperament, besides, he likes roving better.

The church seats about five thousand, and is well attended. Like our American Indians, the people come and go through the service—some come only for the

prayers, others for the sermon, and a third lot appear for the Communion. There is a "Royal Pew," and when the Padre prays for the Royal family he can look down and see them there. He must also include in the State Prayers, as is customary here, the names of the German Imperial Family and the President of the United States. The Padre preaches to all these grandees as if they were very simple people and regulation every-day sinners given to gambling, lying, sensuality, and hypocrisy, which is most likely.

On his first Sunday two ladies and a little boy came up, and after shaking hands with him, chattered freely, asking him about his country. He was surprised to learn later that the ladies were the Empress Frederick and the Crown Princess of Greece. The little chap he had been patting on the head, will one day be King of Greece. A few hours later the Duchess of Rutland, who had sung in the choir, died suddenly, and a memorial service was held the next Sunday. The Empress sent a telegram expressing her regret at being unable to be present. She is always thoughtful and kindly, and in spite of newspaper gossip is greatly respected by the Germans.

CHAPTER XIX.

DER KAISER.

London, Sept.

We returned to London three days ago. My sciatica has been completely cured by my stay in Germany, and I am again sight-seeing. Before leaving the Fatherland, we spent an afternoon in the Emperor William's summer palace at Homburg. He was not here this season, and so we were permitted to see it.

The Royal Park which encloses the Castle on three sides is not laid out with the oppressive regularity of most palatial grounds. The paths lead you through avenues of chestnut, lime, poplar, maple, and cedars of Lebanon, over rustic bridges, and past a miniature lake wherein floats a fleet of lily-pads with golden varnished petals. A castle has stood on this site since Roman times, and about its protecting walls the houses have been built. "Like chickens cosily nestling close beneath the mother's wings." The oldest part of the castle is the donjon or White Tower, which was built in the year 1200.

Under the care of a herculean German, we pass into the courtyard through a huge *porte cochere* of red stone which was decorated by statues and lions cut in bas-relief. Crossing the yard we entered the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress. At the head of the ornate staircase leading to the King's Corridor, is a statue of St. Elizabeth feeding a child. This Queen was an ancestress of the House of Homburg. The King's Corridor is of grey marble, and is hung with a picture of Noah's Ark, and portraits of Maria Theresa, the Prince of Orange, a Turkish Princess who married Count Gleichen, and Frederick I.

Standing in the Emperor's bath-room, there is a vista of state rooms three hundred feet long They are all arranged with an eye to comfort rather than magnificence. After his bath *Der Kaiser* reclines in his "Rest Room" for an hour. The writing room is a sunny den, with an elaborate escritorial outfit. On the desk is a piece of beautiful Wedgewood, a gold inkstand, and busts of Blucher, Gustavus Adolphus, and Napoleon. There are books too, containing drawings of all the vessels of the Russian, English, German and French men-of-war, with their tonnage and armament. The draughts are the deft work of the King, and show not only energy and a great capacity for work, but also that William II. (to none) has given the matter of the navy his most sedulous attention.

Through an ante-room we entered the dining-room, where two huge porcelain vases, the gift of Nicholas I. of Russia, singled themselves out by their magnificence. The yellow and red Assembly

Rooms are hung with sumptuous brocades, a century old. We lingered long, examining the tables of marble marquetrie, priceless cabinets, needlework of divers colors, and exquisite paintings. The Empress has in her writing room a large vase made from a single amethyst, some beautiful *articles de luxe,* and an epergne of rare, antique, ruby glass. In an apartment given as a wedding gift from the town of Homburg, the walls are a marvel of ingenious handicraft. The monograms and crests of the wedded pair are inlaid with thousands of pieces of wood of different color and texture. The elaborate smoking-cabinet of Rubens is in this room. The Emperor and Empress occupy a large stately bedroom looking out over the town. Their downy beds of ease are sent from Berlin when required. Off the bedroom, are dressing-rooms fitted up with a wealth of delicate tiles and furnishings in birds-eye-maple.

In spite of all the saws about the crown, and the uneasy head, the position of kingship is by no means to be despised.

Two tennis tournaments were held at Homburg during the season. One was open to all the officers of the Army, and the first prize was donated by the Emperor. It consited of a gold smoking set, with his initials in diamonds on each piece. The other tournament was international. The champion was a young woman, a hybrid person, who looked more male than female. She was loose-jointed, long-strided, and prodigiously muscular.

Twice a week, in the afternoon, a ball was given for the children in the beautiful Golden Hall which almost translates one to "Bagdats' shrines of fretted gold." The figures of the children and grave masters of ceremony were reflected in scores of mirrors that paneled the rooms. The tiny maidens were be-curled and be-powdered, and be-sashed. Their important old-fashioned airs made one moralize on the fact that the child is not always father of the man, but sometimes mother of the woman.

The light infantry was composed of Italian, French, English, and Spanish children. There were little German Princesses too, who pirouetted with as much spirit as their subjects and visitors. Eminently proper little boys with high collars and gloves, looked nervous till the music started, and in a moment they lost all their airs and daintiness in a good old-fashioned polka. The tiny tots just hopped around on the polished floor and looked very sweet and kissable. A rough-and-tumble little lassie from Ontario, almost invariably chose for her partner a dark-haired Irish boy named "Teddy," who reciprocated the preference, and in every way upheld the national fame for gallantry.

When tired of the gayety and glitter of the crowds, we used to fly as birds to the Tanus Mountains that surround the city like outriders in green. In these mountain forests, thousands once lived, moved and had their being. Under our feet in gigantic mounds lay the remains of the original inhabitants, who with their weapons and ornaments were buried millenniums ago. Most of these mounds have been opened for scientific research.

It is good to rest oneself in these "black forests." It is the joy which a wandering child might feel when compassed by the loving arms of its mother. The dark languor of the wood and the soft depth of gloom have an air of mystery. You long to know their secrets. Perhaps it is the delirious glamour of your own mood, for some say that we see nature through temperament. It is not strange that the Northern imagination invested the pine woods with awe as the haunts of Odin and Thor ; that the Teutons should make them the home of the Erl Konig and his Elfin Court. The pine trees have such educated formal looks that they can be personified with ease. The Brahmans saw Pan in them. The Christians call them "God's crops."

The Padre used to read aloud from Law's *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy*

Life. It is an old book—two hundred years old—and tells how the imprudent use of an estate corrupts all the tempers of the mind, and fills the heart with poor and ridiculous passions through the whole course of life as represented in the character of *Flavia.* Listen! "If you visit Flavia on Sunday, you will always meet good company. You will know what is doing in the world. You will hear the last lampoon, be told who wrote it, and who is meant by every name that is in it. You will hear what plays were acted that week, which is the finest song in the opera, who was intolerable at the last assembly, and what games are most in fashion." Then we read of the pious *Miranda,* who "while she was under her mother, was forced to sit up late at nights, to be the folly of every fashion, always visiting on Sunday; to go patched and loaded with finery to the Holy Sacrament, to be in every polite conversation, to hear profanity at the opera; to dance at public places that rakes might admire the fineness of her shape and the beauty of her motion."

When tired of the doings of *Flavia* and *Miranda,* we used to sleep our weariness away. The air in the forests is dim and slumbrous, the tree-tops croon a lullaby, and the tassels of the rich pines form themselves into pillows.

There is a Swiss Chalet at the edge of the pinery, where we would buy rusks, for the all-prevailing resinous odor makes one hungry. The rusks crackled in our teeth, and like silly children of the woods, we made believe we were Canadian red squirrels eating beech-nuts, and laughed with the sheer bliss of being alive. I used to dip my rusk in the Rhenish wine called "Dragon's Blood," for it was enchanted wine, and came from the Castle of the Drachenfels, where Siegfried slew the dragon, and bathed himself in its blood, that he might become invulnerable. Rested and rejuvenated, we pass from the woodlands out into the summer night and down the green feathered slopes of the mountains, to the ever-brilliant shifting sights of the town.

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The Canadian climate and country resemble Germany in many respects. When the next century will have combed out Canada's tangles, the resemblance will be even more apparent. It seemed to me too, that the people more nearly approach the Canadians in habits and manners, than do the English.

I did not find the German cookery as startling as I expected. True, we went to restaurants where they catered for English guests, but sometimes we sought out a purely German eating-house, that we might sample the national eccentricities in comestibles. All German food has been divided into three classes—the salt, the sour, and the greasy. I have quite new ideas of the possibilities of veal. The German cook serves it in a dozen appetizing and savory ways, such as his soul loveth. I could not endure their oily salads and salt, rye bread of indigestible solidity, but the divine rolls made amend for these shrotcomings. A distinctively German dish to which my palate was totally uneducated, consisted of baked apples, with lemon peel, sugar, and brown meat gravy. Many indefinable dishes are served, which taste well, and about which I was not too curious.

The *Weinkarte* figures largely on every table. Indeed, strange as it may seem, you are always charged extra for dinner if you do not order wine. If you order water, mineral water is understood. You must be more explicit, and say you wish "natural water." Coffee, black and strong, with rolls, make up the German breakfast. Our bill for that meal always contained "extras" in the way of ham, eggs, and marmalade. At four the people have afternoon coffee—not tea. We found it almost impossible to purchase tea in any of the shops. They sold us something by that name, but when brewed it was evil

both in looks and taste. The German waiter is a model of attention and obsequiousness. He knows what you are thinking of, and presto! it is there.

By seven each morning all the streets have been swept, and chiefly by women, who use brooms of twigs. The females wear abbreviated skirts. Their heads are bare and without disfiguring halos of curl-papers. In person they are always clean and tidy. Pauperism is unknown among them, and thieving is a lost art. This is probably owing to the officialism and inquisitorial system of espionage that exist. During our stay we did not see a single case of intoxication. There does not seem to be any room there for the W.C.T.U.

The people complain greatly of the taxes, which are a crushing burden. They stigmatize the system as grand larceny. It is for the maintenance of the army, that they are so heavily charged, yet they are proud of their soldiers, and well they may be, for the world has never seen a larger, finer physiqued, better drilled or equipped army than is now to be found in Germany. Long ago Heine said of the soldiers, that they looked as if they had first been thrashed with ramrods, and then swallowed them. It has been hinted too, that the heavens opened and rained soldiers for forty days in Germany. The people we talked with have a poor opinion of the English soldiers. They consider the British Army a convenient and soft berth for young men of high station, the majority of whom are mere beaux, while the privates are of the rawest material. John Bull, himself, they style as the insatiable thief of the world.

The plegmatic German males, appear to exist largely on newspapers, Wagnerian music, beer and politics. The Teutons do not display the same gallantry to their wives and daughters as do Anglo-Saxons. The women are simply his domestic appanage. He holds that "To be without color, is the highest virtue of the women and the diamond." The Germans ask of a woman, only blue eyes, a bust, and economy. I was, however, surprised by what I saw of this people. Going among them with an English bias, I expected to find an inferior race. On the contrary, they are more ambitious, sober, and thrifty than the English, and cleaner both in person and morals. Vogelweide was right when he sung:—

> "German men have virtues rare,
> And German maids, are angels fair."

We did not expect even, with our Colonial democracy, to meet socially, the grand people who went to make up the Padre's congregation, and so were surprised and pleased when "The Lords of the Council and all the nobility" called on us and invited us to their luncheons and merry tea-drinkings.

Among the ladies who go to make up the smart set, there were some few beautiful women, who could swear upon occasion, who had cold hearts and hot lips, and whose lovers were not of necessity their husbands. These dames were not by any means considered the skim-milk of the *creme de la creme.*

But while birds of prey were plentiful, they were greatly outnumbered by real birds of Paradise, for refinement has reached its zenith in the persons of English ladies of birth. Their voices are soft and musical; their manners dignified, yet gentle. In their company I found what I had frequently read of, but seldom met, "the indefinable charm." These ladies are truly religious too, but is is a part of their breeding. They would no more speak of their fidelity to their Maker than of their faithfulness to their husbands. These things you may take for granted, without any misgivings. If their religious sensibilities are keenly wrought upon, they even shrink into deeper reserve, but will show their appreciation by gifts and kindnesses of no mean order.

Yet I have somewhat against them. They are unjust and harsh in their opinions of *La belle Americaine* who figures

prominently in European society at present. While outwardly the English women are courteous to her, they give it as their opinion that she poses, twangs, and overdresses. They say that she is surface-clever, has a superficial veneering of refinement, and is purely of the genus *nouveau riche*. These strictures may in a measure be intended to act as deterrents to the young man who is matrimonially inclined, for his mother calls her "a poacher;" or it may be that they really do consider her bad form. At any rate, it is what the Englishwomen consider her vices, which become her virtues to the Englishmen.

The American girl is vivacious, clear-witted, and an adept in the art of conversation. She knows how to fence, thrust, and parry in brilliant repartee. She is quick to assimilate new ideas or manners, and is always deeply interested in whatever for the moment is uppermost. It is not to be wondered that John Bull, jr., finds her society entertaining, and many matrimonial alliances that have been attributed to cupidity, are really only the doings of Cupid.

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To oblige an eccentric time-table, we rose with the sun and took the train to Biebrich, where we boarded the steamer *Die Kaiserin Auguste Victoria* for our trip on the Rhine.

Early in the day we passed the "vine-clad hills of Bingen." Across the Rhine from this lovely Rhenish town, stands Rudesheim, above which on a high rock is the Niederwald Monument, which is reached by a rack-and-pinion railway. This national monument was erected to commemorate the confederation of the German States in the present empire. The celebrated Mouse Tower, where the cruel Archbishop of Mayence was said to have been eaten alive by mice, stands on a rock in the river, opposite the Castle of Ehrenfels.

I half expected to see a fair lady sitting on the Lorelei Rock combing her hair with a golden comb. She no longer intoxicates with her voice, but with her grapes, and we had plenty of this intoxicant on our own vessel.

All about us, soft-spoken attendants filled the flowing bowls with vinious potations, for in spite of the beauties of the scenery, travellers on the Rhine get unromantically thirsty. In generous quantities, they quaffed rare and costly hocks that gurgled and laughed in the glasses, and excitable wines that recalled George Augustus Sala's wise advice, "Look not upon the champagne when it is dry."

The River forces its majestic way through volcanic upheavals and barriers of rock, up whose giant staircases the vines have stormed the position. There is no waste or irreclaimable rock; every inch is utilized and tilled. "Proputty, proputty's ivrything 'ere."

The Rhenish vine-dressers are far ahead of our Canadian farmers in diligence and thrift. The earth long chastened by the hands of man, has been brought to a state of the utmost perfection. In many of the vineyards there are shrines and watch-towers, for these people literally obey the command to "Watch and pray."

Each lofty rock-head is crowned with a castle and bastioned burgh, deep-wrinkled with the sun of a thousand summers. Ehrenbretstein has a fine fortress, whose grim-eyed batteries command the Rhine and Moselle. It is called the Gibraltar of the Rhine. We seemed to hear the echoes of the mighty conflicts that once convulsed Europe, when the monument was pointed out to us, that marks the spot where in 1814 Blucher crossed the Rhine.

At dusk, Cologne was reached. Some of the passengers expressed themselves as disappointed with the River. I have been wondering ever since what they expected. To me, it was a matchless panorama of beauty. Its castled rocks and sun-bathed, vine-mantled slopes were unspeakably lovely. Its unique spell will live long in my memory. It is "the land of longings fulfilled."

OF INTEREST TO LADIES

TAKING CARE OF THE HANDS

DID you ever see a pretty woman with a skin like a rose, but with coarse, ill-shaped hands?

Once it was enough for a woman to keep the hands washed and the nails clean and trimmed. Now much more is required.

It is the woman who does housework who is puzzled as to how her hands may look white and well kept. This is one reason why she often gets careless and thinks it is useless to attempt so difficult a task. The woman who does housework and is constantly dipping her hands in hot and cold water must take more care of her hands than must the woman who does no housework. She must wear gloves when she can. If her purse will permit, she can purchase soft rubber gloves to be worn washing dishes. Cast-off kid gloves can be utilized when sweeping and doing other rough work.

Then again, the woman who is constantly wetting her hands must dry them thoroughly. After she has been doing some dirty piece of work, or even after washing dishes, she should have close at hand a cake of good soap and a jar of almond meal or oatmeal, which will answer the purpose quite as well, and let her fill a basin with hot water, wash her hands well with the soap and then the meal, rubbing it all over the hands. This will make the skin white. After the hands are perfectly clean she should dry them thoroughly on a soft towel, and apply some nice lotion, such as glycerine and rose-water and rub well in. This will soften the skin and prevent it becoming rough or chapped. Hard water and impure soap make the hands chap. When the hands are chapped they should be washed clean in hot water, and a good cold cream or skin food applied to them and loose gloves worn all night.

To soften and whiten the hands, mix a paste of glycerine and oatmeal, powdered is preferred, and plaster it thickly over the hands, wearing loose gloves all night. A special glove open down the back is now sold for cosmetic purposes.

The buttermilk bath is also excellent for the hands. Take a double handful of powdered oatmeal or bran and soak it in a quart of buttermilk for an hour or two. Wash the hands in soap and very hot water, then dip them in this mixture and plaster the arms with it. If possible let them soak an hour or so. Then wash off gently with warm water, using no soap. Those living in the country have the advantage of being able to use rain water for bathing, and can always obtain buttermilk.

Of course the necessary attention to the hands will mean a little inconvenience and a little time, but what of that. Should it mean rising earlier in the morning, or the staying up later at night, there will be the satisfaction of seeing the hands look beautiful.

DOING AWAY WITH THE DOUBLE CHIN

WOMEN who are inclined to be obese, are always deploring their double chins. There is nothing that so soon marks the years as the fat necks and the habit of letting the head drop onto the chest. It is claimed that the weight of the fatty tissues causes the head to settle onto the shoulders, making a woman look shorter, and robbing her of all genuine gracefulness.

The new method of combatting the double chin is to hold the head well up, and the chin out, and very high, for with

this the throat gains in length and naturally in grace.

Sarah Bernhardt is accredited with having set the hold-your-head-up fashion, which is the latest pose among the smart set.

This new fashion of rearing the head is an exaggeration as all fads are for a time.

But the exaggeration is on the right side, and those who practise it will keep young and always graceful.

FASHION NOTES

All the most effective hats are now trimmed with some sort of flowers, or flowers in combination with something else.

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Crushed roses, roses and violets, pansies and dahlias, to say nothing of the immensely popular chrysanthemum, are much in vogue.

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French knots are by no means things of the past, but appear larger, more elaborate and more numerous than ever.

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Paquin and Worth, famed the world over, have each an entirely new and original model at the beginning of every season, and it is said that all the gowns they turn out during the following months are merely a variation of it.

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White is to be the rage again this summer. This is fortunate, as it is becoming to every woman.

The advance spring gowns tell a story of their own about sleeves and skirts. The former are to be fuller, and the latter anything but tight. Indeed, skirts are to be just as generous as one's figure can stand.

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Discrimination is the key-note of successful gowns. A woman who knows at once what she can and what she cannot wear, has solved the first problem of good dressing.

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Laces, plaitings and tucks of all descriptions are also on the list of summer sureties, while handwork in many old and new styles will be popular.

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Sashes are to be worn, and long stole-like ends of black velvet ribbon finish many a lovely gown about the belt.

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Black straw hats will be extensively worn next season.

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Fashion's favorite violet shows the pink instead of the blue cast.

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Pongee underskirts will be worn next summer.

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Summer sashes will have no loops. They will be held in place by fancy pins or buckles.

"Much also depends on the proper preparation of food, and a skilled housewife with ten shillings a week to spend on food will often do more for the health and strength of her family than an unskilled one with twenty."

Marshall's "Economics of Industry." P. 139.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY

NOTES FROM THE TORONTO SCHOOL OF COOKING

IMPROPER diet is depopulating rural France, according to Cloudsley Brereton, an English scientist.

* * *

TO HELP THE HOUSEKEEPER

Report is received of a very interesting and instructive exhibit of household appliances at the Drexel Institute, held during the month of February. This display was especially attractive to those facing the difficulties of poor help, poor supplies and poor conveniences for housekeeping. To lessen drudgery, to promote health, and to secure the greatest satisfaction for the time, money and effort expended in housekeeping was the laudable aim of this exhibition.

There were suitable house plans, for building in various localities. Ventilation was a subject for study, and such woodwork in the house that could be easily cleaned, which is something to interest every housekeeper.

Just why house builders persist in making baseboards with every possible dirt-catching angle, crevice and curve is not to be understood.

The photographs of rooms furnished with sensible simplicity were shown in contrast with those of the over-furnished sort.

In one frame was shown two rooms, which cost the same to furnish. The simple one was not only the more artistic, but the more admirable in every way.

All variations of the Windsor chair were recommended, and so were the plain, quaint Dutch styles. Cheap dietaries were indicated by comprehensive charts. There was also an arrangement called a dietary computer; likewise a table outlining a well-balanced division of the income, and much valuable literature on home economies.

Some interesting experiments were noted in textiles. Handsome linen taffeta, dainty cretonne, Japanese crepe, and other fabrics show the change wrought by washing and sunshine. There were too, the admired Colonial rugs, in rag and woven effects. There were suggestions as to underwear. It seems that laundering lace-trimmed, ribbon-run frivolity costs $83.20, as against $21.20 for the higher-class sort with sprays embroidered thereon in the French fashion.

Washing is a necessity, ironing a luxury, and besides, the fresh, sunned air remains an unironed material.

Economy and hygiene was the key-note of this struggle for the ideal, and it cannot but stimulate research.

* * *

MEASURES FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

A set of tin or glass measures with spouts, which measure from a gallon down to half a gill should be kept in every kitchen.

Dry ingredients such as flour, sugar, spices and soda, should be sifted before using; sifted flour will measure twice as much as unsifted flour. In cooking it is of the greatest importance to measure everything accurately. In measuring dry materials a teaspoon is a level teaspoon,

when a heaping teaspoon is intended, it is stated in the recipe.

Three teaspoons dry material equal one tablespoon.

Four teaspoons liquid equal one tablespoon.

Sixteen teaspoons liquid equal one cupful.

Twelve teaspoons dry material equal one cupful.

Two cupfuls equal one pint.

Four cupfuls equal one quart.

Four cupfuls of flour equal one quart or one pound.

Two cupfuls solid butter equal one pound.

Two cupfuls granulated sugar equal one pound.

Two and a half cupfuls powdered sugar equal one pound.

One pint of milk or water equals one pound.

One dozen eggs should weigh one and a half pounds.

Skim milk is heavier than whole milk, and cream is lighter than either, while pure milk is three per cent. heavier than water.

One tablespoonful of soda to one cupful of molasses.

One teaspoonful of soda to one pint of sour milk.

Three teaspoonfuls of baking powder to one quart of flour.

One-half cupful of yeast or one-quarter cake compressed yeast to one pint liquid.

One teaspoonful of salt to two quarts of flour.

One teaspoonful of salt to one quart of soup.

One scant cupful of liquid to two full cupfuls of flour for bread or muffins.

One scant cupful of liquid to one full cupful of flour for batters.

One quart water to each pound of meat and bone for soup stock.

Four peppercorns, four cloves, one teaspoonful of mixed herbs for each quart of water for soup stock.

It is often said of good cooks that "they never measure, they guess." Not so. Long experience has taught them to measure, and measure accurately, by means of that same experience and judgment. This, however, is a most risky experience for beginners.

* * *

SARATOGA PUDDING

Ingredients.—One cup of sifted flour, four tablespoonfuls of chopped suet, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, one tablespoonful molasses, one-half cup of currants, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of milk.

Method.—Mix milk, molasses and beaten egg together, then mix flour, suet, baking-powder, salt, sugar and spice and add to the liquid mixture; lastly add the currants. Pour in a buttered mold and tie a buttered paper over the top, and steam for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with cream or hard sauce.

CREAM SUCE

Ingredients.—One egg, one-half cup of powdered sugar, one cup of cream, flavor with vanilla. Whip the white of the egg to a stiff froth, and add the well-beaten yolk; then the sugar gradually; then fold in the cream, also beaten very stiff.

HARD SAUCE

To one tablespoonful of butter add four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, cream butter; then add gradually the sugar sifted; flavor with vanilla.

CORNMEAL GEMS

One cup of flour, one-half cup of cornmeal, one-half cup of milk, one-half cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, two teaspoonfuls of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Bake from 20 to 25 minutes.

HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

WOMEN AND WORRY

WE couple the two because worry is largely kept alive by the female sex. The impatient solicitude, the fretting, teasing thought, and many of the sinister hobgoblins that make life miserable, are bred of house atmosphere. The miry lanes leading to the Slough of Despond are not so often trodden by men. Their open-air life gives stronger pulses, steadier eyes and a better sense of balance. Business competition teaches them to obey the will rather than feeling, and strengthens their faculty of concentrating and guiding thought. Men do not negotiate for trouble, but women do. They negotiate for it at compound interest, and pay both the bond money and the pound of flesh.

With many of us fear has become a fixed habit. We fear lest our cruse run dry and the barrel fail. Fear of sickness, fear of death, and fear of Mrs. Grundy, are the bats and owls that lodge in the hidden recesses of our lives.

"S'pose," said a small boy to another, as they stood under a plum tree. "S'pose I was to climb there, and I was to slip, or there was a wasp's nest, or—

"No, s'pose!" replied the other, as he shinned up the tree.

Now, which one got the fruit? You remember how the White Knight in *Alice in Wonderland* lugged around a beehive lest he should meet a swarm of bees in his travels. He is hardly less open to criticism than some of us who bear around a bundle of "carking cares," with just such a slender possibility of ever seeing the evil day on which they will materialize.

Worries are very much like healthy babies, the better they are nursed the bigger they grow. If you let this baby die of neglect, rest assured the police will not arrest you.

A good bit of homely wisdom says there are two classes of things we should not worry about—things we can help and things we cannot help.

Evils we can, we ought to help. If we have to "sit on a cushion and sew up a seam," it is wisdom to sit and sew. If we need money, let us get out and earn it. Help them—that is the wisdom for this sort of cares.

But the things you cannot help? Why worry about them? "Which of you, by being anxious can add one cubit to his stature?" We cannot hold back the waves the sea flings upon the beach. We cannot shut pain and death out of our doors. We cannot prevent the disaster that comes through others. In the presence of this class of ills we are utterly powerless. They are irremediable. I do not mean by this to council an escape from our worries and trials by schooling ourselves in apathy, which might also be called resignation, insensibility or fatalism. It is this an Arab proverb teaches when it says there are two days on which it is needless to fear death—the day on which it is decreed we shall not die, and the day on which

it is decreed we shall; and if death need not be feared, what else should be?

On the contrary, accept the inevitable, not with apathy, but *with the object of making use of it.* Get this firmly embedded in your thought-world and it will be a gold mine to you. You will no longer be the creature of circumstances but the master of them.

Worry is a ruinous expenditure of vital force. It is a mental tenant which pulls down our physical organism just as its opposite builds up bodily tissue, then why harbor such an expensive guest? "The only thing to be feared," said a philosopher, "is fear."

Present troubles may be very real and very sore, petty vexations rasp you every hour of the day, and there may be never a rift in the clouds. Of course, in the future, "the rainy day" will come, and the strong tempest, and the frost that bites to the bone. Nevertheless, don't worry. Demand of your intellect to free you entirely from the corroding influence of anxiety.

The warp and woof of your mentality holds strands of fear that have been twisted therein by past generations, but these threads may be plucked out.

You can change your consciousness concerning these fears by putting yourself in harmony with them, *and using them.*

You can awaken recuperative forces to action and conquer one emotion with another. The opponent of fear is courage. Courage recognizes the danger and avoids or meets it with a calm face and a confidence in its own powers. Indeed, this salutary and protective trait is the very condition of existence. Mulford is right when he says we do not want to run away from that interview we fear, or from that difficulty we dread, so much as we want the state of mind which will cause us not to fear it. In this way we will not only cease to dread the terrible lion in our path, but will be eager to test our faculties upon it.

Like Bunyan's *Pilgrim*, when we enter the narrow passage, and look very narrowly before us at the lions, though we see not the chains, they will be chained all the same.

Is this too complex and difficult for you? Then fill your hearts and hands full of to-day. Expel the "blue devil" by a hot bath. "A simple remedy," you say. Yes! but you asked something simple. You never leave a hot bath in the frame of mind in which you entered. If you don't believe it, ask the asylum nurses what they do to calm their nervous, excited patients. Play on the piano. Take active exercise or amusement. Better still, adopt Lord Lytton's advice and attack a new language, for brain-work is the greatest antidote to worry.

Are you in a tearing hurry, worried about how much you have to do to-day, to-morrow? Then sit down and say, "I *will not* be driven by these duties." When you have recovered balance, take up the appointed tale of bricks. Do one thing at a time. Sufficient unto the hour is the labor thereof. Live but one day in twenty-four hours. "Never cross the great, big, muddy creek until you come to it."

Take short views of life. You are happy now. You are likely to be so until to-morrow. Then, it is the highest wisdom to enjoy yourself. The man who is climbing the Rockies must not look too far ahead, or it will tire him; he must not look back or he gets dizzy; he has but to set his foot on the right spot before him.

When the world holds *only black* for you, when it has seemed to turn you down with a thud, and the "Shadowy Future" is a grey blank, rest awhile and talk over your tangled affairs mentally. The ill-boding raven and his croaking "Nevermore" may often be routed by a deliberate consideration of the situation, and the causes of anxiety. There is no liar like low spirits. See if your Goliath is not a David, with possible hidden stones in his sling. Consider if you have not been in this plight before and outlived the worries and even

danced on them. Look back upon those apprehended miseries, the haunting ghosts that came to you in the night and worked such havoc with brain and nerve. You will find that nine-tenths of them never materialized, but passed harmless over you like the beautiful sun-steeped mist-wraiths which we call clouds.

You there on the verge of anaemia, despair, or nervous prostration, sit down, take a pencil and balance your accounts. Don't wait till Thanksgiving Day. On one side write your adversities and mishaps, both present and expected, and then in the other column make an inventory of what you have left on the side of possible happiness, your abilities, physical powers, your probability of life, your inheritance, tastes, possessions, friends, acquirements, and the pleasures you expect to derive from your work.

The result will surprise you. One of the keenest and most heart-breaking of worries is the regret at our own blunders, ignorance, and weaknesses. In our searching introspection, we learn to hate ourselves. We grow dispirited and tired of life itself. Luck dealt us a good hand, and we had the lead, but we played our cards badly and lost the odd. In such hours, it is well to recall the pregnant maxim that he who never makes mistakes, never makes anything.

What a waste of our energy and vital forces to blame ourselves for past blunders. How foolish. At best, we can only see through a glass darkly. A different course might have been attended by even more deplorable results. If, with reasonable prudence, we acted up to our light at the moment, we need not waste to-day in self-reproach or self-abasement.

Only one thing—don't complain of your worries. If you *will* hold by them, hide them as far as possible from public gaze. You betray your weakness by showing them, and sometimes the effort to conceal from others will hide them from your own gaze.

OUR AMUSEMENTS

"The world's as ugly, aye, as sin —
And nearly as delightful."

IT was a witty but much-bored Frenchman who said that life would be tolerable were it not for its pleasures. Doubtless, he referred to the artificial make-believe pleasures to which we so strangely subject ourselves.

Many of us there are who sigh over our invitations, and yet these same entertainments are classed as amusements. *Samanthy Allan* hit it off exactly when she described the pleasure excursion as "the pleasure exertion." Scores of us play golf, chess, poker or ping-pong, not because we have any special liking for these games, but because we are expected to play, and then "One must have some amusement, you know." Poor souls! how we bedevil ourselves—that is, some of us.

On the other hand, the great majority refuse to be mere "dumb driven cattle," and select their amusements according to their particular tastes, and it is in these same pleasures that they show their true colors. During the day, people are bitted and bridled by the work they have to contend with, but when work is done, then they reveal themselves. They flock with the birds of their own particular feather. It may be said of them, as of the saints of old, "Being let go, they went each into his own company."

We have no patience with the odious doctrines of the ascetics, or wooden-souled disciplinarians who maintain that whatever is agreeable to man is offensive to God, and to cultivate pleasurable sensations is to take a short cut to perdition. Nothing of the kind! Work and play are reciprocally advantageous. It is in our leisure hours that we rid ourselves of the lees of life. What is recreation but re-creation? At least, it should be.

The difference between true and false recreation is just this: The true is paid for with pain *before* you enjoy it; the false afterwards.

Amusement is healthful.
It is right.
It is inspiring.
We must have it.
A thousand voices in Nature demand it.

But this is the point. If an amusement sends you home at night nervous, so that you cannot sleep, and you rise in the morning, not because you are rested, but because duty drags you, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man to his work next day with bloodshot eyes, "big head," yawning, stupid, nauseated; and they are the wrong kinds of amusement. "He buys pleasure too dear who licks it from thorns." Such amusement is the agitation of a rough musician, who in ringing out the time, breaks the instrument. Anything that first pleases or gratifies and then hurls back on a man in terrible reaction, pulling him down mentally, physically and morally, is most obnoxious and deplorable. "I do it for a treat," said a man to Rowland Hill, when remonstrated with regarding a certain pleasure resort. "Indeed," replied Mr. Hill, "and I know what kind of a bird feeds on *carrion for a treat.*"

There are entertainments, too, that give a woman disrespect for the drudgery of life; for the rolling-pin because it is not a sceptre, for the kitchen apron because it is not a bespangled robe. Rest assured, any amusement that makes you long for a life of thrilling adventure, surreptitious trysts, hair-breadth escapes, and love that takes poison and shoots itself, is an amusement that is both foolish and hurtful.

When you come to analyze the subject closely, we find that all our pleasures are derived from three sources—the senses, emotions, and intellect. All are equally worth cultivating. Indeed, we cannot perform any action without this triple alliance. In our amusements we should handle the three much as we play "cut-throat" euchre, where the two players who are behind constantly enter into combination against the one who is ahead. In this way, we shall be able to keep a true and healthful balance of our powers.

It has been the habit of all ages to stigmatize the pleasures we derive from the senses as gross and unworthy. Even the Romans who worshipped the beautiful goddess Voluptas, the queen of sensual pleasure, represented her as having virtue under her feet. In our days, very few dare own up to the keen pleasure they derive from eating and drinking. And yet eating your dinner may be as holy an act —in truth, it is—as saying your prayers. Care not then, if people call you a wine-bibber and gluttonous; you will not be the first to lie under these epithets and you need not be ashamed of your company. Remember only, that the pleasure from the sense of taste should have its measure. It ought to be like the manna which the Israelites gathered daily in the wilderness —a sufficiency and no more.

The amusement which is pre-eminently cultivated to-day is the enjoyment of the emotions of risk, such as are excited by games of chance. Enjoyed moderately, cards, pool, back-gammon, horse-racing, and athletic games, are a healthful stimulus and beneficial, but immoderation is followed by exhaustion of the nerve-fibres and consequent re-action.

Some players have a habit of going to bed in the afternoon that they may come fresh to the card-table at night. In the smart set, the man who does this is said to *jouer le cadavre*—play the corpse.

Games of chance have unfortunately, an ill-odor as being the most convenient means of gambling—and of cheating, too, —for one naturally follows the other.

"What would you do if you saw a man cheating at cards?" asked a lady of Lord Hertford. "Bet on him, to be sure," said this candid gamester.

And 'tis a pity that these favorite amusements should lie under such a ban, but how often our fairest pleasures harbor the grossest sins. Just as where, in tropical countries, the most beautiful cacti grow, there the venomous serpents are to be

found at the root of every plant. Even Cleopatra's asp was introduced in a basket of flowers.

At every hazard table, on one side sit ecstacy, romance, enthusiasm, and the frenzy of joy. On the other, schooled into apparent quietness, are fierceness, rage and tumult. There is no mistaking the professional gamester when the gambling passion with its infernal spell is on him. It discovers itself in the greed of his eye, the hardness of his features, and the sickly pallor of his skin—sometimes, in the threadbareness of his coat.

On the whole, it is best to treat games of chance as boggy lands, over which we must run lightly without stopping to put our feet down.

Perhaps, of all the weary, flat, dull and unprofitable ways of seeking amusement, the society snare is the worst. It passes our simple understanding how people can spend their whole lives fluttering from one idle pastime to another. Even a child will not play with its toys all day. It must have food. "A leisure week," said a professional man, as the result of his experience, "or even a leisure month, is pleasant enough, but a leisure year, or a leisure lifetime is sure to become a leaden burden to carry." You might as well try to make a lion happy by feeding him with a fly as to satisfy yourselves with such amusement. It is like pouring water into a sieve or putting money into a bag with holes.

We go to some society "crush" and pretend to enjoy ourselves. We meet animated icicles in jewels and silk, people who do not say what they mean, or mean what they say. Two or three commonplace observations or vapid sentences do duty for conversation. On the way home, as likely as not, we will comment on the falsetto tones of the hostess, her bad style, or her bread and butter. The dear guests will style her eldest daughter as "an old campaigner," her youngest "a bran-stuffed doll," and her husband "a veneered cowboy."

Speaking of these silly rounds of society, Lord Chesterfield said those who value them are only those who see their gay outside and are dazzled by their glare. Those behind the scenes see the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machinery.

The fact of the matter is, the cream of earth's pleasure floats on the top. Be content to skim it. If you seek to drink deeper you fare worse. Most divers bring up slime, but few, pearls. Pleasure is found more often in simple things, in the beauties of form, line, and color, the blithesome song of a bird or child, the sinking of your teeth into a sweet-blooded pear, a sky pageant, or some silent joy that Mother Nature has ever ready to pour into the hurts of her returned and wounded children. One who cultivates these pleasures, can enjoy them every hour of the day.

Some find pleasure in fame. What is it? It means to be discussed by people who do not know you, whom you do not know, and whom you have not the slightest wish to know.

Then there is the amusement which is in "Plot-interest," as elucidated by the theatre or novel. It is the most fashionable narcotic of the century, claiming more devotees than opium, chloral and alcohol combined.

We can derive pleasure from gardening, photography, painting, or from the training of our pet animals to whose love and fealty we so often turn with relief from the association of our own species.

The commonest and cheapest of all pleasures is conversation. It is the greatest pastime of life. Others find amusement in collections of various kinds, and a person who has a cabinet stocked by his own efforts is one who will never complain of ennui.

To sum up all the foregoing, every man to his own taste—and every woman, too, —even if it be the pleasure derived from the contempt of pleasure. Only remember, pray, pleasure for sauce, not for food.

LITERATVRE

THE EMPIRE OF BUSINESS. By Andrew Carnegie.

THIS is a volume of rare value, in which the author covers a wide range of business topics that are of vital interest. It is pithy, pointed, practical, and bristles with argumentative weapons of the finest temper. Mr. Carnegie has the faculty of making an admittedly heavy subject not only instructive, but positively entertaining.

His opening chapter is "a talk" to young men on the elements of success in business. They should, he says, begin at the beginning, or, in other words, they must know how to lick postage stamps before they can write letters. Once begun, they should aim high. In the business sea, the young man will find that liquor is the Scylla, speculation the Charybdis, and indorsement the rock ahead. It takes a steady hand and a keen eye to steer clear of them. To succeed, the employee should never say, "What *must* I do for my employer? but what *can* I do?"

Very striking are Mr. Carnegie's words on thrift. Before quoting, we would like to preface them with a statement of *John Graham's* in *The Letters of a Self-Made Man:* "Boys are constantly writing me for advice about how to succeed, and when I send them my receipt they say that I am dealing out commonplace generalities. Of course I am, but that's what the receipt calls for, and if a boy will take these commonplace generalities and knead them into his job, the mixture will be cake."

Now the multimillionaire, Andrew Carnegie, gives in his receipt for making money the following directions:

"There is one sure mark of the coming partner, the future millionaire; his revenues always exceed his expenditures. He begins to save early, almost as soon as he begins to earn. No matter how little it may be possible to save, save that little. Invest it securely, not necessarily in bonds, but in anything which you have good reason to believe will be profitable, but no gambling with it, remember. A rare chance will soon present itself for investment. The little you have saved will prove the basis for an amount of credit utterly surprising to you. Capitalists trust the saving young man. For every hundred dollars you can produce as the result of hard-won savings, Midas, in search of a partner, will lend or credit a thousand. It is not capital that your seniors require, it is the man that has proved that he has the business habits which create capital, and to create it in the best of all possible ways, is by adjusting his habits to his means. Gentlemen, it is the first hundred dollars saved that tells. Begin at once to lay up something. The bee predominates in the future millionaire. Make a note of this essential rule: Expenditure always within income."

In the chapter entitled "Thrift as a Duty," the author returns to this subject, and writes:

"As a rule, you will find that the saving man is a temperate man, a good husband and father, a peaceful, law-abiding citizen. Nor need the saving be great. It is surprising how little it takes to provide for the real necessities of life. A little home paid for and a few hundred pounds—a very few—make all the difference. These are more easily acquired by frugal people than you might suppose."

"Thrift is mainly at the bottom of all improvements. Without it no railroads, no canals, no ships, no telegraphs, no churches, no universities could we have. Man must exercise thrift and save before he can produce anything material of great value. There was nothing built, no great progress made, as long as man remained a thriftless savage. The civilized man has no clearer duty than in early life to keep steadily in view the necessity of providing for the future of himself and those dependent upon him. There are few rules more salutary than that which has been followed by most wise and good men, namely, 'that expenses should always be less than income.' In other words, one should be a civilized man, saving something, and not a savage, consuming every day all that which he has earned."

'Tis a thousand pities that these business maxims, these great "secrets" of Mr. Carnegie, will not reach the rank and file of Canadians, for like Solomon's virtuous woman, their price is "far above rubies." "And here," says the author, "is the prime condition of success, the great secret: concentrate your energy, thought and capital exclusively upon the business in which you are engaged. Having begun in one line, resolve to fight it out on that line, to lead in it, adopt every

improvement, have the best machinery, and know the most about it.

The concerns which fail are those which have scattered their capital, which means they have scattered their brains also. They have investments in this, or that, or the other, here, there, and everywhere. 'Don't put all your eggs in one basket,' is all wrong. I tell you, 'put all your eggs in one basket, and then watch that basket.' Look around you and take notice; men who do that do not often fail. It is easy to watch and carry the one basket. It is trying to carry too many baskets that breaks most eggs in this country. He who carries three baskets must put one on his head, which is apt to tumble and trip him up. One fault of the American business man is lack of concentration.

To summarize what I have said: Aim for the highest; never enter a bar-room; do not touch liquor, or, if at all, only at meals; never speculate; never indorse beyond your surplus cash fund; make the firm's interest yours; concentrate; put all your eggs in one basket, and watch that basket; expenditure always within revenue; lastly, be not impatient, for, as Emerson says, 'No one can cheat you out of ultimate success but yourselves.'"

Mr. Carnegie does not believe in the efficacy of a college education for a business man. Indeed, the total absence of graduates in high position in the business world almost justifies the conclusion that it is fatal to success in that domain. Wanamaker, Clafin, Barr, Field, Lord, Jordan, Phelps, and Dodge, were all poor boys. In banking and finance, Stanford, Rockefeller, Gould, Sage, Dillon and Huntington came from the ranks, and were trained in the stern, but most effective of all schools—poverty. College education is necessary for the learned professions, but not for business. Education should be adapted to the end in view, and must give instruction bearing upon a man's career.

In a clear and instructive manner, the author teaches the A.B.C. of money, and makes a comparison of the gold and silver standards, showing how they affect the credit of the nation. He points out that silver, owing to changes of value, has become the tool of the speculator, and that steady, pure, unchangeable gold will ever be the best instrument for the protection of the masses. Whatever happens, they can sleep soundly on gold, but silver will bring bad dreams to wise men.

The author traces the genesis of Trusts and answers the exceedingly practical questions: "Do they menace the permanent interest of the nation?" "Are they a source of danger?" "Are they to prove mere passing phases of unrest and transition?" The fear of trusts, he contends, is a bogey-man, for, given freedom of competition, all combinations or trusts that attempt to extract from the consumer more than a legitimate return upon capital and services, write the charter of their own defeat. No body of men can pass resolutions that will change the great laws which govern human affairs in the business world.

Mr. Carnegie shows the reasons why the Republic has become the greatest steel-producing country in the world, for such she is. Twenty-seven years ago, England produced three times as much steel as the United States, but now the States produce twice as much as England, their annual output being 27,000,000 tons, or 40 per cent. of all the steel made in the world. And what does this mean? It means that the nation that makes the cheapest steel has the other nations at its feet, so far as its manufacturing interests are concerned. The cheapest steel means the cheapest ships, the cheapest machinery, and the cheapest thousand and one articles of which steel is the base, and so the Republic is on the eve of the development of a manufacturing power such as the world has never seen.

The author very aptly calls the scheme of the world's work "a three-legged stool." The three legs are Labor, Capi-

tal, and Business Ability. It is a triple alliance, in which all are interdependent and there is no precedence. Without capital, nothing of importance can be built. It is the first breath of life that comes into inert matter. The structure reared and equipped, Business ability comes in, but unless Labor starts the wheels nothing can be accomplished. Combined, these three forces work wonders, separate, they are of little account.

In the last chapter of this really remarkable book, Mr. Carnegie answers the pertinent question, "What would I do with the tariff, if I were Czar?"

He would, first of all, aim to keep free of duty the necessaries of life used by the many, and tax the luxuries of the few. He would have no income tax in time of peace. The policy of reciprocity, he would restore to the fullest extent. It is well for us that Mr. Carnegie is not Czar, for he would not extend this reciprocity to Canada, but would tax highly all our products entering the United States, because we belong to an European power, and he considers us a menace to the peace of the Union. We fail to see why Mr. Carnegie would grant reciprocity to England and deny it to England's dependencies unless he has a very covetous cast in his eye when it turns towards Miss Canada, with her wealth, beauty and illimitable prospects. That something of the kind exists is shown by his statement further on :

"Therefore, I should tax highly all her products entering the United States; and this I should do, not in dislike for Canada, but for love of her, in the hope that it would cause her to realize that the nations upon this continent are expected (?) to be American nations, and, I trust finally one nation so far as the English-speaking portions are concerned. I should use the rod, not in anger but in love; but I should use it."

Now the shy Miss Canada has been importunately wooed by Uncle Sam before, and it has hitherto been her policy to decline his overtures with thanks. She lays to heart the advice Bailey gave to the Miss Pecksniffs, and will "'Ave none of him." But when Uncle Sam loses his temper and attempts to "use the rod," the wary, but dutiful young thing will probably settle the matter once for all by referring him to "Popper Bull."

William Briggs, Toronto.

THE STORY OF THE TRAPPER. By C. A. Laut.

"YOU can't write about anything till you know it," said Emerson Hough. "You can't know it till you love it, and you can't love it till you have lived with it."

In her books on the Canadian Wilds, Miss Laut has filled all these conditions. She writes from first-hand knowledge of the subject. She has lived in the mountains, in the forests, and by the streams. She knows and loves the furtive folk of the wood.

The book has been dedicated, "To all who know the gipsy yearning for the wilds," still it is very diverting to the rest of us, who are content with the boulevards. The Story of the Trapper comes in like Parkman, proceeds like Miss Laut, and goes out like Mary Adams, with an Indian Woman's "Confessions" in the appendix.

In the foreword, the author tells us "the volume aims to show the type-character of the Western trapper, and to sketch in a series of pictures the checkered life of the adventurer of the wilderness." The first paragraph of the book is her proposition. It runs thus: "Fearing nothing, stopping at nothing, knowing no law, ruling his stronghold of the wilds, like a despot, checkmating rivals with a deviltry that beggars parallel, wassailing with a shamelessness that might have put Rome's worst deeds to the blush, fighting—fighting—fighting, always fighting, with a courage that knew no truce but victory, the American trapper must ever stand as a type of the worst and the best in the militant heroes of mankind.

Each with an army at his back, Wolfe and Napoleon won victories that upset the geography of the earth. The fur traders

never at any time exceeded a few thousands in number, faced enemies unbacked by armies, and sallied out singly or in pairs; yet they won a continent that has bred a new race."

Miss Laut throws light, too, on the perils and well-nigh incredible hardships of these men of "blood and iron." From a letter written by MacDonald, of Garth, to his son, she quotes this partial sentence: "Here at the source of the Athabasca, sometimes camping on snow twenty feet deep, so that the fires we made in the evening were fifteen or twenty feet below in the morning."

The trapper's most deadly enemies were the Indians, who, a hundred years ago, were not troubled with nice questions of motive and action, and rarely hesitated to waylay and murder the whites, either for revenge or plunder. Writing of these same Indians, Miss Laut says, "the Indian's stomach is the magnet that draws his soul," and "when an Indian balances motives, the motive of hunger invariably prevails."

The methods of trapping are interesting, too. Here is how the ermine is snared: "The little ermine comes trotting in dots and dashes and gallops, and dives to the knife. It smells the grease, and in all the curiosity which has been teaching it to forage for food since it was born urges it to put out its tongue and taste. That greasy smell of meat it knows; but the frost-silvered bit of steel is something new. The knife is frosted like ice. Ice the ermine has licked, so he licks the knife. But, alas, for the resemblance between ice and steel! Ice turns to water under the warm tongue; steel turns to fire that blisters and holds the foolish little stoat by his inquisitive tongue a hopeless prisoner till the trapper comes."

As we read, it begins to dawn upon us what the loss of the buffalo is to the Indian. It was to him bed, blanket, clothing, shields for war time, sinew for bows, bones for the shaping of rude lance-heads, kettles, and bull-boats, saddles, roof, rug, and curtain wall for hunting lodge, and above all, food that could be kept in any climate for any length of time.

Miss Laut traces with great accuracy the history of the rival fur-traders that strove for supremacy in America over "a territory richer than Spanish Eldorado, albeit the coin was beaver—not gold." In those bad old days, all companies held that "Opposition was the death of trade," that "Might was right," and that "Preservation was the first law of nature," and so they fought each other like devils. The ultimate victory of the Hudson Bay Company is thus strikingly summed up: "In the history of the world only one corporate company has maintained empire over an area as large as Europe. Only one corporate company's sway has been so beneficent that its profits have stood in exact proportion to the well-being of its subjects. Indeed, few armies can boast a rank and file of men who never once retreated in three hundred years, whose lives, generation after generation, were one long bivouac of hardship, of danger, of ambushed death, of grim purpose, of silent achievement."

One of the best sketches in this elaborate compilation of trapper lore is that of "Ba'tiste, the bear hunter." It is an idyl of the Canadian forest.

Miss Laut has added greatly to her fame in this book. There is something real and vital in her manner of telling that puts life into the narrative. Her training in journalism has heightened her power of interpreting the commonplace.

William Briggs, Toronto.

THREE YEARS' WAR. By Christiaan Rudolf De Wet.

GENERAL DE WET is a fire-eater, a ripe, thumping-romancer (we put it mildly), who breathes "accusations vast and vague, spleen-born and proofless." It is a pity that he still carries such a sore head. It almost needs trepanning. If he were only Irish, he could easily forget a beating in the satisfaction of having

a good fight. His story of the war reminds us of the wonderful, wily steer that so recently troubled Ottawa and the gate inventors. It could find a way out of every snare, no odds how cunningly planned and laid, and *it had only one eye.*

This is De Wet's case. He can see but out of one eye. The other is "a wall-eye." Nor does the similarity end here. Some up-to-date firm will condense the Ottawa animal to the minute proportions of a bottle of Bovril, and John Bull & Co., while not boasting of any such feat in hydraulic pressure, can still claim to have salted down the Afrikander, and cooked him pretty fine.

Indubitably some of De Wet's taunts will bite home, for among a quarter of a million soldiers, recruited from all sorts and conditions of men, we can hardly expect every one to be a Sir Galahad.

Then, too, many acts are fair in love and war that would not pass muster in everyday civil routine, but when it comes to lumping all our men in a heap and pointedly telling us that they are blunderers, plunderers, ravishers, cowards and turntails, we must reply that the matter is not even open for argument. The end of the war has proven otherwise, has proven that Britishers, whether Australian Lancers, Scotch Greys, Irish Fusiliers, Canadian Strathconas, English Grenadiers, foreign secretaries, statesmen or Premiers, are not the thugs of the world. They are its gentlemen, courteous, conciliatory, merciful, firm, liberal, just.

True, the history of the war demonstrated the fact that our men were often slow, slack and sleepy, but we consoled ourselves that in "the fight to the finish," Victory must inevitably follow our flag, for even if the route be the longest way round, the British have the knack of eventually "getting there."

Apart from his prejudice and one-eyed deficiency, it would be impossible for De Wet or any other writer to pen at this time a fair history of the struggle. At best they can only record the events through the medium of a dust-cloud. Partizanship causes a mental astigmatism which makes their views singularly distorted. Any history of the events in connection with the war, written now, can only be heaped together without testing or sifting. It is but through the vista of years that the historian can see without color and give the whole matter its proper balance.

As a general, De Wet was a foeman worthy of our steel. He believed in himself, which was the first step in making others believe in him. His mind was at once both strong and nimble. He was resourceful, far-seeing, quick-witted, crafty, unscrupulous, and not wanting in the quality of mendacity vulgarly called "cheek." Add to these elements his "stout muscles and sinewy heart," his daring, unfettered, almost foolhardy action, and you have the characteristics that enabled him to so successfully evade capture, and to lead our troops such a lively dance over South Africa.

In his preface, De Wet says, "I am no book-writer," but we have to take the events contained in this volume with a whole barrel of salt, nevertheless, he tells not entirely without style, a yarn that is lively, interesting, perspicuous, and often amusing. It is sad, too. These people, now our fellow-subjects of the British Empire, have suffered as keenly as we. On both sides there was bravery, the exuberant thrill of national pride, and the grand parade beneath flags consecrated by the blood of heroes. In both sides there were patriotic songs, thrilling bugle-calls, defiant and mad charges, and brilliant deeds that will live in the annals of our race.

On the other hand, we have seen the prosaic but pathetic struggle of the taxpayer, ruined homesteads, the rumbling of the death waggon, the lasting and bitter sorrow, the wily picket shot, the desperate hand-to-hand struggle of quick-breathed, hot-hearted men, the moaning

away of young life in the black night, and the untimely grave on the veldt.

The time for recrimination and taunts is past. 'Tis the time for hand-grasps and friendship—the time "When all men's good" should "be each man's rule, and universal Peace, lie like a shaft of light across the land."

Charles Scribner & Sons, New York.

THE LITTLE ORGANIST OF ST. JEROME and other stories of Work and Experience. By Annie L. Jack.

THIS book is a collection of short stories, which appeared first as serials, and now make their bow to the public in orthodox book form. The stories are well done. They are clean, wholesome, unintrospective, and are told with facility of expression and picturesqueness of language. The characters are all real people. We feel as if we were sitting before a good story-teller and hearing a living voice.

Many contend that books of short stories are not as salable as novels. This can hardly be right, for magazine stories are more popular to-day than ever before. And why not? They are "interpretations of a vital moment of life, snatched blood-red and hot with passion, from the long grey stretches of existence"—moments that have come to most lives, but which to ourselves appear commonplace. It is only the outsider who can see the beauties of our stained windows in the night.

In substantiation of the popularity of short stories, we would instance such books as "Plain Tales from the Hills," and Bret Harte's inimitable collection.

In the book before us, one of the prettiest stories is "A Silver Wedding," an exquisite little romance, tenderly conceived, and skilfully wrought out. It tells of a wife, who on her silver-wedding day takes a retrospective glance on her married life. For the last fifteen years she and her husband, though living under one roof, have never spoken to each other. The man was jealous because his wife had planted a honeysuckle given her by a handsome young clergyman, and had said, "Mary, if you plant that man's gift at my door, I'll never speak to you again until it is rooted up." And the woman tells how the devil took possession of her, and how she went out and planted the vine by the porch. The vine grew, and now on this twenty-fifth wedding-day was a great plant, as strong as the pride that held these two hearts asunder. The story of its uprooting by the wife, and the planting of two climbing roses by the husband, is as engrossing as it is entirely satisfying.

William Briggs, Toronto.

THE DEER FAMILY. By Theodore Roosevelt and others.

THIS volume is the first of a series of ten to be published in the "American Sportsman's Library." It is edited by Mr. Caspar Whitney, the editor of *Outing*, who exercises the privileges of his position by smartly calling up the writers, when he thinks occasion demands it. The book is dedicated to "the lover of the wild, free, lonely life of the wilderness, and of the hardy pastimes known to the sojourners therein."

The greatest interest naturally centres around the five chapters by President Roosevelt. With the exception of the buffalo, the chief quarry followed by American hunters now, as in the last hundred years, have been the representatives of the different deer families. To-day, ninety-nine out of every hundred head of game killed in the United States are elk, deer, or antelope.

The subject is discussed with such minutiæ, it is impossible to quote at large from the book, but we would append the President's opinion as to the best way of preserving the deer. It is to "establish on the nation's property great nurseries and wintering grounds, such as the Yellowstone Park, and then to secure fair play for the deer outside these grounds by a wisely planned and faithfully executed

series of game laws. This is the really democratic method of solving the problem. Occasionally even yet someone will assert that the game 'belongs to the people,' and should be given over to them—meaning thereby, that there should be no game laws, and that every man should be at liberty indiscriminately to kill every kind of wild animal, harmless, useless, or noxious, until the day when our woods become wholly bereft of all the higher forms of animal life. Such an argument can only be made from the standpoint of those big game dealers in the cities, who care nothing for the future, and desire to make money at the present day by a slaughter which in the last analysis only benefits the wealthy people, who are able to pay for game—for once the game has been destroyed, the livelihood of the professional gunner will be taken away. Most emphatically wild game not on private property does belong to the people, and the only way in which the people can secure their ownership is by protecting it in the interests of all against the vandal few."

It seems strange to the uninitiated that the "rutting" or mating season should be the "open season" for killing. The writers tell us how they lure the buck by simulating the call of his mate. How treacherous! It is what Scott called "seething the kid in its mother's milk." It is just thus "the strange woman" allures her prey, "till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life." What odds that the buck is often brutal, a coward, or a selfish bully?" This method of killing is not fair play, and does violence to our social sentiments.

MacMillan & Co., New York.

SHADOW RIVER, MUSKOKA

FINANCIAL

THE CANADIAN INVASION OF AMERICAN FIELDS

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

THERE has been so much said and written in Canada of late with regard to the alleged American invasion, some hailing it with cordial approval, while others, for reasons very difficult to formulate, and still more difficult to understand, assume to regard it with apprehension, that it is not altogether wonderful if the fact of a Canadian invasion of what might be fairly regarded as distinctly American fields of enterprises has been, if not entirely overlooked, at least inadequately appreciated. It would be perhaps too much to affirm that the financiers of Canada have as a body manifested that spirit of daring enterprise combined with almost prophetic foresight which has been so characteristic of their American contemporaries. At the same time there have been, and are, those who, while remaining in every sense Canadians, have yet had the courage to embark in enterprises entirely outside of Canada, and it is our present purpose to give some account of the more important of these undertakings in which Canadians have either taken the initiative, or have assumed an important part at a later stage.

THE TWIN CITY RAPID TRANSIT COMPANY.

To begin with, we have the Twin City Rapid Transit Company, which owns all the electric lines in and connecting the cities of Minneapolis, St. Paul and Stillwater. Having in view the size and importance of the flourishing "Twin Cities," it is only natural to inquire how it comes that their people have allowed a very important interest in the securities of the Twin City Rapid Transit Company to pass into the hands of Canadians. The answer to this is two-fold.

In the first place, there is no Stock Exchange in either Minneapolis or St. Paul; hence there is no body of brokers or financial agents interested in building up a market for home securities, or at all events to anything like the extent which would obtain if there were a regularly organized Stock Exchange in either of the cities, as is the case in both Toronto and Montreal.

The second reason comes naturally in succession to the first. After the securities of the street railway system of the cities of Toronto and Montreal had been dealt in on the Stock Exchanges of those cities—both securities having been listed on both exchanges—their shares had become favorite media for both investment and speculative transactions. Owing to the great proportion of Canadian securities at this period having passed into investment, the tendency was to force the prices of these street railroad stocks to so high a figure as to rob them of speculative interest for the time being. This stage having been reached, it was deemed desirable to seek the introduction upon the Canadian Exchanges of some other stock, if one could be found the securities of which were on so low a basis relative to their earnings and prospects as to make them attractive for extensive dealings on both investment and speculative account.

To a group of Toronto financiers, led by the house of A. E. Ames & Co., the Twin City Rapid Transit Company seemed to present precisely what was sought, and in the early part of the year 1898 a Canadian interest in the stock began, which subsequently developed to large proportions.

It was in February of the year 1899 that the Twin City securities were first listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange, the price then being about 70; and during that year fluctuations ranged between 60 and 73. The year 1900 made no marked change in these figures, but in the year 1901 the stock not only went beyond par, but reached 110. The year 1902, however, saw even this figure considerably exceeded, the highest point reached being 128 3-8. There were, of course, active movements up and down during this period, but the stock at present seems to have settled to what may be considered a standard price of something in excess of 120.

In the spring of 1901 the stock took its place as a leader on the Canadian Exchanges, Mr. A. E. Ames being elected a director in that year, and the number of Canadians taking an interest being largely increased. This stock, together with the shares of the Montreal and Toronto Street Railway Companies, were now regarded as staple items in the list of marketable securities.

Of the common stock some $16,500,000 have been issued, and of the preferred stock $3,000,000. The rate of dividend on the common stock is 5 per cent., paid quarterly, and upon the preferred stock 7 per cent. There are more than 250 miles of track in the system, everything being of the most modern and substantial construction, and the entire physical condition of the property of the highest character. Considering the inevitable growth of population, not only in the large cities served, but in the rapidly-extending suburbs, this corporation, possessing a practically unlimited franchise, and a five cent fare irrevocably fixed, constitutes an excedingly valuable property, about as permanent as human undertakings can be, and the Canadian investors have reason to congratulate themselves upon securing the important interest which, speaking generally, it is understood they intend to retain permanently.

The gross earnings of the system have increased from $2,009,120.98 in 1897 to $3,612,210.88 for the year 1902. The rate of earnings on the common stock for the past five years has been as follows: 1898, 2.49 per cent.; 1899, 3.66 per cent.; 1900, 4.70 per cent.; 1901, 5.87 per cent., and 1902, 7.06 per cent. The gross earnings for January, 1903, show an increase of 14.64 per cent. over those of the same month of the previous year, and though the management is conservative, there is a tendency in the market to discount a dividend distribution at a six per cent. per annum rate, commencing some time during 1903. The stock is regarded as a favorite collateral by Canadian banks, and in New York there is always a good demand on the Stock Exchange, and the shares are increasing steadily in favor with lenders. The stock is, however, rapidly passing into the investment stage.

Turning from the North to the South, we find in the city of Birmingham, Alabama, an important enterprise, to wit, the Sloss-Sheffield Steel and Iron Company, wherein the Canadian interest is so substantial as to justify its inclusion in this article. Although Canadians had invested in the stock of this company to some extent previously, it was not until the spring and summer of 1902 that large purchases on Canadian account were made. The progress of the company in the meantime having been closely watched, and it becoming apparent that conditions were shaping themselves so as to allow the payment of substantial dividends, when once the Canadian investors did decide to go in, they went in with a will, with the result that it is altogether probable that at the next annual meeting, to be held in the course of a month, two Canadian directors will be added to the board, to represent their fellow-countrymen.

The enterprise itself consists of an extensive plant, comprising a number of furnaces for the reduction of iron ore as well as coal mines and ore-deposits from

which the raw material may be obtained in unlimited quantities. The statement for the year just ended has not yet been made public, but from that for the year 1901 it appears that the product comprised over 200,000 tons of pig-iron, over 1,000,000 tons of coal, and over 400,000 tons of coke, besides enormous quantities of ore. When the figures for the year 1902 are made public, it is understood they will show earnings on the common stock of slightly over ten per cent., while indications for the present year are that still further advances will be made, in view of old contracts at lower prices having been filled and the product for 1903 being available for current prices. In addition President Maben has achieved such economies in production as to bring the cost per ton close to a minimum. It is understood that the product of the furnaces has been sold up to June, 1903, and if contracts for the last half of the year are as favorable as expected, it is likely that the company will have a net earning upon the common stock of about thirty per cent. The properties of the company were purchased on so favorable a basis that those familiar with them consider them to be excellent value for $18,000,000 cash, which represents the total capitalization of the company, including bonds. In other words, it may be affirmed that to all intents and purposes there is not a dollar of "water" represented in the securities.

The issued capital stock of this company consists of $6,500,000 preferred, and $7,300,000 common, making $13,800,000 in all, with $4,000,000 of bonds. Upon the preferred stock a 7 per cent. dividend is regularly paid. Upon the common stock no dividend has yet been paid, but certainly will be in the very near future.

THE SAO PAULO TRAMWAY, LIGHT AND POWER CO.

It is a far cry from the Dominion of Canada to the Republic of Brazil, but distance is of small account nowadays, and capital is ever ready to go wherever there is promise of adequate security and substantial returns.

Some five years ago Signor Gualco, an Italian gentleman then resident in Montreal, had occasion to make a business trip to the city of Sao Paulo, in Brazil, and while there had his attention drawn to the fine field presented for electric light and power enterprise. On his return to Montreal he chanced to meet with Mr. F. S. Pearson, consulting engineer of the Metropolitan Street Railway of New York, and succeeded in arousing his interest in the scheme, the result being that after due investigation had been made, Mr. Pearson was so entirely satisfied with the prospects as to have no hesitation in commending it to his Canadian associates in other great enterprises, notably Senator Cox, and Mr. William Mackenzie, of Toronto. With their co-operation a company was formed, in which Mr. Mackenzie became president, while Messrs. Frederick Nicholls, F. S. Pearson, E. R. Woods and Senator Cox, with others, formed the Board of Directors. The capitalization of the company consisted of a bond issue amounting to $6,000,000, and ordinary stock of $7,000,000, there being no preferred stock.

The concessions already obtained by Signor Gualco were taken over, and a much more extended franchise obtained from the Government, covering not only construction and operation of electric railways, but also electric light and general power distribution, the title of the new company being the Sao Paulo Tramway, Light and Power Company, Limited.

Sao Paulo itself is a handsome city, having a population of almost 300,000, admirably situated upon a plateau high above the sea level, and about 45 miles from the sea coast. It is the centre of a great trade in coffee, sugar, cotton and other products of the soil, in return for which a large business is done in manufactured goods of many kinds. It is a remarkably healthy city, having a death rate lower than that of New York itself.

It is finely laid out, and has well-paved streets and imposing buildings for commercial, public and domestic use. One hardly expects to find an excellent sewage system in these southern countries, but Sao Paulo is as well provided in that regard as many a northern capital.

The State of Sao Paulo, whereof its chief city was the birthplace of the Republic of Brazil, and the Paulistas, as they are called, control the Government, supply the Presidents, and in a general way are masters of the situation; in fact, they are frequently called the "South American Yankees."

In regard to climate, Sao Paulo comes pretty near perfection, providing you do not object to sameness, the thermometer never going higher than 95 degrees, nor lower than 36, while even during the season of greatest heat the nights are so cool that a blanket to cover one is always in order.

The water-power which the company converts into electricity for the operation of its own and other plants, is situated at the so-called Cachoira do Inferno (Rapids of Hell), which are little more than a score of miles distant from the city. An enormous dam has been built at this place, and a great lake thereby created, which insures a more than sufficient supply of water at all seasons of the year, while there is practically no limit to the quantity of power which might be obtained by the installation of additional turbines.

The street railway system, which is at present the chief concern of the company, comprises some sixty miles of track, thoroughly equipped in every particular and liberally patronized by the people.

The rapid growth of business can be shown by a few figures. Thus, for the month of January, 1901, the net income from the railway department was $11,821; while for the corresponding month of 1902 it was only a little short of $45,000. December, 1901, gave a net return of $38,000; December, 1902, of $58,000, and the grand total for the year were respectively in round numbers, $235,000 and $555,000.

The receipts from light and power, while on a smaller scale, show equally satisfactory growth, the net income for January, 1901, being $1,500, and for 1902, $7,500; for December, 1901, $6,700; for 1902, $13,300, and the respective totals for the two years being $41,500 and $152,000. The result being that the total net income from both sources rose in a single year from $277,000 to $705,000.

It is therefore very clear that the Canadian financiers, who were persuaded by Signor Gualco and Mr. Pearson to cooperate in this enterprise have reason to congratulate themselves upon the soundness of their investment and the sure prospects of substantial returns therefrom.

THE CUBA COMPANY.

An enterprise on a still vaster scale than any of the foregoing, and the identification of which with Canada may be justified on the ground that the man who conceived it, and under whose immediate personal direction it has been carried to a successful issue, is a resident of the city of Montreal, and, although he was a man of note in American railroad circles, 'ere he came to Canada a quarter of a century ago, undoubtedly achieved his greatest fame while carrying to completion that stupendous enterprise, the Canadian Pacific Railway.

When Sir William Van Horne retired from the onerous position of President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to become chairman of the Board of Directors, he was thereby relieved in a large degree of the vast pressure of work which he had been bearing during so many years. Considering the multiplicity of what might be called his avocations (for, although first and foremost a railway king, he is also an artist of no mean excellence, and an expert collector of pictures, ceramics, and other precious products of human genius and skill), he

might well have been content to spend the remainder of his days looking after his large financial interests, and enjoying himself amongst his artistic treasures. Instead, however, of doing so, he must, forsooth, look southward to the splendid island of Cuba, which once freed from the crushing yoke of Spain, could not fail to become one of the richest spots on earth, and seeing that her supreme lack was a system of railways, whereby her abounding products might be brought to market, he said to himself, " I will give to Cuba the railways she needs."

Whereupon, with all his marvelous energy, he threw himself into the project As if by magic a company was formed to undertake it. Behind this company are some of the foremost financiers of the American Republic, who unhesitatingly enlisted with Sir William in the enterprise. Although full details of its composition are difficult to obtain, it is understood that each share of its capital stock represents the substantial sum of $50,000, and that there is practically no limit to its financial resources.

Imparting to this new undertaking the same untiring vigor and executive genius whereby he carried the Canadian Pacific Railway to construction five years sooner than the contract with the Government required, or its most sanguine supporters ever hoped, Sir William has pressed forward the construction of these Cuban railroads, until already the scheme is in a large measure complete. The main line runs from Santiago to Santa Clara, a distance of about 300 miles, but there are many branches, of which the most important one is that making a junction between Santiago, Altocedra and Nippe Bay, where there is a fine harbor for ships of all sizes. A large passenger business has already sprung up, and the freight traffic promises equally well, so that the financial returns will justify the expectations of himself and his associates seems altogether probable, and the Cuban Railway System will take its place with the Canadian Pacific Railroad System as constituting two of the grandest practical achievements in the span of a single life.

THE MEXICAN LIGHT AND POWER CO.

The latest development of Canadian enterprise in American fields is the Mexican Light and Power Company, the history of which certainly illustrates the quickness of Canadian appreciation of a good thing and the confidence with which it is undertaken.

Among those actively associated with the early stages of the Dominion Coal and Steel enterprises at Sydney, Cape Breton, was Mr. F. S. Pearson, the eminent consulting engineer, of New York. His relation to these undertakings brought him into close contact with the leading financiers of our country, and when, therefore, he became inspired with the idea of providing the city of Mexico with the advantages accruing from the use of electric power, it was only natural that he should turn to his Canadian friends for the co-operation necessary to the carrying out of the project. The response was prompt and hearty. In a surprisingly short space of time the financial features of the scheme were practically settled, and a company known as the Mexican Light and Power Company, Limited, was incorporated under the " Companies Act " of Canada.

The authorized capital of this company is $12,000,000, whereof $7,500,000 has been placed and fully paid; the authorized bond issue $12,000,000, of which $5,000,000 have been issued. The essentially Canadian character of this corporation is at once evident from the composition of the Board of Directors, which is as follows: President, James Ross, of Montreal; vice-presidents, J. H. Plummer, late assistant general manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto, and F. S. Pearson, of New York; and directors, Senator Drummond, vice-president of the Bank of Montreal; F. L. Wanklyn, manager of the Montreal Street Railway; E. S. Clouston, general manager Bank of

Montreal, and E. R. Wood, managing director Central Canada Loan and Savings Company.

The objects of the company are the acquiring and operating of the property and franchise of the Societe de Necax, in connection with the water-powers on the Necaxa, Tenango and Catepuxtia Rivers, in the State of Pueblo, Mexico; the installation of plant for the generation of electricity, and the construction of transmission lines from the power-houses to the city of Mexico and elsewhere; and the distribution and sale of light and power within the city.

The federal franchise covers in addition the right to extend the company's transmission lines to any other towns in Mexico, and confers all necessary powers of expropriation, etc.

By the possession of this franchise, the company is in the position of enjoying a monopoly of the right of supplying electric light and power to the great and growing capital of the city of Mexico. Although the water-powers are distant nearly 90 miles as the crow flies, from the city, and the transmission lines on the route selected will be at least 95 miles long, the facilities for both creating and transmitting power are so great that it will be possible to accomplish it at a comparatively low rate of expense.

At present the City of Mexico has to depend for its power upon the burning of coal, and as this fuel is now, and always must be, an expensive commodity there, the minimum price at the best of times being not less than $8.50 per ton, the splendid field for the sale of electric power at a price which, while rendering its use far cheaper than that of coal, will yet return very handsome dividends upon the investment required to produce it, becomes at once manifest.

The Mexican Republic, under the direction of that marvellous man, President Porfirio Diaz, has for many years been enjoying the benefits of settled government and enlightened administration. Remarkable advances have been made, not only in manufactures and commerce, but in education and culture, and the increase of wealth has been by leaps and bounds.

The capital of the Republic, situated in the centre of the bed of a dry lake, is a handsome and prosperous city, rapidly growing in population and wealth. The streets are well lighted and well paved; there is already an excellent tramway service with nearly 200 miles of track. The public buildings are of striking appearance, and of substantial construction, and the whole city is full of bustling and prosperous life. Within recent years vast amounts of American capital have been invested in Mexico, more particularly in mines and railways, and this entrance of Canadian capital into the field gives every promise of proving a well-considered and amply remunerative enterprise.

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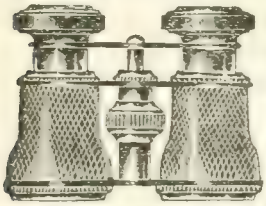

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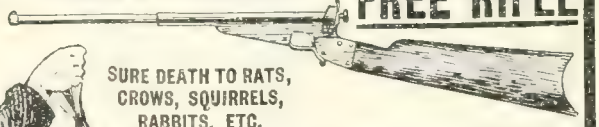

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The NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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Our Own Country
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Blunders in Advertising Canada
A Residence at Toronto
The Impressions of Janey Canuck Abroad
Literature: The Home: Finance

AUGUST, 1902

The World's Progress
Our Own Country
Principal Grant and His Work
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Ship and Railway Projects in Canada
The Canadian Pacific Railway
The Impressions of Janey Canuck Abroad
Sidelights on Cecil Rhodes
Education: Literature: Finance

SEPTEMBER, 1902

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British Columbia
Indian Children at Home
British Columbia Wild Flowers
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The Impressions of Janey Canuck Abroad
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ASSETS.

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$642,954.04
Real Estate	513,955.38
Loans on this Company's Stock	70,051.60
Accrued Interest	7,785.70
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	3,136 74
Accounts Receivable	1,050 97
Furniture and Fixtures	6,69) 93
The Molsons Bank	27,408.43
Cash on hand	9,774.47
Total Assets	$1,282,808.26

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	$1,013,590.17
Dividends Credited	37,079.34
Amount Due Borrowers on Uncompleted Loans	1,771.14
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	42 675.48
Mortgages Assumed for Members	11,300.00
Reserve Fund	45,000.00
Contingent Account	131,392.13
Total Liabilities	$1,282,808.26

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G. A. HARPER, }

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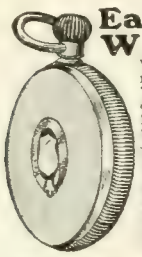

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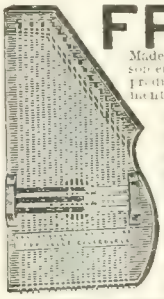

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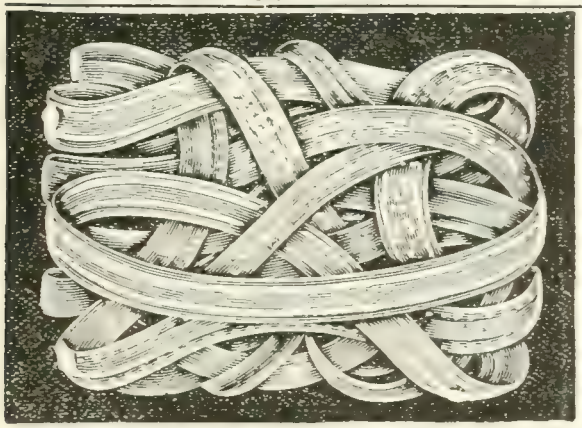

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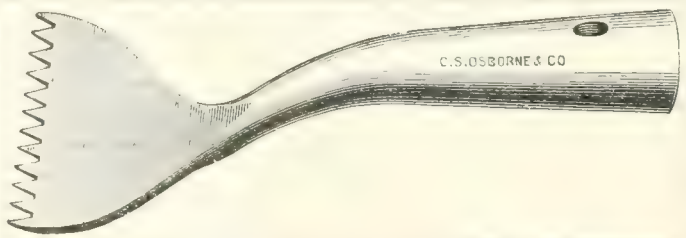

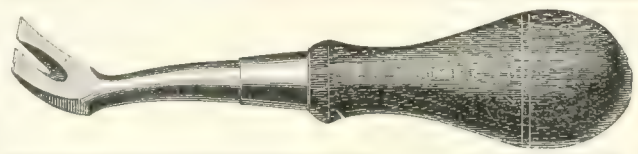

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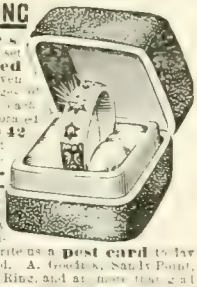

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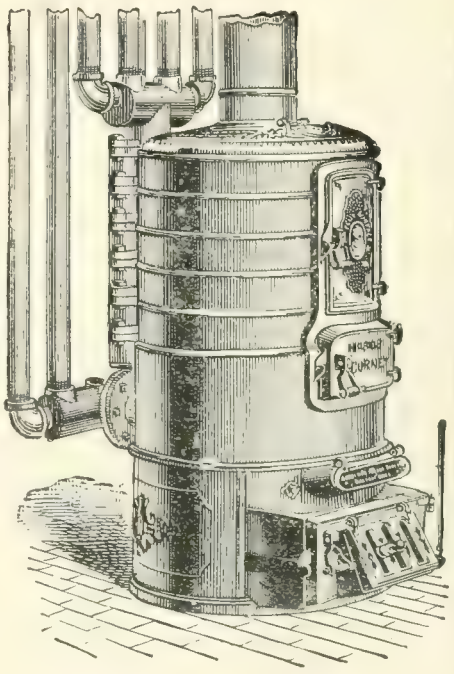

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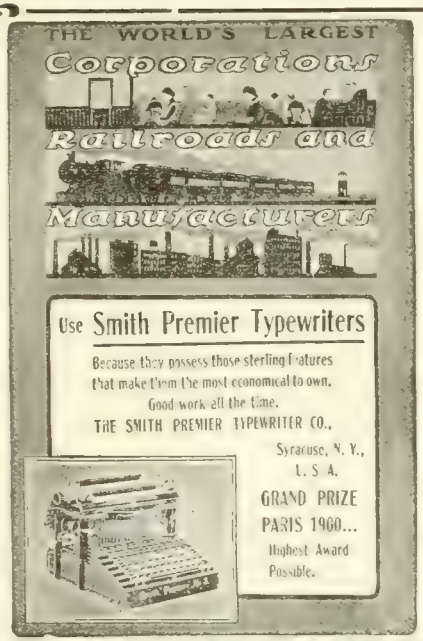
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CURRENT COMMENTS

The Demand for Men

ONLY a few years ago we heard much of the "armies of the unemployed." There seemed more men in the country than there was work for them to do, and one of the most natural results was that large numbers of men left the country and sought work elsewhere. Some of them are coming back now. Times have changed, and instead of a surplus of men and a scarcity of work, there is to-day an inconvenient, yet in some ways, a satisfactory, labor problem facing the manufacturers and farmers of Ontario particularly. It is a shortage of help. There is an abundance of work to be done, on all hands, but the men to do it are not forthcoming in as large numbers as required. For the man of sound health and mind, there is at the present time but little excuse if he is without employment.

There are very apparent reasons for this shortage in the labor market. The opening up of new lands in New Ontario and Western Canada has attracted hundreds of men from the older portions of the country, and many are still going. Their departure, which no doubt will mean prosperity for themselves and development for newer Canada, leaves a temporary vacancy behind, and this in the face of an increased demand for laborers in all our industrial centres. The factories in many of our largest towns are greatly in need of more men; the farmers of Ontario want 10,000 farm-hands; and the beet sugar industry is asking for 5,000 men at once. The Government has taken the matter up, and is endeavoring to meet the problem by encouraging immigration. Reports from all parts of the country are to the effect that unless large numbers of immigrants can be brought in and settled in Ontario within the next few months, the farming and manufacturing interests of the province will be greatly handicapped.

A lack of laborers is certainly an inconvenience, and unless the demand is met it will become a serious matter. But at the same time, it is an evidence of the increasing prosperity of the country. Such a state of affairs has come about so recently that the country has not yet been able to adjust itself to the changed conditions, but a balance between demand and supply will come gradually. Meanwhile it is infinitely more satisfactory to Canadians to know that the present shortage is caused by the building up of another part of our own country, than by the building up of a foreign nation, as it was a few years ago.

The Fast Steamship Service Again

DURING the fall and winter, comparatively little was said about the proposed fast Atlantic steamship service, which formed so absorbing a topic last summer. The matter has come to the front again, however, and in a considerably more definite form. The Canadian Government has called for tenders for a fortnightly service by steamers of 21 knots, and by steamers also of 16 knots; the routes to be between Liverpool and Quebec in summer, and Liverpool and Halifax in the winter; the ships to ply between and call at only British and Canadian ports. What line will get this contract will not be known till June, but it is thought that the subsidy will be about $750,000.

One of the tenderers will be the C.P.R., and the chances are strongly in favor of that company receiving the contract. The C.P.R. has recently purchased the entire Atlantic fleet of the Elder-Dempster line, and is thus in a position to furnish a first-class service. It also has the advantages of trans-continental railway connections. Since the matter has been thus brought to public attention again, considerable fear has been expressed that a monopoly will be the result, and legitimate competition will be crowded out. This, however, is groundless pessimism. The future growth of Canada demands increased transportation facilities, and the C.P.R., because it has a good equipment, will not necessarily prevent other lines from having a share of the trade. It will be one of the duties of the Government to see that a fair chance is given to all.

A New and Important Industry

AMONG the most promising industries which are now interesting Canadians is the manufacture of beet sugar. Heretofore there has been an idea in the minds of many that beet sugar is an inferior product, and would never take the place of cane sugar. As a matter of fact, however, it is equally good, and often superior to some of the granulated white sugars offered on the market. In the United States the manufacture of beet sugar has become almost a national industry, the total production last year being 860,000 tons. The natural facilities in Canada are better than in the United States. In California, one of the great beet-producing states, the beets have to be used up quickly, owing to climatic conditions, but in Ontario the sugar factories are able to run several months longer, beets cut in March being as sound as in November. The quality of the Canadian beet is also superior, and wholesale grocers pronounce the Canadian sugar to equal any made in the world. The largest proportion of sugar imported into Canada in recent years has been from Germany and other European countries, and it has been beet sugar; it has been amply proven that we can manufacture as good an article in our own country.

There are already four sugar factories in Ontario, and several more are projected. The crop is a profitable one to the farmer, yielding a net profit of $25.00 per acre. Other provinces are equally adapted, and there is reason to believe that in a short time Canada's sugar bill will be in support of a home industry.

A Politician Who Sees Canada's Needs

ONE of the best-known politicians of Eastern Canada is Attorney-General Longley, of Nova Scotia. Until recent years he has been a strong free-trader, but now, like Mr. Tarte, he has modified his politics in the face of what he sees to be the country's needs. In a recent article in an American magazine he shows that from a hard-and-fast free trade policy, the Liberal party has changed, by force of circumstances, to a policy of partial protection—which Canadians are now realizing, it may be said, to be inadequate. Mr. Longley says:

"The Liberal party was compelled to

abandon unrestricted reciprocity as a definite issue for two reasons. One was, it seemed calculated to wound the feelings of a majority of Canadians, who were loyal to the Empire, and who desired that no step might be taken which might cause strained relations with the Mother Country. . . . The second was that no tangible sympathy with, or support to their views was obtainable from any responsible party, legislative or executive, at Washington."

Of the present situation, which is more to the purpose, Mr. Longley says:

"It does not seem at all beyond the limits of reason that the Canadian Parliament might conceive the idea of equalizing the American tariff by imposing higher duties on articles which are most largely imported from the United States."

In other words, protection is coming to be recognized by politicians and Parliament as a necessity. Mr. Longley, as a recent convert to protection, expresses himself guardedly, but between the lines one may read a tacit admission that the day of free trade is past, and that the future prosperity of Canada depends very largely upon an adequate protection policy.

Our Canals and the Transportation Problem

BOUND up with the commercial development of Canada is the matter of transportation. It is no longer a question of where to market the immense wheat crops of the West, but of how to get that wheat to the seaboard. There are two means of transport—the railways and the steamboats. Last year the railways brought 550,000 tons of grain to the St. Lawrence, yet all through the fall there was a cry of wheat blockade and a shortage of cars. The most popular route, however, in the handling of Canada's crops is the combination of rail and water, such as that via Depot Harbor. The all-water route does not seem to hold the favor that might be expected. Welland Canal showed a decrease last year of 100,000 tons, but on the other hand, all the St. Lawrence canals but one had very considerable increases.

These facts would serve to show that the most popular route is the most direct, and it may be naturally expected that the bulk of the transportation will in future be over the composite rail-and-water routes. There can be no doubt that the solution to the transportation problem would be the construction of a deep-water canal from Georgian Bay to Montreal, thus furnishing the shortest and most direct route possible. Modern commerce is looking for short cuts. Such a canal would cost $72,000,000,—a big sum, but Canada has already expended a total of $100,000,000 on her canals, along circuitous routes, navigable only for light-draft vessels. Nearly all of the Canadian canals must be deepened. The cost of our canals last year was just ten times the revenue obtained from them, but it is nevertheless an absolute necessity that the work of enlarging, deepening, and otherwise improving these water highways shall be continued until Canada has an adequate system of transportation that may meet the needs of the country and hold its own against the excellent system of our American neighbors.

Getting Acquainted With Canada

IT is reported that a party of British members of Parliament are to visit Canada this summer, their purpose being to tour the country and see what manner of place it is. Such a trip will without doubt do them good, and incidentally it will also be a benefit to Canada. British statesmen have heretofore shown a regrettable ignorance concerning Britain's premier colony, and it is encouraging that they are at last wakening to an appreciation of our importance. A visit to Canada will convince them, as it has convinced hundreds of others.

One of the Scotch curlers who paid us a visit recently was fairly representative of Britishers as a whole. Speaking of his impressions of the country, he said: "Over home we have very peculiar views regarding the colonies. We are under the impression that Canada is rather a primitive country, with none of the improvements that the Old Country people enjoy. Imagine my surprise, when I discovered that in the way of accommodation in buildings Canada is vastly superior. The latest devices in sewers, waterworks, and lighting plants appear to be the usual order in all the Canadian cities, and in every way you appear to be more progressive than we are in the British Isles."

What Our Farmers are Losing

NO comment is necessary on the following figures, other than to ask if protection is not thus shown to be a remedy that the Canadian farmer stands much in need of. Every article in the list can be raised in Canada, yet Canada's money goes abroad, and the farmer loses. Our importations for provisions last year, as compared with six years before, were as follows:

	1896.	1902.
Butter	$132,018	$170,170
Cheese	321,082	245,489
Bacon and hams	143,618	656,204
Beef, salted ..	110,574	123,242
Pork, barrell'd	270,826	587,784
Meats, dried, etc.	116,454	193,328
Other provisions	133,469	565,366
Total	$1,228,041	$2,550,712

An Age of Young Men

THIS is an age when energy is essential to success. The lazy man today must go to the wall, and the man who lacks force cannot hope to meet with the world's favor. "The strenuous life," as President Roosevelt puts it, is the life that all candidates for success must live. Its tasks may be hard, but its rewards come at last. And since it is an age of energy, it is an age when young men are in demand, and when the best work in the industrial world is being done by workmen in the full vigor of physical and mental power. There are still cases where men well past the prime of life are continued in service because of past connections, and the owners and directors of hundreds of the largest commercial enterprises are men advanced in years. But an age meridian is fast coming into force, and if in many cases the old men are not actually shelved, it is true that in the majority of cases the man to establish new relations in a business enterprise must be a young man.

A prominent labor leader has recently prepared a table, showing the age limits in a number of the industrial trades. In all but the last three of the following trades the age limit is the maximum at which a man may hope for employment from a new employer:

Railroad [illegible]	21 to 35
Railroad switchman	30
Railroad engineer	30 to 35
Steamfitting	35
Railway machinists	35 to 45
Plumber	20 to 35
Seaman	35
Woodworker	21 to 45

In the mechanical trades physical strength and freshness are of course prime essentials. In the more sedentary callings it is trained experience and mental ability which is demanded; yet even here there is a tendency in favor of the young man. Witness the appointment to the general managership of two new banking institutions in our own country of two men, the youngest bankers in America, one of whom is under thirty. In both cases the directors preferred personal ability and energy to that form of experience which years are supposed to bring.

To establish a hard-and-fast age limit is, however, not practicable. Some men at forty-five are as good as others at thirty, in their full prime physically, and all the more valuable for the experience they have gained. To every rule there must be exceptions, but the fact remains that this is a young man's age, in which every young man has great opportunities.

Electricity for Heating

THE conversion of electrical energy into practical use for heating has not yet been accomplished to any great extent, although it has been partially successful in some Canadian cities in connection with the street car systems. It is altogether likely, however, that the secret of profitable electric heating will not long be wanting. Nearly everything else has been done with this marvellous energy, and scientists are now experimenting in the as yet unconquered field, with reasonable hopes of success. We need not be surprised at any time to hear of the awaited triumph, while that it will sooner or later be accomplished there is no doubt.

Heating by electricity will save so much that it may well be hailed with delight when it finally comes. The new power works at Shawnigan Falls, Montreal, are capable of producing power equal to that produced by six million tons of soft coal per year. Niagara will be still greater. Electric horse-power sells at from $15 to $25, and the householder who pays $80 or $100 per year for coal, would find his needs met by electric power costing about $75, with a much greater degree of efficiency, cleanliness, and healthfulness. For all purposes of heating and cooking electricity would be as ideal a fuel as it is an ideal illuminant. Electricians seem confident that within a few years what looks now like a scientific dream will be an accomplished fact. If such proves the case, the electrical development of Niagara Falls power may be made to serve other purposes than driving machinery and trolley cars.

Forty Days Around the World

NOTHING shows more clearly the wonderful advance of to-day than the way in which distance is being annihilated. One may go as far now in one day as it once took several weeks to cover, and still the prospects are for greater speed. The mere feat of breaking the records will have but little practical benefit, but the progress that is being made in transcontinental and trans-oceanic travel means much for the future. Thus, a journey around the world will soon be possible in forty days, though not many years ago such a statement would have been held absurd. When the Siberian Railroad is completed, in a year's time, the following schedule can be followed without difficulty: Montreal to Vancouver, four days; across the Pacific to Yokohama, twelve days; to Nagasaki, two days; by the Siberian road to Vladivostok, Russia, two days; to Paris, thirteen days; to Montreal, eight days. A reduction of one day is expected in the Pacific trip, so that the whole can be accomplished in forty days. In this circuit of the globe, it is worth noting how large a portion is covered, both land and water, by Canadian lines.

A Need of Better Hotels

WHILE the people of Canada are saying much and doing much these days to invite visitors from other countries, they are sometimes forgetting to make provision for their accommodation. A visitor is apt in many cases to form his first impressions of a strange place from the hotel in which he is a temporary guest. Canada's hotels are not altogether what might be desired, either in attractiveness or service. It is a matter of real importance, and one that needs immediate attention, for our hotels are to a great extent an advertisement of our country, one way or the other.

In many of our provincial towns the accommodations at the hotels are exceed-

ingly poor, and while they are improving each year, it is with a slowness and meagreness that is doubly unfortunate. The same is true of individual establishments in all our cities. On the other hand, there are not a few hotels in Canada that are in every sense of the word creditable, and may be pointed out with some degree of satisfaction. They are not always the largest establishments, and are not confined to the largest towns. There is a movement now in several different parts of the country to erect and equip thoroughly up-to-date hotels that shall meet the requirements of modern travel. The most notable of these is in the city of Toronto, while others are being built or planned in towns both east and west. But there is great need of a more general improvement in this direction. Every hotel owner in Canada can, by improving the service which he gives the travelling public, help to create a more favorable impression and thus advertise his country while advancing his own interests.

Ownership by the People

THE matter of municipal ownership has come to the front within recent months as it never has before in Canada. In Ontario the two questions that have been responsible for this have been the Niagara Falls power development and the telephone monopoly. Government ownership of the new transcontinental railway has also been urged in many quarters, it being held that the day of subsidies has given way to the day of public-owned enterprises. The telephone question was stirred up by some difficulty between a rural telephone company and the Bell Company, and a thorough airing has been given to what is claimed to be a monopoly. At the present time a great number of local independent telephone enterprises are on foot, principally in country sections, seeking connection with one another, and with the nearest trade centres. The Municipal Act of 1897 gives a municipality power to carry on a telephone business, and there is nothing legally in the way of such projects being successfully put into effect. In Fort William and Port Arthur the municipal telephone system has proved both satisfactory and profitable. The revenue to the two towns for 450 instruments is $8,240, while the cost to the subscribers is the unusually low rental of $24 and $12 per year, for office and house respectively. The telephone is nowadays a necessity, and such a service in the country sections is almost indispensable.

The largest experimenter in the world in government ownership is New Zealand. Railways, telephones, life insurance, and a system of old age pensions have been already experimented with, and there is now a proposal for the Government to operate the coal mines. By this new method the people will be guaranteed a sufficient supply of fuel at a reasonable price, and strikes will be out of the question. Whatever may be the result of these experiments in New Zealand, Canada will likely enter into municipal or public ownership with caution; but there can be no doubt in the minds of careful observers that there is now an increasing sentiment in favor of such control, especially as concerns the franchises that are in danger of being made monopolistic.

Money in Lumber

HIGHER wages have been paid to lumbermen this past season than any previous year in the history of Canadian lumbering. There is an increasing demand for lumber, and its value is steadily going up. Reports from all over the Dominion show that the cut this year will amount to a very heavy total, that in the Province of Ontario alone being 900,000,000 feet, and British Columbia with all records beaten.

Our Canadian forests are valuable. A pine tree, fifty feet high, is worth $10, as raw material. Manufactured into various

forms it is worth $300. Should not such enormous increasing of values be under our own control? Instead of sending our raw material away, should not our own country have the benefit of the manufactures? In other words, Canadian products manufactured in Canada.

Business and Education

THE recognition of the importance of business training is one of the encouraging signs of the times. To a certain extent that training can be obtained only in actual experience, but there is much in a fundamental way which it is the place of the schools to provide. There has been a great deal of discussion as to whether our schools do not educate our young men away from business rather than fit them for it. If this has been true in the past there are evidences that it will be no longer true. Commercial colleges are now established in nearly every part of Canada, and a new departure is now being made by the University of Toronto, which has provided a course in commerce for students who have the business life in view.

In England more than in America it has been the great fault of the educational system that it is not practical. But there, too, there are signs of a change. In opening the Manchester Municipal School of Technology not long ago, Premier Balfour said that an awakening had come over the English people. "Henceforth and forevermore, there will be a closer connection between the scientific studies and the great industries of the community. We must give that complete scientific training which is more and more the basis of our industrial fabric."

Affairs in Europe

OUTSIDE of the affairs of our own country, public interest is now fixed most attentively upon Turkey and Macedonia. There is a war cloud in the Balkans, as indeed there has been at almost any time for the past ten years. The prospects now, however, are that radical changes in the control of Macedonian matters are forthcoming. For the entire history of Turkish rule, it has been a case of mis-rule and bad government. The Macedonian people have been oppressed, tyrannized, and denied the rights of civilized government. Recently this oppression has taken the form of actual murder and pillage, and this in a country where life is hard enough at the best of times. The people have decided that they can endure it no longer. Hundreds have fled to the Balkan mountains, and are there organizing for revolt.

Austria and Russia have come to the relief of the oppressed peoples, and after preparing naval defences in case of an outburst, have presented a draft of reforms to the Sultan, asking that he put them into effect. The Sultan has promised to institute these reforms, but, from his past behavior, no one expects that he will redeem his pledges. Meanwhile the Macedonians are still inclined to revolution. Russia and Austria are holding themselves in readiness, and the whole world is watching with interest what has been called the "tinder box of Europe." News of an actual outburst is generally expected this spring.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER—THE MAN AND HIS WORK

BY A CANADIAN

IN the little village of St. Lin, on November 20th, 1841, Marcelle Martineau, wife of Carolus Laurier, Provincial Land Surveyor, gave birth to a son.

For the Lower Canadians those were troublesome days politically. The temper of the times was sulky and excited, for racial and sectarian feuds ran high, and threatened to break bounds. The breach between the English and French-speaking races seemed irreconcilable. The whole question was a pressing and depressing one, and had any one dared prophesy that the boy babe that year christened Wilfrid by the parish priest would be the first man to bridge the chasm, such prophet would be gibed as an unbalanced, brain-sick idealist.

Yet so it is, for Wilfrid Laurier has won the affection and support alike of French and English in the highest position our country has to offer one of her sons.

II.

The embryo Premier was educated at a Public School in his native parish; and later, when the lad had outgrown its curriculum, he was sent to L'Assomption College, where he laid the foundations of his splendid classical vocabulary.

Young Laurier began his legal studies at Montreal in the office of the late Hon. R. Laflamme, at the age of twenty-one, at the same time taking the law course at McGill University, from which institution, four years later, he received the degree of B.C.L. The same year he was called to the bar.

On his first appearance in court, the youthful barrister's appearance and deportment elicited high encomiums from the presiding Judge. Nor was the Judge particularly astute, for Laurier's superiority was easily patent to the most casual observer. Graceful, correct and unstudied action, a symmetrically beautiful countenance, and a noble, dignified bearing went to make up an appearance which would command instant attention in any crowd.

Laurier, too, was richly endowed with the typical characteristic of his race—temperament. It is this which gave to his manner animation without effort, and rendered him one of the most impressive and pleasing speakers of his time. Moreover, even at this early stage of his career, he evinced the incommunicable secret of style. His voice was a rich conversational register, and his soft, mellow French enunciation delighted the hearer with its liquid turns, falls and cadences.

Always a diligent, painstaking student, Wilfrid Laurier overtaxed his strength, and after practising law three years was obliged to seek the restoration of his health in the country. While rusticating at L'Avenir, he assumed the editorship of the reform journal *Le Defricheur*. Surely such a position is hardly an elysium of repose, nor can it be altogether harmonized with "the kindly medicine of rest," but certain it is that the change of work and air were highly beneficial to the jaded young barrister, for soon afterwards he hung out his legal shingle at St. Christophe, now Arthabaskaville, where he continued to practice with his several partners up to 1896, when he removed to Ottawa as Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada.

In 1880, the Marquis of Lorne created Laurier a Queen's Counsellor, in acknowledgment of his professional superiority in civil and criminal cases, and afterwards he was a member of the Royal Commission who revised the Code of Civil Procedure of the Province of Quebec.

III.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier first entered the Parliamentary arena as member for Drummond and Arthabaska.

If his first appearance in court was noteworthy, it was no less so in the halls of Legislature. One writer says that on that occasion he "produced a sensation not more by the finished grace of his oratorical abilities than by the boldness and authority with which he handled the deepest political problems," and one other has written, "On the following day the name of Laurier was on every lip." His words "rang out clear and true—their tone that of a coin of gold, pure from all alloy, and bearing the impress of sterling worth."

Although of French descent, Laurier's ideals have always been men of British birth, and in his latter years we find him calling himself "a Liberal of the English school—a pupil of Charles James Fox, Daniel O'Connell, and the greatest of them all, William Ewart Gladstone."

Three years after his *debut,* Laurier resigned his seat in the Quebec Legislature and was elected to the House of Commons for the same constituency. Two years later, in 1876, he was appointed the Minister of the Inland Revenue. In 1878 the Mackenzie Government was defeated, and Laurier went into the Opposition. For nine years he followed the Hon. Edward Blake, and for nine years more he led his party, till in 1896 he carried them to victory at the polls.

This time of waiting gave him an ample opportunity to perfect himself as a political tactician. With remarkable quickness of apprehension, he was constantly gleaning wisdom from the political mistakes of his opponents, so that even a biased partisan would to-day find it difficult to discover any material error of judgment committed in his piloting of the ship of State through the perilous and perplexing shoals of Canadian politics.

IV.

They were fiery and feverish days when Laurier took the helm in his hands. The Bishops of his own faith and all the Catholic hierarchy had renounced him as a traitor to his race and an enemy to the Church, by reason of his frankly favoring the conciliation of Manitoba in the school question, rather than its coercion.

It must be borne in mind that the Catholic majority in Quebec is over a million, and the Church by authoritative bulls and pulpit broadsides decreed that this majority should be thrown on the election scales against Laurier. But when the scales were finally flung out, the result was astonishing alike to English and French, for Laurier had been weighed in the balance, but was not found wanting. Out of sixty-five seats in the Province of Quebec, he captured fifty, leaving his adversaries in a hopeless, impotent minority. The people had openly defied the priests, and had worked out the very practical distinction between the Catholic as a parishioner and the Catholic as a citizen.

Several causes were at work to accomplish this victory of Laurier. Quebec was not unmindful of the fact that in matters of nationality and religion, she was herself alone in the sisterhood of seven provinces, and consequently was loathe to countenance the coercion of the Province of Manitoba by the Dominion Government, knowing that thereby she was establishing a precedent that might one day recoil as a boomerang on her own head.

Then, too, the ardent and praiseworthy desire to see a man of their own province, race, and religion Prime Minister of Canada for the first time was the burnt cross that rallied the electors in battalions to

vote for Laurier and the Liberal party which he represented.

But now his administration was face to face with a problem of such exceptional stress and urgency as would tax the resources of the most discerning and diplomatic statesmen. The appointment by the Holy See of an Apostolic Commissioner from Rome to enquire into the matter, the delegations from the Province of Manitoba to determine a basis of settlement, and the subsequent action taken by the Provincial Legislature, are matters of history. The question was finally removed from the domain of Canadian politics, and the Premier was more than ever the undisputed master of the situation. In this, as in his succeeding career, he has shown a capacity for meeting new and unforseen emergencies, a quickness of perception in clearly discerning his own opportunity, and his opponent's error, singular fertility of resources, and adaptation to varied circumstances.

In 1897, Laurier attended the Diamond Jubilee, and left a new and disturbing idea in the minds of the English. It was *the nationhood of Canada*. It caused certain lethargic Britons to open their sleepy eyes in order to look up on the map the exact position of this hitherto inconsequent colony, and every day since they have been opening them wider.

Yet Laurier is always rigidly patriotic. His fiscal policy for the Dominion in which the most prominent feature was the according preferential trade arrangements with Great Britain, amply demonstrates this fact, and the London *Times*, speaking of his new departure in Imperial policy with "the marvellous goal to which it leads," said, "Laurier's name must live in the annals of the British Empire."

While in England, he received honorary degrees from Oxford and Cambridge, was appointed a Knight of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, was sworn of the Privy Council, and received a gold medal from the Cobden Club, "in recognition of his exceptional and distinguished services to the cause of internal and free exchange."

In France he was appointed a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, and was received by President Faure. Later he had an audience at the Vatican with His Holiness the Pope.

Mr. Stead has pointed out that Laurier's Coronation message to the Old Land was no less disturbing than that of the Jubilee. He has practically vetoed Imperial Federation by refusing to allow Canada to be entangled in militarism. The sending of Canadian troops to South Africa is not to be regarded as a constitutional precedent, or as the fulfilment of a moral obligation. Canada reserves the liberty of co-operating with Britain as an independent State, and the right to decide whether she shall take part with the Mother Country or stand aloof.

In his relations with the United States, Sir Wilfrid has always upheld the best interests of Canada, yet with perfect justice to our American cousins. In none of his ideals is he narrowly national. The questions of fisheries, trade relations, international waterways, and the Alien Labor Law—to quote Laurier's own words—are matters "to be taken up together and dealt with in a broad, comprehensive spirit on one anvil."

V.

It would be difficult to name Sir Wilfrid Laurier's most distinguishing trait. He has no angles, so to speak. Equipoise, symmetry, and balance of power make him a round man, who carries himself with admirable steadiness. By reason of the fact that his sturdy independence and grim determination are clad in an exterior of unfailing courtesy, there are those who say that he does not possess these sterner elements of character. His tenure of Premiership has not shown him to be lacking in the smallest degree in these qualities.

No breath of scandal or corruption has ever tainted his name. His conduct has been uniform and consistent. He holds politics to be a science of which the object is the happiness of mankind, and not an exciting game at which the unscrupulous gambler comes out ahead. Canada needs more clean politicians of Sir Wilfrid's class. We do not ask pickpockets to carry our private purse, why should we entrust them with our public one?

Nor is the Premier's oratory merely the art of the rhetorican. It springs from the true source of all eloquence—warm feelings, fruitful imagination and powerful reason. He has a facile mastery of English, and his slightly French enunciation of it adds a piquancy which reminds us of a remark once made about Daniel O'Connell, "His tones had just enough brogue to sweeten them." Sir Wilfrid's admirable memory, great command of himself, coupled with strength of argument and resource of reply, make him a debater whom the unskilful should not rouse unnecessarily.

On the whole, this great French-Canadian has made us feel more kindly towards the politicians of our day and country, and has laid down a precedence of probity for the men who are to come after. His course has done equal honor to head and heart.

AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

NOME—PAST AND PRESENT.

By DEMAR.

WHEN our *S.S. Roanoke* cast anchor in front of Nome the wind suddenly stiffened to a gale and prevented our landing, and we had the privilege, so to speak, of viewing Nome for forty-eight hours of uninterrupted daylight.

The town looks quite respectable, houses, cabins, tents large and small, extending for a couple or three miles along the beach. The large commercial warehouses, recognized by their lofty lightering derricks, stand prominently in the foreground, then the hotels, stores, and other buildings, and high above the rest, but more distant, the golden-tipped spire of the church. Here was surely not a mining camp, hardly three years old, but a large town. And it was an agreeable surprise when going ashore at last, to find oneself on a street planked from side to side, and walled with wholesale and retail stores, banks, hotels, and official buildings, to hear newsboys offering the daily papers, to see telephone and electric light wires strung overhead, till at last one began to think that all the place now needed were trolley cars and university.

Nome takes its name from a cape fifteen miles distant, and is a lively relic of the tremendous inrush of miners in 1900. The town extends up and down the beach where they landed, and is, in reality, only one long street, with a few cross ones here and there to relieve the pressure of the population. Four or five miles away, in the background, are hills, and the tundra which lies between them and the beach is covered with Arctic moss and grass of a dull, yellowish and brown color. The moss, which resembles white coral, lies close to the ground, but the grass grows in tufts, or hummocks, sometimes a foot or two in height. These are hard and round, and make walking most difficult. They are the "niggerheads," so well known in Alaska, and so thoroughly detested by prospectors, who have to trudge—or "mush," as they call it,—over the tundra. The whole aspect of this portion of the country is one of barrenness and desolation, which is not relieved by the fact that not a tree grows within a radius of seventy-five miles of Nome. Several small rivers flow through the hills, southward into Behring Sea, one of which, Snake River, cuts Nome in two. The valleys of these streams are broad, showing undoubtedly the beds of large rivers of former ages. Gravel and sand brought down from the hillsides through these old channels are found in varying thicknesses under a few feet of decayed moss and grass, and it is here that placer gold lies in considerable quantities.

It was the discovery of auriferous gravel in 1898 which gave, and is still giving, importance to Nome, and in fact to the whole of North-western Alaska. Gold was known to be along this Behring coast long before '98. Whalers and Russians, and the employees of the United States Revenue Service, were the only white men who visited these latitudes, and they had often found indications of gold in the beach sands.

THE DISCOVERY OF 1898.

The story of this great discovery, which, like many similar ones, was the result of chance, had not the slightest element of romance about it. In July of that year, three prospectors left Chinik, the Swedish mission on Golovin Bay, eighty miles east of Nome, to hunt for gold quartz along the north-west coast. When they reached Snake River, a heavy Behring gale suddenly washed their schooner ashore. While waiting for the

NOME LANDING.

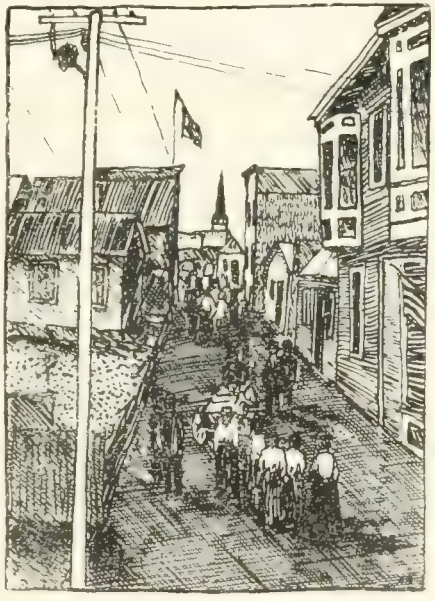
storm to cease, the three miners prospected up along Snake River and one of its tributaries, Anvil Creek. In both places they found placer gold in paying quantities. They returned to Golovin Bay without having taken the precaution of securing legal rights over their claims by staking and recording them. It was their ignorance of mining laws, or their desire to keep the discovery to themselves, they never said which, that made them lose the richest placer claims yet found in this part of Alaska, for someone gave the hint to three Swedes, Lindbloom, Lindberg, and Bryneston, three names well known here, who sailed up to Snake River, staked all the property, and left the original finders out in the cold.

The discovery of placers was the forerunner of other more important ones. In the following spring, gold was found on Nome beach, and in such quantities that prospectors say that all the beach-diggings of the world put together could not compare with the sands of Behring coast.

When the news of these discoveries reached the outside world the Klondyke fever was at its height. On the 5th of August, 1899, four hundred miners, hailing down the Yukon from the Klondyke and over the Pacific from Seattle, were gathering gold from the sands. Five days later a thousand men were working and averaging an ounce of dust a day, or sixteen dollars a man. By October two thousand miners had pitched their tents in one unbroken line along the beach. Gold was found a few feet from the surface, and for the mere rocking, began to yield from five to seventy-five dollars a day, some making as high as a hundred. Three miners took out nine thousand dollars in three days; from a hole four feet by twelve they made

THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IN FORTY DAYS.

During that short season of 1896 nearly two million dollars were taken from Nome sands. This news soon spread to the outside world, but the cold, Arctic winter kept the outside world at bay, and it was reserved for the year 1900 to witness a sight rarely seen. The fame of Nome became so great that the mining centres of the world went wild, and stampeded. Four thousand landed on the



PRINCIPAL STREET OF NOME.

beach in one day. People rushed from every clime, even Africa and Australia sending their contingents. Scores of steamers from San Francisco and Seattle were loaded down with gold-seekers; before the close of the season

THIRTY THOUSAND WERE CAMPED AT NOME.

The one ambition of these motley thousands was to gather in the gold as quickly as possible, and then leave the country. That was their ambition, but many failed to count with fickle Fortune. Large sums were indeed taken out, and many secured independence, but the greater number became as rich as the traditional church mouse, and clamored for means to take them out of this Arctic ice-trap. The year 1900 is known in Nome annals as the year of the "Big Stampede," and if the tales which are told are even half true, the scenes on the beach that year must have beggared description. Thirty thousand men, and not a few women, of all classes and nationalities, dragged hither by greedy transportation companies, and dumped out upon the coast nearly three thousand miles from white civilization. No provision had been made for the preservation of order, and as there were many disreputable characters and cutthroats, they made their presence felt in many and interesting ways. The canvas city of Nome was fairly alive with gambling-sharks and whiskey-sellers, who pocketed the miners' gold dust without panning for it. Discontent was joined to disappointment as the season advanced, and the added fear of having to begin the eight months of an Alaskan winter, without food or shelter, moved many to acts of desperation, as the little cemetery down by the beach will still testify. Murder and plundering and other deeds of violence became so frequent that martial law had to be proclaimed. In the end a certain degree of order was brought out of chaos, and the United States sent transport ships to take back to civilization thousands of sadder and perhaps less unwise men, and thus ended the Odyssey of 1900.

All the miners, however, did not leave the country. There were the old "sourdoughs" from Montana and California, and disgruntled Klondykers, who had come from Dawson, sixteen hundred miles up the Yukon, who wisely reasoned that since so much gold had been found in the beach sands, there must plainly be much more on the hillsides yonder, and with many creeks running down into the Behring Sea. The discovery of the placers on Snake River and Anvil Creek brought conviction to these minds, and they began to spread out in skirmishing order to sink holes along the hundreds of creeks draining the

SEWARD PENINSULA,

in which Nome and its interests are centred. It is the irregular land-mass extending from the western coast of Alaska westward to within forty-six miles of Asia, from which it is separated by Behring Strait. The peninsula separates Behring Sea from the Arctic Ocean, and is itself cut off from the rest of the continent on the south by Norton Sound, a deep indentation of Behring Sea, and on the north by Kotzebue Sound, an inlet of the Arctic Ocean. This was a lone, barren, valueless land, until the gold rush three years ago, when prospectors began to climb its hills and cross its tundra, giving a name and value to every creek and channel. "Prospecting" in the miner's vocabulary, means hunting for precious metals, but in Alaska it means something more. To realize this, one has but to see these men, laden like beasts of burden, with tents, and bedding, and food for months, trudging out of Nome. Ever since I came here, some months ago, I have seen miners starting out with bundles on their backs as big as baby elephants. These expeditions would not be quite so difficult if trails could be followed, but tramping over beaten trails is precisely what prospectors may not do. Their

terminus is always some new creek or hill, which no one else has "scratched," for their success lies in discovering new placers or quartz-ledgers. These being the conditions, the physical sufferings of prospecting miners are naturally very severe. They often lose themselves among the hills in summer, and oftener still become frozen in the dreadful Alaskan blizzards. Frequently I meet these bronzed old miners, and listen to their heart-rending stories of destitution and suffering, and of their despair when they are astray among the hills and see death staring them in the face. One case I recall of three men who starved in the vicinity of Teller. When their food was all gone they subsisted for several days on their buffalo-robes and boot-legs. When these gave out one man died, and the other two were mustering up courage to eat of his flesh, when happily they were rescued. Besides death by starvation, many have lost their lives by drowning or freezing. Sooner or later their remains are found by other miners, but there is this sad aspect to their fate. Men are mostly strangers to each other in Alaska. In the mining-camp, for obvious reasons, I am told, it is not considered good form to ask a man where he came from, or, in other words, to try to climb his genealogical tree. So that it too often happens when dead men are found on the trails, or lying on some beach, no one knows who they are, or anything about them. Sometimes they are buried on the spot where they are found. Sometimes, when it is not too far, and does not entail too much labor, they are brought to some centre of population. In the cemetery, here at Nome, there are graves of those whose identity will never be known. Charitable hands have raised a slab, or cross, over them, but the words "Unknown," or "Found Drowned," or "Found on the Trail," are sad epitaphs to put over graves when one is morally certain that in desolate homes somewhere in the outside world, there are mothers, or wives, or children, shedding tears over the continued silence of loved ones in Alaska. But this is the price of their greed for gold! But the greed for gold is something that the tragedies of life cannot stifle. In Alaska, as elsewhere, when one man drops, there are others to take his place.

The work of prospecting was begun in earnest in the spring of 1901, and success crowned the efforts of the miners from the first. Results have shown that there is gold in all the creeks on the Seward Peninsula that are known as "bench claims," that is, beds of ancient rivers which have been filled with shifting gravel and erosions from the hillsides. These are now undergoing inspection, and are turning out enormously rich. Every hillside which has been touched with pick and shovel has yielded gold. All this means much for the future of Alaska. The "sour-doughs" tell us that placer mining here is in its infancy. Notwithstanding the limited number of miners, and the shortness of the working season, which is less than five months, over four million dollars were washed out of the Nome region in 1901. The returns are not all in yet for 1902, but present indications show that the output will reach five or six million dollars.

There is this drawback to placer mining in Alaska. So far, individual miners have had the country to themselves, but they have learned by experience that, single-handed, they cannot fight against the climate and short season, four months out of twelve being the limit of their activity, the other eight being spent in enforced idleness.

CAPITAL IS NEEDED.

to develop claims and to work rapidly, and on a large scale. Just as soon as capitalists awake to the possibilities of this Northland, a period of tremendous activity and corresponding prosperity will set in.

AMONG THE FOLDING BED—OUINS.

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

THERE were Arthur Thurston Hargrave, Theodore Twombley, Miss Scarpe and myself ; and we were playing cards with Miss Scarpe in her room of the boarding-house. (It is perhaps indiscreet to confess that we were accustomed so to waste at least three evenings of every week, and that the game was poker ; but I can temper the indiscretion by adding that we only played to please Miss Scarpe, and that we never played for money.)

"I declare," she was saying, "the house isn't fit to live in with these women cat-fighting all the time." She stressed the word "women" with a humorous contempt of her sex that was frequent in her. She added, in the same voice: "Give me five cards !"

Hargrave dealt to her. He was thick-fingered and he handled the cards as clumsily as if he were "dealing pancakes"—as she had told him once. She watched him with a tolerant twinkle. (She had a head of iron-grey hair over a yellowed forehead, square and wrinkled ; her nose was long and characterless, her mouth tremulous and loose ; but her eyes were as keen as a rat-terrier's under masculine grey eyebrows, and they shone dry in the glare of the gas-lamp on the card-table without blinking.)

"And of all things," she went on, "aren't boarding-house cliques and petty conspiracies the—the most contemptible ! They're the last infirmities." She threw down her hand. "And it's always the women ! Always ! The way that sniffling Mrs. Purbridge persecuted little Mrs. Carlyle, and got those other vixens after her, and Mrs. Henry herself ! I wish one of you boys would write it up for a newspaper, and send each of them a copy."

Inasmuch as Hargrave was the only one of us who had any connection with the newspaper world, it was evident that this remark was aimed at him. He maintained a silence that showed me he had *my* opinion of the suggestion ; and *my* opinion was that for all Miss Scarpe's contempt of her own sex, she had a strangely feminine lack of scruple about using a public print to vent a private spite.

Twombley said: "My hand's worth about five."

The stakes went to him. Miss Scarpe began to shuffle the cards with a sleight-of-hand dexterity ; and he watched her as if he had nothing whatever behind his spectacles.

"Well," he said, suddenly, "for my part, I've been thinking seriously of leading an exodus out of here— into bachelor quarters down Washington Square way. I know some boys who are doing their own housekeeping down there. They say they've cut their expenses in half."

She looked up at him with a start that caught my eye. It seemed to me that she set her face in hardness to hide an expression of reproach, for Twombley was her particular pet, though she had been, to all of us, the most tyrannical and the most indulgent, the most friendly and lovable, and the most friendless and laughable old dragon that ever tried to mother three "overgrown boys," as she called us, with sharp criticisms instead of a parent's counsels, and, instead of the more tender outburst of affection, good advice !

Hargrave said to him: "You've been reading the *Vie de Boheme*. The men in that story were French. We Canadians are built too heavy,—morally,—to play the light Bohemian butterfly."

"No need to spread any 'tiger moth's deep-damasked wing,'" Twombley replied, avoiding Miss Scarpe's ferreting

eye. "I'm tired of the monotony of being fed three meals a day, like a cart-horse in a boarding-stable. I want some variety in life."

Miss Scarpe broke out, with a half-pathetic jocularity: "If you boys leave me, I'll sink to the level of those others—to back-biting and slander and all uncharitableness."

They did not reply. I said in mere politeness: "I'm sure I don't know what we'd do without *you*."

"Don't you?" she turned on me. "I do! You'll forget me in a month. I know you youngsters!" She began to deal to us, sending the cards flying around the table to our places like dead leaves fluttering in a dust-whirl.

Twombley arranged his hand. "Besides," he went on, calmly, "I want to get into a way of living that'll allow me to fit my expenditure to my income—to live low when my money's low. I want to leave the office to try a venture into something"—

"Do you think," I asked, "that eating off lunch-counters"—

"No," he said, "we can get some of our meals in our flat."

"Who cooks them?" Hargrave put in.

"I do," Twombley answered.

I snickered. "In that case," Hargrave said, smiling ironically, "of course there's nothing more to be said."

Twombley nodded. "Just so! I've cooked in camp. I can do porridge and bacon and eggs or flap-jacks for breakfast—and we could have bread and jam and coffee with them. And I can fry steak and boil potatoes or some other vegetable for luncheon—with tea. And I once made an apple-tapioca pudding."

The idea was so absurd, and Twombley—the poseur and the cynic—proposed it with such a simple earnestness that we broke out in an uproarious laughter. Even Miss Scarpe joined us with a shrill crow.

He reddened; but he let us have out our laugh.

"I'd like to have a sketch of you washing dishes," I said. (I was studying, then, in the classes of the Art Students' League.)

"Oh," he retorted, coolly, "if *you* wouldn't do them, we could get some other old woman in."

Miss Scarpe answered, under her voice: reply. Twombley watched Hargrave, and waited for him.

"Honestly," Hargrave said at last, "I can't see it, old man."

"Fact is," Twombley suggested, "you won't leave old mother 'Hen'?"—referring to Mrs. Henry, the mistress of the boarding-house.

"Well, I don't see why we should," Hargrave admitted.

II.

And that was the situation when we were startled by a knock on the door. We looked across at one another in a guilty silence. (I have to make another confession: we were playing cards on Sunday evening.) The knock was repeated politely, but firmly.

"Who's that?" Hargrave asked us.

Miss Scarpe answered, under her voice: "I judge by the scratching that it's the Purbridge." She called defiantly, "Come in!"

She had her back to the entrance, and she did not turn. I was sitting opposite her and I knew the door had opened, but I did not look up.

"Well?" she prompted me. "It's your play, Mr. Parker."

I was naturally bewildered by the consciousness that Mrs. Purbridge was watching me from the doorway. I stammered: "I—I beg your pardon. I'll take three cards."

Twombley laughed, and I remembered, then, that we had already made up our hands. I was too confused to go on.

She stung me with a scornful glance, and turned sharply to look over her shoulder at Mrs. Purbridge. "Well?" she snapped.

Now Miss Scarpe had long been the undisputed autocrat of the house. It was understood that she had money, and the respectful demeanor of the servants, when she abused them, showed that they had the best of reasons for crediting the report. Moreover, she gave her orders to Mrs. Henry as if that woman of eternal patience and suppressed wrath were a hired housekeeper; she sat down to the dinner table as if to preside over a gathering of her own guests, and she bore herself towards those fellow-boarders whom she disliked, with a manner that could only have been endured by Mrs. Henry for financial reasons.

It had not been endured by Mrs. Purbridge, who, from the evening of her first appearance at the table, had crossed and contradicted Miss Scarpe with an insolent politeness, refusing to notice that the old lady would not speak to her, warding off her sarcasms with the coolest insensibility and replying to them with sudden thrusts later, when all guards were down.

She had her head in the door, now, and she was smiling with a social show of teeth, in an affected simper of apology for her intrusion. "I beg your pardon," she said, mincingly, "but might I ask you—the Rev. Mr. Prior is calling on us in the next room. It is *Sun*-day evening. Might I ask you not to make so much noise?"

She spoke in such a cutting tone of condescension, and she reminded us that it was "*Sun*-day evening" with such a graciously insulting slyness that Miss Scarpe screwed around in her chair, her mouth drawn in a straight slit of angry lips. "Mrs. Pur-r-rbridge," she mocked her, "might I ask you kindly to confine the practice of your hypocrisies to your own apartment? If the Rev. Mr. Prior—"

"Of course," Mrs. Purbridge went on to us, as if she had not heard Miss Scarpe, "of course, you have a perfect right to behave yourselves according to your taste on Sunday or any day—but the sound of gaming, don't you know?" She lifted her eyebrows in a confidential whisper. "The partition is so thin. He asked me whether there was a gambling house next door."

Miss Scarpe brought her open hand down on the edge of the table like an indignant school-teacher calling for order. "Mrs. Purbridge," she cried, "leave my room this instant!"

Mrs. Purbridge pursed her mouth in an exaggerated aside to the rest of us. "If you would kindly!" she said. "Not quite so loud. Sunday is a holy day as well as a holiday with us. I'll tell him it was the servants. Thank you. Good-bye."

She shut the door softly, and Miss Scarpe—her old head shaking, her thin lips twitching—glared at the panels like a female Lear. I expected her to turn on us in a Shakespearian raving. Instead of that, she took up her cards and said hoarsely: "She'll repent that! She'll repent that!" She puffed hotly through her nose. "I know her. . . . She's been a governess—with her mistress airs!" She looked up at us threateningly. "Whose play is it?"

It was mine. I bet ten on nothing at all, and we went on with our game in a more or less flustered silence. Miss Scarpe said nothing, and *we* had nothing that we could say. I felt sorry for the old lady, but at the same time it seemed to me that she had brought the scene on herself and deserved her punishment.

She relieved our embarrassment, finally, by asking Twombley, in a forced calm of voice: "What venture? You said you wished to leave your office to make a venture into something."

"Oh, yes," Twombley recollected. "I wished to get into newspaper work."

Hargrave said: "*Really?*"

Twombley bowed. "Really."

Miss Scarpe took up his defence with a challenging: "And why not?"

Hargrave shrugged his shoulder.

She threw down her cards. "Well, it's time you were all in bed anyway," she cried. "That cat has spoiled our evening."

She could see, I suppose, that we were eager enough to get away. Hargrave passed his cards to her as if reluctantly, and Twombley tilted his chair in a manner of lingering for a chat; but I bade her good-night without any hesitation, and hurried away to my bed in the room—"top-floor, back,"—which I shared with Twombley.

III.

He used to call it our "lean-to," because of the way the ceiling of it sloped from the height of the door at its one end to the tops of the low windows at the other; and those windows were so low that I had to sleep with my feet to them because the head of the bed was too high to go in there. (For a similar reason—Twombley being taller than I was—he had given me the windowed end of the room and had taken the bed by the door.)

I was already between the cold sheets when he came in. He put on a bath-robe that served him as a dressing-gown, and sat down to enjoy his usual smoke over the evening papers before putting out the light. I was wakeful myself from the excitement of Mrs. Purbridge's quarrel with Miss Scarpe; and I was wondering whether the old lady would expect us now to involve ourselves in it by taking her side—a thing which I did not intend to do—when there was a rap on our door, and I heard her ask, "May I come in?"

Twombley opened to her. She could not see me, and I could not see her, for the high head of the old-fashioned folding-bed in which I slept. She began at once, before I could let her know that I was there: "I'm going to take a liberty now, at the risk of offending you—but I'm accustomed to take liberties." She added savagely: "And to give offence."

"Won't you sit down?" Twombley said.

She did not answer. "About this 'venture' of yours you spoke of," she went on. "Won't you let me be of some assistance to you? I know—I know! You have a young man's foolish pride in such things—but you wouldn't deny a worthless old woman the opportunity to be of some use to some one, would you?" Her voice had changed pathetically. "I'm not rich, but I have a great deal more money than I need for myself, and there's no one—of my own. You can give it back to me when you get on your feet in your new line—with interest if you like—but humor me now. It's nothing to you, and it would give me so much"—

"But," Twombley began to object.

"Ah, don't disappoint me, child," she said. "It's such a little thing to you. You boys have been such good company for me—wasting your time, and spoiling your pleasures—and now, when you should be able to start out with a good backing and no mean worries about money, so you could give all your thoughts to your work—"

Twombley must have made some sign of reluctant refusal. She broke out: "You must! I won't be denied. I've had my own way too long to be treated so. I'll never speak to you again if you don't."

Twombley laughed self-consciously. "But, Miss Scarpe," he said, "suppose I don't make a success of this other business. I wouldn't be able to pay you back."

"That's my look-out."

"Oh, no," he argued. "It's altogether mine. I would take it if I were sure I'd be able to return it. But I can't, when I'm not."

"Not even to please *me?*" she pleaded.

"Besides," he went on, "I'll not leave the office until I can get the others to come keeping bach. with me. I couldn't work here."

She did not speak for a moment. "Well," she said, "if you get them to go, will you—accept?"

"Will you help me to get them to go?" he returned.

"Yes! I will!" she promised.

"All right! That's a bargain," he agreed, as if this were all that had been in dispute between them. "Park?" he called. "Parker?"

I pretended that I had been asleep. (It was the only thing that I could think to do.) I answered thickly from the pillows: "Uh? Wha-a-at?"

I heard Miss Scarpe's gasp of surprise. "Would you take a flat with the rest of us?" he asked.

"Wh-why—why certainly," I said, "if Hargrave'll come. What's the matter?" I rolled over as if to look out at him. I heard the rustle of flying skirts.

"Oh, nothing," Twombley laughed. "I didn't know you were asleep."

I grunted.

"Sorry I woke you," he apologized. He closed the door almost noiselessly. I heard him chuckle as he undressed. In another moment his light went out and his bed creaked in the darkness.

IV.

That, as I said, was Sunday night. We did not usually play cards again until Wednesday, because Hargrave was always busy during Monday and Tuesday preparing his "newspaper specials" for the week. I noticed that Twombley spent those two evenings with Miss Scarpe, but I had no suspicion of what they were doing until he strolled into Hargrave's room late Tuesday night—where I was making a sketch of Hargrave at work—and inquired the name of the "supplement" editor of the paper for which Hargrave wrote.

"Sending him something?" Hargrave asked.

"Yes," Twombley said, "trying a little skit that Miss Scarpe wished me to write."

"Humorous?"

"Oh, very."

"If you get it in to him by to-morrow noon," Hargrave said, "it may be published this Saturday. Give it to me. I'll take it down with my own stuff. Have you it typewritten?"

Twombley nodded. "Thanks," he said. "I'm a little shy about my first attempt. I'd rather you wouldn't read it."

"Oh, that's all right," Hargrave agreed. "I'll not read. Just put it in my envelope here. I'll speak to him of it. If he doesn't want it, he'll give it to me the next time I see him. That will save postage."

Twombley did as he was told, with a cheerful gratitude. Having loitered over my shoulder for a few minutes, he went out again—to report to Miss Scarpe, I suppose. He did not come back.

For the rest of the week, they were as secret as snakes. Miss Scarpe was out every day, shopping and running around the town so busily that she was too tired to enjoy her cards at night; and she was quieter than usual at the table—in consequence of which, Mrs. Purbridge developed a red wrinkle to the corner of her mouth from smiling in an uninterrupted self-satisfaction. Twombley appeared to be spending all his evenings at the theatres.

"Seems to have given up literature," I said, that Friday night, to Hargrave.

He nodded over his corn-cob. A moment later, he cried: "Gad! I forgot to mention that skit of his to Mr. Burton! Did it come back?"

I shook my head to signify that I did not know.

"Probably wouldn't make any difference, anyway," he consoled himself.

I agreed with him.

And therein we deluded ourselves with a false hope, as we learned on the following evening—which was Saturday.

I had come in late for dinner, and I hurried downstairs to the basement dining-room without going upstairs to my own room at all. (And that was the first unhappy accident.) Mrs. Henry—who held to the old fashion of seating us all at one large table, herself at the foot of it, where she served the soup and carved the roast maternally—nodded to me as I entered. Mrs. Purbridge did not.

Twombley's place was empty. So was Miss Scarpe's. Hargrave came in just as I was dipping into my soup.

Mrs. Purbridge waited until the maid had put a plate of it before him, and then piped up in her smoothest shrillness: "That was a dee*light*ful article you had in to-day's paper, Mr. Hargrave."

He bowed. "Thank you. I haven't seen it. I'm glad you liked it."

She turned to Mrs. Henry. "How did *you* like it?" she cooed.

Mrs. Henry smiled on Hargrave. "I haven't read it—*yet*," she said.

Mrs. Purbridge shot up her eyebrows. "Oh? It has a very good description of you in it—under the name of Harris."

Hargrave, blushing with so much appreciation, looked up from his plate at her, and frowned. (There was a note in her voice that was a warning of rocks ahead.) She took a folded newspaper from her lap and laid it beside her plate. "It's an account," she said, bending over it, "of how a 'Mrs. Catbridge'—(which is evidently myself)—drove a 'Mrs. Delisle'—(which is Mrs. Carlyle, I suppose)—out of the house here. I am described as a 'translated governess' who pretends to the airs of a society I once looked up to from the servants' quarters."

There was a choked snicker from some one down the table. I did not look to see from whom it came. She went on evenly, in a dead stillness: "It is headed 'A Boarding-house Comedy—Social Life Among the Folding Bed-ouins—A Proud Guest Who has a Past—Does not Consider the Quiet Woman Her Social Equal—How She Drove Her Out of the House.'"

"I never wrote that!" Hargrave said huskily.

"Oh, certainly *not*!" Mrs. Purbridge replied, with a fanged smile. "It is printed in your paper, however. And it is signed with your initials. Perhaps you would recognize the beginning: 'In that wilderness of brick and stone that is known as the boarding-house district, Mrs. Harris keeps a caravansary for the tribe of the homeless—'the folding Bed-ouins,' as a Boston wit has called them. It is an old-fashioned home of generous proportions, and it seems unfit that it should have been made a boarding-house, just as it seems unfit that Mrs. Harris, so evidently designed by nature to be a doting mother and a fond wife, should have been compelled to throw open the doors of her life to the stranger and the transient.'"

She read "a doting mother and a fond wife" with an accent of sarcasm that was revolting. Mrs. Henry, all her blood red in her face, put down the carving knife and fork. Hargrave pushed back his chair, stammering an amazed, "I—I—" He stopped short with a wild glance at Twombley's empty place; and I, too, understood! It was Twombley's article—and Miss Scarpe's. The editor, finding it in Hargrave's envelope, had accepted it and published it as his, over the "A. T. H." of his signature!

Mrs. Henry rose, white, and reached for the paper with a hand that shook. Mrs. Purbridge gave it to her, smiling thinly. She glanced down it to the signa-

ture, and raised a face of indignant eyes and quivering lips to Hargrave. I saw that he could not explain. I got up and rushed out to bring Twombley.

And on the table in our room, I found a letter from him which I should have received before dinner—an invitation to dine with Miss Scarpe and him at "Bachelor Hall, No. — Waverley Place, off Washington Square." I was to take Hargrave.

I was still standing over it, my hands in my pockets, unable to decide what to do, when Hargrave burst in on me in a blazing wrath. "Where's Twombley?" he demanded.

I gave him the letter. He read it with a furious glance and flung it back on the table. "Wait till I get my hat," he cried.

VI.

It is useless to describe the scene which followed when they met. Twombley and Miss Scarpe both protested that the article had been sent unsigned, that it had been aimed at Mrs. Purbridge, that there was nothing in it to offend Mrs. Henry; that the blame, if there was any, rested on Hargrave, who should have spoken to the editor about it.

"I forgot!" he shouted.

"Then, don't pile into me," Twombley argued. "I didn't even expect that the stuff would be accepted. I expected to get it back. I only wrote it for practice. If I had had half a thought that it would-'ve got into print, I shouldn't have sent it. Scott, man! be reasonable!"

As for the preparations which they had evidently made for just such an event as had occurred, Twombley explained that he had rented and furnished a flat large enough for the three of us, because he had hoped that when we saw it, and ate the dinner which he had cooked, and understood how cheaply it had all been done, we would agree with him that keeping bach. was better than boarding. "Have you had your dinner?' he asked, soothingly.

"No," Hargrave snapped at him. "Mrs. Henry practically ordered me out of the house!"

Miss Scarpe said: "I'll explain the affair to her to-morrow. You can all sleep here to-night. Come, now, don't spoil a jolly evening."

And in the end, of course, Hargrave yielded, though I need hardly say that the evening was not as jolly as Twombley, with his counterfeit of mirth, tried to make us believe.

I went with him to get our clothes from the boarding-house next day,—(Hargrave would not come)—but despite all that Miss Scarpe did—or claimed that he did—in our behalf with Mrs. Henry, that indignant lady would have nothing more to do with any of us. We gathered up our belongings and went out of her doors, to return to Bachelor Hall, "like a giddy Adam and Eve," as Twombley said, "'hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow.'"

Miss Scarpe waived an *au revoir* to us from the stoop. "The angel with the flaming sword," he commented, as he bowed an eloquent adieu to her.

I refused to rise to the spirit of his foolery; I was too indignant with him for his part in the affair, whether it had been accidental or not.

He smiled at a sign-board. "Were you ever persecuted by an excess of kindness?" he asked.

"No," I said, "what has that to do with it?"

"Then," he replied, "you've never felt for Hargrave when Mrs. 'Hen' served him half the breast of a turkey and the liver wing. I'm glad he'll be spared that blushing humiliation; for really, you know, a persistent partiality of that sort can be as annoying as a determined spite."

And that is as near as I have ever come to getting an explanation of the business from him.

AN OTTAWA COUNTY HORSE-TRADE

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

WHEN we got back to where we had left young Cyprien's old buckboard in the ragged bush-road, we were loaded with partridge, and were hungry enough "to eat horse." But, to our most poignant astonishment and disgust, there was no horse,—either to devour, or to back into the awaiting shafts! Modeste, until then the very pattern of equine fidelity, had for once proved even more retiring than her name, and had retreated beyond all sight or sound into the slashings.

When we found her at last, it was with the lantern of the moon. And on the long jog back to the shack, our converse was all of the hidden sinfulness of horse nature, and how most craftily it may be uncovered. It was thus that Cyprien told us the painful tale of the trading of "old Billie," which herewith, all interruptions being elided, truthfully follows.

"Dat's de sommer I'll be work for Neek Sloan. Neek, he's prett' smart man, but he don' ought to have de beezness wid dat geepsie. W'en dat fell' come to tret horse at us, I don' go near hees wagon, me; an' I tell Neek how dat de geepsies tek de leetle chil'ren, an' boil dem in de kittle for me de *bouillon*. De modder tell me dat herself.

"Mais Neek, he hon'y smile an' say: 'Well, Ceep, he won' boil me. An' I'm goin' for sell heem hol' Beelie.'

"An' I'll mek de eyes might' beeg w'en he say *dat*; for hol' Beelie, he's seek, he's got de ——— I don' know how you call heem in Eengleesh. But he's seek so dat hall de nebours jus' laugh an' laugh w'en Neek try to drive heem on de beeg road.

"So I'll say: 'Dat geepsie ain' be fool. I gase you won' sell hol' Beelie.'

"An' Neek hon'y tek de pipe from de teet', an' mek de eyes prett' leetle, an' say: 'Poor hol' Beelie! He's ver' seek horse,' an' he pass hees han' on de arm of de chair like he strokin' heem. An' I nod de haid. An' he go on for say: 'Don' we ought to get some maid'cine for heem?' An' den he mek de one eye so tight close' dere ain't not'in' but weenkers, an' he continue for say, ver' slow: 'P'raps de maid'cine mek heem well for t'ree, four *year'*, an' p'raps it's hon'y good for t'ree, four *day'*.'

"An' I say: 'Yaes'; but I'll not know w'at he wan' to mean.

"An' he look at me prett' queer some more, an' feenish to say: 'Bagosh, Ceep, we got to ten' to Beelie! We'll feex heem hup.' An' den he bust hout to laugh, an' geeve me ten, twent' slap on de knee, an' he laugh till he got to weep.

"An' w'en we're goin' in bed he say some more: 'P'raps he'll be well for t'ree, four year', an' p'raps hon'y for t'ree, four day,'—hay, Ceep?' An' he w'ack me hover de back.

"An' w'en he try for say hees prayer', he snort hout like some hol' cow w'at got bran in de t'roat. An' w'en he's 'sleep, he begin to laugh yet once, an' I'll hear heem say hun'red time': 'Poor hol' Beelie, we'll feex heem hup!'

"De naix' morn', he sen' me hoff for hoe de potate', an' prett' soon I see heem drivin' Bicky on de town. W'en I go at home, I got to eat de dinn' hall by myself. In de aft'dinn' Neek come back, an' I see heem tek hol' Beelie in de steble; an' dey rest dere prett' long time.

"Den, aft' we eat de sopper, he bring Beelie hout wid de halter on heem, an' hoff dey go. Bagosh, I nev' see dat horse

so *gai!* He keek hees hin' laig', an' t'row de haid an' de tail, an' pool *Neek* in pless of Neek to pool *heem! Mon dieu,* I'll t'ink Neek *do* feex heem hup! Dat' de mos' bes' horse maid'cine I ev' know!

"W'en he return from at de geepsie camp, *certainement* he 'ave nodder horse wid heem. I go for seek de lantern, for dat it mek dark, an' we look at heem. Neek say: 'W'at you tink of de tret?'

"An' I tell de true, an' say: 'Dat horse look more *stupide* dan some mule. He happear like some hol' sheep w'at don' know w'ere her lamb rest.'

"An' Neek, he say, prett' slow: 'Yase, dat's de true, hall right; but I gase he'll liven hup before long time.'

"*Mais,* w'en we get back in de house, he put heemself to hunt hup hees shirt' an' hees overhall'; an' I demand w'y he do dat, an' he don' say not'in' ver' soon. But w'en he get hall hees *robe* tie' hup in hees beeg red han'chief, he say: 'I t'ink I'll go for spleet some rail' on de back sittlemont.'

"Bagosh, I'll not know w'at for say, for I know he'll not wan' no rail'.

"An' den he look at me an' weenk, an' begin to laugh hinside, an' den he bust hout! I'll nev' hear any one laugh like dat! He fall on de bed an' roll 'round like he need de Painkeeler! *Mais,* hall de time he won' say w'at he's laughin' at.

"Den, w'en he can hol' heemself hup straight again, he wipe hees eye, an' heet me hover de back, an' say: 'Ceep, w'en you mek so good tret wid some geepsie like I come from mek to-day, you'll wan' go for spleet rail' might' far 'way till he get tired lookin' for you!' An' den he wipe hees eye some more, an' look like he wan' to laugh again on'y it's hurtin' heem too much, an say: 'Poor hol' Beelie, p'raps if I'll be at home he won' wan' to go *off* wid hees new boss!'

"*Eh, bien,* he tell me to come an' mek heem know w'en de Geepsie be gone, an' he put de saddle on Bicky, an' ride hoff for de back sittlemont. I'll go in bed by myself, an' try for t'ink w'at Neek wan' to mean, but I can't understan' dat, me!

"De naix' morn, w'en I go for feed de new horse, w'at's in de steble wid de roan colt, he show de eye more bright, an' he paw a leetle wid de hoof, an' he don't be so *stupide,* heem. I'll t'ink dat'll mek Neek ver' content w'en he come at home again.

"Den I go for hoe de potate' some more. An' w'en I return for eat de dinn', I'll walk hover de hill to w'ere I can see dat geepsie's camp,—an' bagosh, he ain' dere any more!

"Well, so soon I can get my dinn', I get hout de buckboar', an' go w'at you call 'leekity-spleet,' on de back sittlemont. Dat's ten, twelve mile', an' it's four 'clock w'en I arrive.

"Neek, he ain' spleetin' no rail', heem! He just seet by de door at Jeem Thomas' pless. An' w'en dey see me come dey bot' laugh. An' Jeem, he shout hout: 'You don' mean say dat geepsie fell' run hoff wid your hol' Beelie, halread'?'

"An' I say: '*Mais oui,* yase.'

"An' Neek, he say: '*Su-re!* Dat man he mek such fine bargain, he'll be 'fraid I'll wan' Beelie back again!' An' den dey both laugh some more like dey're goin' bust deirself. An' me, I laugh, too. But I don' know for w'y, me.

"Jeem Thomas, he mek us remain for sopper, an' we're prett' long time gettin' start' back again. W'en we come at home, it mek ver' dark.

"An' w'en we come near de steble, by gare, dere's de mos' gret noise in dere I'll ev' hear!

"Neek, he holl' hout: 'Dere's dat roan colt! You've lef' heem ontie again! By dam, Ceeprien Dorval, dees mus' got to aind!' An' he run to w'ere de colt' haid rest'. *Mais,* hees haid be tie' hall right. But, *mon dieu,* hees *feet,* dey don' be tie'!

"An' w'en I feel for de haid to de new horse, bagosh, dere ain' not'in', hon'y de

strap of de halter, an' dat's break'! an' hall de time de rack' get more worse dan ev'! Bang! Bouf! Dose horse' keek de light'-an'-leever hout each odder, an' jomp an' squeal like some boar-peeg w'at got de knife in de geezard. An' hall de harness an' de bottl' horse maid'cine fall, an' be keek in hun'red pieces.

"Neek, he's prett' releegious man, *mais* he swear like t'ousan' *diables*. An' I'll swear too; but dat don' mek moch good, for I can' swear ver' well in Eengleesh.

"Prett' soon Neek he's lookin' at me de mos' *feroce* I'll ev' see, an' shout: 'W'y don' you get de lantern, you hail-an'-bleezes, good-for-not'in' Frainchee? I'll see to de beezness of dat new horse!'

"An' w'en I get back wid de lantern, Neek arrest heesself from jomp hall over de steble, an' jus' mek grab for it, an' run in de stall.

"Bagosh, I t'ink dat new horse be de dev', sure! W'en he see Neek, he just start hout for *eat* heem! He chess heem in de corner, an', *mon dieu,* if Neek don't smash de lantern on hees teet', he'll be daid so soon he don' know not'in'! An' w'en he get back in de steble w'ere I rest, hees han' shek so dat he can't hol' w'at remain of de lantern! An' dose' horse, dey *fracassent* worse dan before!

"Neek don' know *w'at* for do, now. But he keep on lookin' in de stall, an' he swear more fas' dan dose' horses keek!

"Den I'll say: 'Can *I* do not'in?'

"Neek regard yet long time, an' den he say, more quiet: 'You tek de wheep-stock, an' catch hees mane. An' w'en he bite, you heet heem; an' I'll put de halter on.'

"But I say: ''Ow I know w'ere de mane fin' itself, it mek so dark?'

"An' Neek say: 'Hoh, dat's heasy 'nough. You'll be know by de feel of de hair.—Ain' dat hall right?'

"But I say: '*Mais, non,* Neek! Bagosh, w'at if it'll be de *tail? Mon dieu,* dat *won'* be hall right!'

"Hall de same, I'm goin' try w'at I can do; an' I hopen de beeg barn door, for 'ave hall de light I can,—w'en—*tout de suite,* Neek, he yail: 'Look hout!' By gare, it's dat new horse near to jomp hover me, gettin' hout de door. An' before we know w'at for say, he's hoff down de beeg road!

"An' I gase Neek he don' care if he nev' come back. But an'way we put hout Bicky, an' den go on de house, and bot' of us don' say moch.

"But I'll see dat Neek he's t'inkin' prett' strong an' fierce. An' w'en we're ondress' for go in bed, he t'row one boot by de stove, an' demand if dat new horse hall right in de morn'? 'By dam!' he say, 'I'm goin' for know w'at arrive on heem!'

"An' he walk hup an' down de room, an' mek like he got to keek somet'ing, an' regard de stove, but dat's too hard. Den he let de odder boot go at de wall, an' say: 'Now, I'm goin' for onderstan' dees, an' prett' queek, too!'

"Me, I've been t'inkin' all *mon possible.* An' den, *tout de suite,* I'll comprehen' dat hall mos' *facilement!* An' I shout hout: 'By gare, Neek, I know heem.'

"An, he say: 'W'at?'

"Well, I got to smile for be so clev', but I say, ver' *modestement*: 'P'raps dat geepsie feex heem hup!'

"Bagosh, dat's hall I say. *Mais,* Neek, he jus' grab me on de naik an' de trous', an' go on de hay-lof' an' sleep dere dat side, down de steps.

"Mais, w'en I peench myself an' know I ain' be dead, I'm ver' content for dat, an' go on de hay-lof' an' sleep dere dat night."

THE INSPIRATION OF THE MOMENT

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

EASTLAKE, the portrait painter, whose counterfeit presentments were so much in vogue that sittings had to be arranged for many months in advance, was entertaining a few friends in his studio at supper after the opera.

The spacious, lofty room, with its costly furnishings, each article having its own character, and yet all uniting to compose an unforgettable picture of beauty and luxury in perfect harmony, was suffused by a soft radiance that seemed to have no particular source, and in this gentle glow the guests strolled quietly about, examining the countless curios, or lolled in the ample arm-chairs as they made the atmosphere dim with fragrant smoke.

The talk had drifted on to a recent railway collision, attended by appalling results, and some one mentioned how a passenger had saved his own life by keeping cool in the midst of the panic.

"There's nothing like presence of mind on such occasions," said Dyonnet, sententiously, as if he were proclaiming a new truth.

"Oh, yes there is," responded Yarker, an incorrigible wag, "There's something better still."

"What can that be?" demanded Dyonnet, falling into the other's trap.

"Why, absence of body, of course," retorted Yarker, adding with an exultant grin, "Caught you again, old man."

Dyonnet flushed and looked annoyed. He did not relish being tripped up by this trite play upon words, and was on the verge of blurting out something that might have been better expressed otherwise, when his host, sensing the situation, broke in with:

"By the way, that reminds me. Did I ever tell you of my little adventure in France, when, not being able to manage absence of body at a critical moment, by a little bit of presence of mind I saved my precious neck?"

"No—no!" chorussed the guests, all of whom, having supped heartily, were in the right humor for a good story. "Tell us about it," and they at once moved toward him.

"All right," responded Eastlake, cordially. "Get your cigars going well, and I'll spin my yarn, but I give you fair warning, it doesn't amount to much."

Everybody having settled down, and the cigars being in full blast, Eastlake began his recital.

"I had been roaming about the valley of the Loire for some weeks, more by way of a holiday than anything else, and in the neighborhood of Tours my attention was attracted by an exceedingly picturesque ruin crowning a commanding eminence. It had once been a baronial stronghold, and there still remained in a fair state of preservation a lofty tower, crenulated and machicolated after the most approved style of its time. From the summit a superb view of the rich and varied landscape could be had, and, despite the difficulty of the ascent, I accomplished it again and again for the sake of the glorious panorama outspread beneath.

One afternoon, while making my way about the ruins, I became conscious of the unpleasant sensation of being followed, but although I made several efforts to discover by whom, so agile was my pursuer that my searching eyes met only the motionless, silent stones.

At last, in order, if possible, to be relieved of this unwelcome attention, I quietly slipped down one of the crumbling corridors, and made haste to reach the top

of the tower, where the splendor of the sunset flooding the valley beneath with golden light caused me to forget what had disturbed me below.

I was lost in admiration of the picture, so utterly beyond the power of brush or pigment to reproduce, when my pleasant reverie was interrupted by a stealthy footfall, and, whirling round, I found myself *vis-a-vis* to so strange and striking a figure that even in my alarm at his sudden appearance the thought came to me;—the genius of the ruin; surely. How I should like to paint him!

There stood before me a man of unusual height, with a long snow-white beard, which made him resemble an ancient Druid. His clothes were in tatters, his feet bare, his shaggy locks formed the only covering of his massive head. His features were regular, and richly tanned by the hot sun. But his eyes—ah! it was when I looked into them that a chill ran down my spine, for they glowed with the unmistakable fire of madness. Undoubtedly I had a maniac to reckon with.

My only weapon was a light cane, but he bore a heavy staff or club, that in his giant grasp would have served to brain an ox. It was clearly a case for diplomacy, not for physical defence, if I would get off with a whole skin.

The platform of the tower was only a few feet in diameter, and the old man had planted himself between me and the narrow stairway by which we had ascended. I was therefore entirely at his mercy.

Bending upon me a look of appalling sternness, he said in so deep a voice that it seemed to issue from the interior of the tower, rather than from his lips, hidden as they were under his thick moustache:

"Audacious Stranger! For your intrusion here you must pay the penalty."

There was something so melodramatic about the whole thing, that in spite of my genuine apprehension, I could not refrain from smiling, as I replied with as light an air as I could muster:

"I am sure I didn't know I was intruding. Of course, if there is anything to pay—" and I put my hand into my pocket.

But a sudden intensifying of the baleful glow of the old man's eyes, and a tightening of his sinewy hands upon the knobbed staff warned me that it was no time for trifling. So I instantly changed my tune, and in amost apologetic tone said:

"I really do not understand. I meant no harm, I assure you. Will you please let me pass?"

But my humble words had not the slightest mollifying effect. As rigid as a statue the old man kept his position, while the deep voice thundered out:

"You must pay the penalty. You must leap down from here."

Fully realizing my peril, I sought to temporize by entreating him to explain to me wherein I had offended.

But the poor distorted mind could not make clear what delusion had possessed it, although the great voice rolled on for some time, uttering disjointed sentences, from which I gathered that the spirit of a former owner of the castle was condemned to haunt the place until it should be laid through the sacrifice of a stranger's life.

"Therefore, you must leap," was the intelligible enough conclusion, pronounced in a tone of inevitable fate.

"And what if I refuse?" I demanded, putting on a bold front, although I must confess my knees were quaking.

"Then I shall smite you down with my staff, and throw you from the tower," was the relentless reply.

I had apparently reached the end of my tether, and the awful proximity of death well-nigh unmanned me. To die in this absurd fashion, away from all friends and kin, in the midst of an earthly paradise, every scene and sound and scent of which was so sweet to me—do you wonder if my reason seemed on the verge of wavering?

Then just at this supreme crisis there

flashed into my mind an inspiration at which I grasped as the proverbial drowning man is reputed to do at a straw.

"One moment," I said, putting on a persuasive smile: "To leap down is not a great performance. Any child could do it, but to leap up here from below, that would be a different thing, and would be much more likely to appease the troubled spirit you mentioned."

As I spoke the maniac listened intently, leaning forward to catch every word, and hope began to revive within me. The stern expression of his countenance altered to one of eager interest, and in an altogether different tone, he asked me:

"Do you think so? It would indeed be a marvellous feat! But can you achieve it?"

"It is well worth a trial, at all events," I hastened to reply, lest his humor should change again. "You stay here, and I'll run down and see if it can't be done."

For a brief space of harrowing uncertainty the old man looked puzzled and irresolute, muttering something to himself that I could not catch.

I made no attempt to stir, but maintained a confident smile, that belied my inward anxiety. I could see the tense grasp of the strong fingers loosening on the ugly club, and, scarce seeming to breathe, I kept my eyes fixed upon him.

At last he ceased mumbling, and moved to the edge of the tower. Looking down over the ruined rampart, he appeared to be measuring the dizzy distance to the ground below. Then he turned to me with resolution written plain in his bronzed features, and my heart stood still while I waited his decision.

"It would truly be a marvellous thing, and doubtless more pleasing to the spirit than the other way. Will you attempt it?"

You may easily conceive with what readiness I answered in the affirmative, and the next instant I was plunging down the dark, tortuous stairway at a reckless rate that soon took me to the bottom. Once out in the open I stood not upon the order of my going, but sprinted for the city, not pausing to look back until I had put a goodly distance between myself and the tower. Then I saw the tall, dark figure of the old man silhouetted against the radiant sky, as he stood waiting for my wonderful upward leap, and for aught I know he is standing there still."

LIGHTHOUSE IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

THE SHOALS OF HONOR

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE grizzled old English Colonel slowly replaced his monocle, and gazed across the table at the American girl. He was not in the habit of being disagreed with.

"My dear young lady," he replied icily, "I don't for one moment doubt you to be the most courageous of creatures. What I do doubt, however, is the propriety of women intruding themselves into sports which are regarded as essentially masculine."

The American girl flushed slowly up from her rope of pearls to the chestnut-brown of her waving hair. More than one resplendent young *aide,* gazing at the delicate shell-pink of her oval face, and the girlish slenderness of her figure, found it hard to think of her as an Amazon. But in the meantime her color had paled, and the fighting Townsend blood had responded to her drumming heart. The man opposite, had he but known her, might have read the flash of danger in her quiet smile.

"By which you mean, that while you go out and kill partridges—or is it robins?—your wives obediently stay in and kill time."

The Governor-General coughed, and the old Colonel struggled for a moment with his collar. At Home no girl would ever have spoken to him in that manner!

"The insinuation is invidious, madam, quite invidious," he snapped. "I have seen some of the things you extraordinary Americans have done, on paper, but never—"

The girl's eyes were now blazing openly, and he stopped, in wonder.

"Careful, Colonel; careful—but if you must, make it swords!" It was the Minister of Railways who spoke.

"I beg your pardon?" demanded the irate officer.

"I say, if you must, make it swords! I saw Miss Townsend shooting in the Dominique Gallery yesterday, and she scored seven bulls-eyes out of nine!"

"Which, of course, is quite the same thing as facing a Bali man-eater!" And the Colonel's lip curled. A smile crept about the table, for Virginia Townsend was still sometimes pointed out as the only millionaire's daughter who had shot a grizzly.

Again the Governor-General coughed. It was his undeviating policy to allow no exigency of external warfare to elbow an entrance into the high-panelled dining-room of Government House. These mixed Christmas parties, however, were never an easy thing to manage,—made up as they were of gloomily silent Ministers' wives, and audacious young American girls, who had come up to Ottawa for the winter sports, and a legislator or two, to say nothing of the usual army men, who always gave coloring to a colonial gathering, Her Excellency held, like a generous garnishing to an uncommonly plain dish.

Two weeks of open weather had ruined the sports, and in the absence of toboggan and snow-shoe, and cariole, a spirit of unrest had crept over their Excellencies' house-party. This spirit seemed to come to a head in the irritability of old Colonel Rivers, who, still quite heedless of his host's monitory cough, insisted on one Parthian shot.

"As I was about to say," he spoke with savage deliberation, "if Miss Townsend possesses that same boldness in the field which she displays before,—before her

elders, I feel quite ready to accede to her all the elements of a second Artemis!"

A silence fell on the table, and a somewhat quicker rise and fall of the rope of pearls on Virginia Townsend's breast was the only sign that she had heard. It was the Premier himself who looked up quickly at this juncture.

"I am afraid, your Excellency," he began, with his smoothly-flowing French intonation, and his ready, equable smile, "I am afraid we are the unappreciative witnesses of an impending international crisis. And I have a proposition, Your Excellency, to lay before this gathering. Colonel Rivers, who, I understand, has come all the way to Canada to hunt our lordly moose, is a distinguished and experienced sportsman. Miss Townsend, who insists on breaking the heart of every private secretary I ever had, in her own country, is also eminent as a lover of the rod and gun. Now I propose, Your Excellency, that the stuffed moose, which at present adorns the library of our friend, the Commissioner of Mounted Police, be placed in some obscure corner of Government House Park, and there be duly shot at in turn by Miss Townsend and Colonel Rivers until pierced in an obviously vital spot!"

A ripple of relieving laughter ran about the table.

"Thank you, Sir Wilfrid," said the American girl gratefully. "But I have an amendment to offer!" She smiled pensively, and spoke with a certain ominous lowness of voice. "Colonel Rivers, I believe, has already spent two weeks in Northern Ontario. He has just said that the one moose which he bagged had an antler measurement of five feet and three inches." She paused, and turned from the Premier to the Indian campaigner. "This is Monday, and Friday is Christmas Day. To-morrow at noon I propose to start for the Lake Temagaming district. And if I fail to bring down a moose, with my own hand, or fail to return with a head quite as big as Colonel Rivers, I'll be willing to contribute two hundred blanket-suits to the children of the Ste. Agathe Orphanage. I say this, providing, of course, that if I succeed, Colonel Rivers will make a corresponding contribution!"

The old Colonel looked across the table with grim deliberativeness. His slightly startled eyes rested coldly on the slender figure of the girl, in her unnecessarily effeminizing dinner-gown, and for a moment he pondered the question, with slowly relaxing brows. Then he did the unexpected thing. He bowed gracefully and said:

"I accept your challenge, Miss Townsend,—or had we not better call it a wager?"

And that was how Virginia Townsend, of Central Park West, New York City, three days before Christmas, found herself among the desolate mooselands of the Laurentian foot-hills.

* * * * * *

It was the day before Christmas. The pale, tawny blue of the northern sky was turning to gold and saffron beyond the serrated line of the pine-lands. A touch of autumnal forlornness and unrest clung to the quiet air, presaging that a belated winter was about to claim its own, though three weeks of unseasonable weather had left the green waters of Lake Temagaming still open to the birch-bark of the hunter and the batteau of the lumberman.

From the sheltered hollow of a little tamarack-clad valley that overlooked a lower arm of the lake, old Napoleon Baudette, the Mattawa guide, gazed anxiously out over the darkening Narrows and watched for the return of that most bewildering of mistresses, whom he invariably addressed as "Captaine Taonesen." For more than one reason it had been a melancholy week to Napoleon. Never before had he worked so hard for a moose. Never before had he searched

so grimly for tracks, or sworn so vociferously at the wind, or prayed so earnestly for a snow-fall. But the snow had held off, and the breeze had been treacherous, and from first to last all luck had been against them, and now they were going back empty-handed, defeated, broken, and humbled. Old Napoleon (who had taught Virginia Townsend her first lessons in woodcraft years before, and would gladly have followed his mistress to the ends of any mooselands in America) tried to cheer her hour of humiliation with sophistries about the season's scarcity of moose, and the lateness of the season, and the shortness of the time at their disposal. But defeat was still defeat; and old Napoleon wore a still more rueful countenance when he thought of the new Winchester which he was to have had, if *le bon dieu* had only not been quite so merciful to His moose!

And now they were ready to strike camp and portage from Temagaming into Sturgeon River, by way of Smoky Falls, and push on down the river to Lake Nipissing, where they were to catch the eastbound train for Ottawa and Montreal. Pierre and 'Tite Michel, the two Indians, were already portaging the duffel and birch-barks overland to the river.

In two hours they should be homeward bound, and already Napoleon was thinking of the games of *La Main Chaude* he would soon be playing with his children, and smacking his lips over the remembered tang of his good wife's Christmas *tarte aux suelles*.

But to Virginia those last hours about the dismantled camp had grown all but unendurable. As she gazed out over the lonely stretch of waters, her mind wandered back to New York, to the familiar scene of the crowded Avenue on Christmas Eve, to the circling tiers of lights and the brilliant groups and colors of a holiday performance at the Metropolitan, to the movement and companionable crowds of the restless, busy, warm-tinted Town.

Then a spirit of recklessness came over her, and she caught up her little silver-mounted duck-gun, and turned to the old guide.

"Napoleon, I can't stand this,—I'm going to paddle over to Grouse Island and get some partridges for supper."

"Ver' wail, Captaine Taonesen; I will mak de speets;" and the old guide watched her leap into the lumberman's "pointer," abandoned for the winter, and push lightly from the shore. He watched her regular, easy, stroke of the paddle until she seemed a gliding shadow on a sea of opal, and then was lost to view beyond the distant rocks and bracken-hills of Grouse Island. From time to time he looked at the redness of the lowering sun, and noticed the rising wind. "I t'ink, by gare, dat lak' she freeze to-night for sure!" he said aloud.

It was the first grey of early twilight when Virginia, pushing off from the island with vigorous strokes, looked eastward and held her paddle suddenly poised. At first she took the moving shadow for a boatman, or a bit of drifting timber. Then a quick thrill of alertness and comprehension ran through her body. What she saw was neither boatman or brushwood, but a bull moose, crossing the Narrows. Her hands, for a second or two, trembled exultantly as she swung the prow of the "pointer" out into the open water. As she glided silently down on him, with a wildly beating heart, she guessed at his antler measurement, and her practised eye told her that from tip to tip of the great spreading horns must be at least six feet.

The moose and the boat were now not more than one hundred yards from each other, and the ponderous antlered animal had not yet discovered its pursuer. It is allowed of no hunter or sportsman to kill in water,—that was a law of the Open which Virginia knew only too well. Yet it was maddening to see one's prize so near and at the same time so far away. She looked instinctively for her rifle, and

then remembered, to her sudden dismay, that she had nothing but a shot-gun with her.

A moment later the enemy had seen her. This she knew by his sudden movement of terror, which threw one-third of his huge body up clear of the water. He rounded quickly, and with great, powerful strokes, made for the nearest land, not three hundred yards away. By this time the girl's presence of mind had come back to her. She knew that her one hope was in intercepting the animal's passage before his feet touched rock. It was a short race, but a fierce one. The more cumbersome wooden "pointer" was not like a birch-bark canoe. The ache in the girl's arms became unendurable. But still she fought on—fought desperately every inch of the way. She could see that she was overhauling him.

The moose was not a stone's-throw from the shelving rocks of Mosquito Bay when the "pointer" glided between him and his goal. He turned, confounded, and made once more for open water. As they circled about together, the girl could see the gleam of his greenish eyes, and the ripple of the muscles on his great, writhing back. She could have touched his haunches with her paddle. In desperation, she caught up her shot-gun. Aiming carefully at the base of the skull, she fired. She saw a little cloud of scattering hair, and the moose swimming away, apparently unhurt. She fired again. Still there was no effect. And by this time she saw that she had lost one hundred good feet in the race. And she knew that she would not be able to keep it up for long.

She seized the paddle, which now seemed a thing of lead, and pushed out after the fleeing animal. Inch by inch, straining every nerve and muscle, she gained; inch by inch, she caught up her lost ground, and as the prow of her pointer crept up beside the ponderous, writhing haunches, a sudden inspiration came to her. Putting all her strength in one final stroke, she slipped forward and seized the boat's stout hemp painter. In this she quickly passed a running noose, and then with one quick toss let it fall clean and fair over the nearest antler of the swimming animal. Just why she did it, she scarcely stopped to think. But it gave her a hint of security, a sense of capture. The excitement of the race had mounted to her head, like wine, flushing her with recklessness, and now she felt that she had burned her bridges behind her, and that either she or the moose must go down in the end.

The pointer swung astern, and the next moment showed the girl she had been taken helplessly in tow by the monarch of the American forests. Then she sat back in her seat, and tried to collect her thoughts, and to argue out with herself just what would be the right thing to do.

Napoleon, the old northern-woods guide, gazing anxiously out through the gathering dusk for his charge, beheld a strange sight. It was an American girl, trimly clad in a four-point blanket hunting suit, being towed swiftly across one of the lower arms of Lake Temagaming by a frenzied bull moose. He realized the danger that lay so imminently before the girl, and, catching up his rifle, shouted to her across the water. For the first time she caught sight of him.

"Don't shoot!" she commanded, calling shrilly in at him. Napoleon did not understand.

"Don't shoot, I say!" she called, still more sternly, as they came nearer. Napoleon rose from his knee, and wrung his hands.

"Mon dieu, she was keeled—she was keeled!" he cried aloud.

He peered through the darkening twilight with bated breath. The girl was quickly but calmly lashing her long-bladed hunting-knife, bayonet-wise, to the end of her gun-barrel. Already the great animal was struggling to get a foothold amid the broken rock of the sloping bank. The

next moment the huge body rose above the water. The girl waited, with the knife ready. Napoleon could see it shine in the half-light. The moose, with one great bound, made the shore, dragging the batteau at its heels, as though it had been a thing of paper.

It was then that the girl flung herself out of the boat with a little exultant cry, —with one unconscious, shrill scream of battle,—as the great antlers lowered and the infuriated animal turned on her. She watched the rushing head bear down on her, and swerve with the unlooked-for weight of the "pointer." As the moose, entangled in the rope, slid ponderously forward on its knees, she knew that the knife had gone into the flesh up to the hilt. With a rumbling, half-muffled roar of pain, the great carcass struggled to its feet. This time, as she leaped to the right, clear of the antler and hoof, the knife plunged in well behind the shoulder. She could see the great knees quake, and the blood flowing from the gaping mouth. She wondered if she could hold out to the end. She waited, alert, quivering, feeling the insecurity of her lower ground, maddened at the lack of light. For one second the great looming shadow poised above her. Then it crashed downward through the underbrush, and as the girl swung off sharply, with one hand on a young balsam, her gun was knocked from her hand and went rattling down the rocks. She gave a short little scream of fear, and waited, helpless.

Nothing stirred, but still she waited. Then, peering through the gloom, she understood. Her moose lay dead, lying prone in six inches of the waters of Lake Temagaming.

When Napoleon came up, panting, he found her crying softly, but bitterly.

"By gare, I t'ink dose wimmin are de mos' fonny peep' *I* nevaire see!" he said later, as he told of it to old Bateese Leblanc, the taxidermist of Mattawa.

THE PROBLEM OF THE BOY

By ANNA E. BRIGGS

IN face of the fact that the boy is father of the man, and man the instrument through which God rules the universe, the problem of the boy becomes one of the most important of the age. What shall we teach him? How train him so as to develop the best that is in him, and prepare for a life of usefulness and honor?

A few plain rules might be briefly outlined as follows:

(1) Feed and clothe him well, and give him the best education your means will allow, but do not force him along too rapidly for his physical well-being: you want first of all to make him a healthy boy.

(2) Do not trouble him with theological problems or creeds, but teach him to do good, and be honest and truthful from a more worthy motive than the fear of punishment, or the hope of reward.

(3) Love him,—not only secretly, but openly, demonstratively, and unselfishly.

(4) Don't despair if your boy is rattling, careless, and seemingly inclined to evil, and averse to everything that is good. A boy is the most puzzling thing in all creation, and you can never tell how much good there is in him.

> Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
> He who would search for pearls must dive below.

(5) Make home the most pleasant spot on earth to him, and give him to understand that you trust in his integrity, and expect great and good things of him. As a rule, a boy will turn out neither better nor worse than you expect him to.

(6) Never lose an opportunity to commend your boy. If (as I once heard a lady say) he never gives you a chance, make one now and again. There may be an unkindled spark of aspiration, ambition, honest pride, or some latent energy, which a word of praise will fan into an immortal flame. Praise often, blame seldom, hope, pray, and love, always.

(7) Allow him all the freedom of choice consistent with his safety and highest interests, and thus develop self-reliance, which is the keynote to success and true manhood. If, as a boy, everything is decided for him, as a man he will never be able to decide intelligently for himself. At the same time, however, impress him with the fact that an accumulation of wisdom, which is "the essence of knowledge and experience," is one of the advantages that age possesses over youth, and that it would conduce to his best interests to listen to the opinions of his parents, and be guided by their counsel at all times.

(8) From earliest childhood teach him self-control: passion unrestrained is the cause of more misery and crime than any other vice.

(9) Encourage a taste for good literature. As much attention should be given to the food for the mind as for the body.

(10) The youthful mind being plastic and easily biased, it is of the utmost importance that it should be trained to view every question, whether social, political, or moral, from different standpoints, and not to be unduly influenced by party newspapers, or platform orators. Encourage boys to think seriously for themselves. Ruskin has rightly enough emphasized the fact that youth is the time to think. This would have a tendency to make them level-headed and useful citizens, and this is what the world stands in need of to-day, and always.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER XX.

THE TOYSHOP OF THE WORLD.

Woverhampton, Sept.

We came to "The Black Country" by night and found it to be red. Rembrandtesque, is the only word that would describe the light. Leagues of sulphurous reek ascended cloudward like sacrificial incense at the shrine of Vulcan. From burning fiery furnaces, lurid glares and darting tongues of flame cut the blackness and made the entire scene to resemble a brilliant Aurora Borealis. By day a grey pall of smoke hangs over the district, here and there suffused with blurs and gleams of murky red.

If you would know the extent of this district, you must "plant in imagination, one foot of your compass at the Town Hall in Birmingham, and with the other sweep a circle of twenty miles radius, and you will have 'The Black Country.'"

It is the great iron depot of Europe, and by its multitudinous variety of manufacture, has earned for itself the title of the "toyshop of the world." Coal mines honeycomb the ground, and the gigantic mounds of refuse demonstrate how the bowels of the earth have been rent for their wealth. Once there was exhibited in London, from the cellar of this Black Country, a lump of coal that weighed six tons. Among "the burrowing toilers of the mine" were many women—strong, swart-faced wenches, whose brawny shoulders and Amazonian proportions made them fitting types of the female Carytides. I cannot say that I wasted much pity on them, for if the back is fitted to the burden, so likewise, are these women's legs and arms.

Thirty miles from Birmingham you may see, even through the troubled light, the great conical mount called the *Wrekin,* meaning "chief hill." I think the people worship it, for almost everyone points it out. If you are introduced to a gentleman and the conversation flags, he remarks, "Have you seen the Wrekin?" just as in Canada the men when talking to each other fill up the awkward pause with the standard invitation, "Come and have a drink." This mountain is the *Auld Reekie* of the Scotch toast, "To all the friends round the Wrekin," and if the hot stuff that has been quaffed to it were all emptied down the mountain's side, it would be entirely submerged. Elihu Burrit, says, that outside of Judea, no hill has ever had such social status.

We are stopping at Wolverhampton, near Birmingham, in a beautiful old rectory that is swathed in roses. Great voluptuous flowers with a subtle, sensuous perfume that somehow make one realize what Tennyson meant when he said, "The soul of the rose went into my blood." The garden is enclosed by a stone wall, and is a source of continual delight to me. It is full of surprises. Every day I find something new. There are low-growing cedars and ferns that grow rankly; hedges of box, jasmine, laurel, lilac, lime, barberry, holly, laburnum, almond, japonica, privet, myrtle and the Star of Bethlehem.

The apple trees are made to grow on a trellis like grape-vines. The plum trees are small, but have large fruit. Each plum is protected from insects and birds by muslin, thus presenting the appearance of

bags of goodies on a Christmas tree. I do not think the Rector likes my laughing at them, and the gardener gives sniffs that are indicative of whole books. I wanted to explain how plentiful plums were in Canada, and so to-day I told the Rector how the Padre once took the Bishop of Huron to a prize farm near Chatham, and while waiting for the farmer to appear, the Bishop helped himself to some choice fruit that lay in great heaps on the ground. On the arrival of the host, the Bishop made profuse apologies and said, "I fear, Mr. B——, we are making too free with your plums," whereupon Mr. B—— assured him that he was quite welcome to them, stating that they were *for the pigs anyway*. The Rev. William Hinde, who happened to be present, made a profound bow, and turning to the Bishop said; "Wherefore, my Lord! being so aptly reassured, I hope you will make a fresh start."

The Rector, like Zaccheus, is "a little man," and well over the meridian. He has a magnetic personality, an infectious laugh, and a vim and go that make you think of him as a Frenchman. He plays well, and has a good tenor voice. He is a type of the old High Churchman; which, alas, is becoming more rare every year. I mean the kind while perhaps impatient with all forms of dissent, are yet unbendingly loyal and Protestant. Finally, he is intensely devout—and smokes cigarettes.

Mrs. Rector is even shorter in stature than I am. It is a mistake to say that little people make up for their size in conceit. Vanity is essentially a vice of the tall, for since coming here I have felt pre-eminently superior, because someone has had to look up to me. I am convinced it is only when the average woman is taller than the average man, that she will be able to reduce him to his well-deserved subjugation.

Mrs. Rector is not tall, but is, however, trim as wax-work. It would be impossible for her to make a mistake, or commit a wilful sin, yet withal, she is intensely human, an ideal mother, and kind to her very finger-tips. She belongs to the Pentecostal League, and attends the Keswick Conventions. Her pet aversion is the memory of the late Mr. Gladstone, whom she considers an incarnation of the devil. "How," she would like to know, "could such a pronounced Ritualist be otherwise?"

One day the Rector took me to the Parish School. On entering, the children rose and saluted us. They have not the clever, wide-awake look possessed by Canadian children of the same class. The primary scholars were put through their lessons for our benefit, and one pudgy little girl, whose consonants were queerly mixed up, recited Wordsworth's "Lucy Grey." I was not impressed with the standard of the school. It seemed greatly behind hand in appliances and methods, and the rooms were dark and small.

The schools of the Establishment are known as the National. The teachers are not of necessity certificated. There is a strong feeling in England that these schools should be abolished. The Board School, which is State-supported, is unsectarian, and is under the control of the Central School Board in London. The National, correspond to the Canadian Separate Schools, and the Board, to our Public Schools. No person who pretends to belong to the classes, ever dreams of sending his children to either Board or National Schools. They are only for the children of the masses.

I spend much time in the Parish Church, I don't know how old it is, but let us say ten centuries. It was built by the flaxen-haired princess, Wulfruna, who was a sister of Ethelred, the Unready.

In front of the church stands the remains of a cross of immemorial antiquity; it is said to be of Runic origin. In the distance it looks like an Indian totem. "Time's effacing finger" has almost obliterated its quaint carving. The stone

lion that stands near the pulpit, is unknown to the Natural Histories of to-day. Indeed, it is an extraordinary conception of a lion, produced entirely from the sculptor's imagination, and executed with a startling freedom from all the trammelings of technicality, and with a vigor and animation quite beyond all recent art. Surely the architecture of those early times was infinitely superior to the sculpture.

CHAPTER XXI.

HERE AND THERE IN LONDON.

London, Sept. 23rd.

Thursday was "Benefit Day" at the Crystal Palace, and thither from Ludgate Hill, I wended my way on the London, Chatham and Dover R.R. It was a noisy crowd that filled the third-class carriages that morning. One tries hard to think why the English are described as taking their pleasures sadly. On holidays they are surely the merriest and maddest of all Anglo-Saxon folk. They do their best to live up to Bill Nye's advice to the public to have a good time while alive, for they will be a long time dead.

The area of the Palace grounds is extensive, and includes cycling paths, cricket grounds and water for boating. Here, landscape gardening is seen in perfection. The tennis-court is in such prime condition that the balls cannot fail to bound true. It is only after years of unrelaxing supervision that they could bring it to such a state of excellence.

I watched for half an hour a hotly contested game of polo. The round-bodied, sure-footed ponies seemed to enter into the sport with as keen a zest as their riders. Then I went "sky-larking" in a captive balloon, and although I did not hitch my waggon to the stars, almost realized the meaning of Victor Hugo's words, "I am the tadpole of an archangel." It was the very next thing to flying. We were "exiled from earth and yet not winged for heaven." The balloon, which had a capacity of 64,000 feet, shot up, up, up, till we reached an altitude of 1,000 feet. The sudden lurches of the basket as the wind blew us wherever it listed, were rather alarming, and one felt that "Heaven's high road" was not as substantially paved as it might be. We were all nervous and tried to appear unconcerned by saying smart things, but only succeeded in being silly. I remarked that we were all "stuck up;" someone else sang "Up in a balloon, boys," and a third person confessed that he never expected to get so near heaven again. It was an exploit rather than a delight.

I shall not write about the beauties of the Crystal Palace, because I did not see them. It is a huge, ugly pile; great only by size. The building was pathetically expensive, and its chief value is in demonstrating how easy it is to spend $7,000,000.

It would take one a long time to see properly the Byzantine Renaissance, and Industrial Courts; the picture galleries, museum, theatre, and concert halls that are covered by the enormous glass roof. Concerts were in full fling, but I preferred to *see* rather than to *hear*, and so wandered off to the Pompeian Court which represents a house in the time of Titus. The floors are tesselated, the walls fresco-decorated, and *tumuli* from the city itself add to the illusion. In the Egyptian Court is a model of the Temple of the Ptolemies, B.C. 300, and further on, a representation of the Pillared Hall of Karnak. The principal apartments in the Alhambra are the Court of Lions, Hall of Justice, and the Hall of Abencerrages. The arcades of open filigree work and elaborate carvings are beautiful. It is semi-eastern, with a smudge of west, for inside are mutoscopes and penny-in-the-slot atrocities.

There is an aquarium too, in the Palace, but without any fish. For the modest sum of two pence, I was able to view the microscopical exhibition, including among other things the polarization of light, the photographs of one hundred and four

English sovereigns on a pin's head, and a lively flea held by the neck with a silver chain to prevent his escaping and molesting visitors.

Fifty thousand people witnessed the fireworks, which are said to have been the finest ever shown in London. Millions of lamps lit up the Palace, the lawns, fountains, rose-gardens and walks. Every device of pyrotechnic art was brought into requisition to make a brilliant spectacle. Some of the novelties were a flight of mammoth shells, releasing a shower of electrical jewels, mechanical devices, such as the Village Blacksmith, Blondin on the tight-rope, conjurers, cycle races, and a piece designed to show the progress of lighting, from the rush light to electricity. Bouquets of flowers were displayed in fire, which as they burned gradually evolved the portrait of some noted person; the flowers chosen for each portrait being in some way symbolical of their character and actions. Daisies and violets, the emblems of modesty and innocence, were ironically made to do duty for Mr. Kruger. Kitchener and "Bobs" were evolved out of oak and bay leaves, signifying courage and reward for merit. The shamrocks representing "promise," as they faded away, left Sir Thomas Lipton. Sir Henry Irving, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and Kipling were well received, but over the portraits of Zola and Dreyfus, with the motto "Partial Reparation at last," the crowd cheered itself hoarse.

Entering the Palace, I was caught in a mad vortex of surging humanity and carried along for some yards without once touching the ground. The omnibuses do not outstay the hour of Cinderella, and so I had to walk to my lodgings from *The Angel* at Islington. The day had been "perfect indeed," but I may also add, "perfectly wearisome."

An interesting place to attend service on Sunday morning is the Foundling Hospital. It was established one hundred and fifty years ago by Thomas Coram, who lived for some time in Nova Scotia, and is for the maintenance of sin-born children, or for the legitimate children of soldiers and sailors, who were killed while in English service. It is now only a "foundling" hospital in name, for formerly any child was admitted without question or stipulation, except that each child was to bear some mark whereby it might, if necessary, be afterwards claimed. Some of these badges of identification may still be seen. They are such as coins, purses, crosses, and lottery tickets. One infant was left with these lines:

> "Not either parent wants a parent's mind,
> But friends and fortune are not always kind,
> The helpless infant, by its tender cries,
> Blesseth the hand from which its meets supplies."

The music in the chapel is always good. The organ is the gift of Handel, who once performed an oratorio in aid of the hospital funds, with a result of $35,000. The altar piece is by West, and represents Christ blessing the little ones.

The children sit in the gallery during the service; the boys on one side, the girls on the other.

> "With a suit of yellow clothes do they cover each little limb,
> And a smell of yellow soap, and they sing like cherubim."

These little morsels of humanity are well cared for, and are as happy as children could be, who are bundled up in barracks.

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One evening lately I went to hear the Rev. George Grubb preach at Islington. He is about to leave for Sierra Leone with the Bishop of that Diocese. Mr. Grubb has aged greatly since his visit to Canada, which is no doubt largely due to the troublous times through which he has been passing. To all intents and purposes the Church in England has washed her hands of this celebrated missioner.

The head and front of his offending are certain views he holds regarding eternal

punishment and baptism. He is a thorn in the flesh of Keswick, and they will have none of him. I am not wise enough to decide whether or not his intellectual errors should be deprecated as moral faults, but I feel that the words Rogers used regarding Arnold apply to Mr. Grubb: "It is with him as it was with Joseph when a certain man found him wandering in the field. If he had lost his way, it was because he was seeking his brethren."

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In one visit you can only "do" the Art, Science, and Natural History Museums of South Kensington. Even after spending days there, you feel that they have only been seen in a slap-dash style. From the various cases, "Man imprisoned, man crystallized, man vegetative, speaks to man impersonated." You may read the rock pages of nature's diaries, roam through corallines and fishes that heard the voice of God say, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly living creatures after their kind," and among multitudinous fossils so arranged as to show our descent from what Tyndall calls a "primordial atomic globule."

You may halt to look at the moa, Raphael's cartoons, priceless embroideries, ingenious handicraft in wrought brasses, furniture that was made time out of mind; carved ivories, as frail in their exquisite tracery as delicate lace; or at Arkwright's first hydraulic press.

Chopin says while contemplating certain pictures he heard music. Here, you may find this to be quite possible, as you linger long and lovingly over Turner's sunset pageants. Each is a wide vista of color, dashed all over with glowing crimson flame. You look and look at his complex grays and ambers, and wonder how human hands so could soften, intermix, and degrade the primary colors.

If you care to, you may fag out your body and brain in the consideration of Palaeontology, Geology, and Mineralogy, and only come to the old and painful conclusion, "We are but of yesterday, and know nothing."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE METROPOLIS OF THE WORLD.

London, Oct. 20th.

People can be found who will dispute that the sun is the centre of the planetary system, or the correctness of Euclid's axioms, but none save a Frenchman will contend the right of London to be called the Metropolis of the World. It covers half a million of acres, and has a population of six million people. There is something terrifying in its irresistable growth. It is a polypus, a spreading sore; it seems to have no boundaries. Take a train and travel on, and still farther on. Surely you have reached its purlieus, for here are green fields. No! you still find more houses, more green fields, and again pavements and suburban villas.

London is a show city. Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "The great sight of London —is London." It is a dynamo among cities. It is a summary of the earth. To persuade its mind or passions is to lead the world. It would take a lifetime to know it. What then can a poor Canadian hope to learn in a little year? Nothing but to love it.

All its classes are interesting, even the costers, those queer people who help fill London's huge gaping mouth. The male coster is quick-tongued, and has a queer lingo, besides being master of an amazingly rich vocabulary of oaths, which he strings out on all possible occasions. His unmentionable adjective is not sanguinary, but its Anglo-Saxon synonym. For some unknown reason, when he gives his donkey a sharp admonisher, he calls it a "moke." Poor old moke! Its hide is so worn in holes that it can scarcely keep the bones from falling out. Its underfed body is only kept together by some strange law of attraction.

I hope I may not be considered wanting in politeness in passing rapidly from the donkey of the coster to the woman thereof. She has a saucy tongue, too, and "slangs" her "bloke." She has a sinewy appearance, and is usually so dirty that one cannot tell whether she is good-looking or the reverse. Her scraggly hair is always surmounted by a huge structure with nodding plumes. She is blowsy and lacking in smartness, has an impudent laugh and a hard manner. The costers of both sexes are industrious. They despise the idle, greasy brotherhood, who swarm the seats in the park, or sleep on the floors of this, their green *salon,* often presenting a spectacle that might be appropriately called "After the Battle." The women who lie drunk on the grass, with no underlinen and exposed bodies, are rarely of the coster class. Objectionable as the costers are in many ways, one cannot think of London without them. They are as much a part of it as the paving-stones.

Equally as interesting a class are the omnibus drivers. If you sit in the front seat, perhaps your Jehu will tell you that he has just returned from India, where he served under Sir Havelock Allen, and was with him when he died. He will tell you not to believe what the newspapers say, for Sir Havelock died by his own hand, and not by an enemy's. He will proudly point to the monument built to commemorate the fire of 1666, and tell you that it is caged in at the top in consequence of the mania for committing suicide from it. Perhaps he will even advise you to ascend it, whereupon you tell him how Dickens represents the man in the monument as laughing when two visitors pay their sixpences to go up, and saying, "They don't know how many steps it is. It is worth twice the money to stop below."

As you rattle down the Thames Embankment, you question him about Cleopatra's Needle, the huge obelisk around whose base prostrate nations seem to crouch. He unfolds how it was brought to England, and how someone told him that it came from the Temple of the Sun, and that Moses played around it, and Joseph was imprisoned under its shadow, and that it saw Abraham, the Hebrew, when he came down to Egypt. This, with a superior air, he assures you that he is not gullible enough to believe. It cannot be quite so old as all that, for it is not even chipped.

On your ride with your voluble instructor through narrow lanes, the inside seams of the city, bearing the quaint nomenclature of olden times; past Lilliputian shops, not much larger than Canadian apple-bins, and where $10.00 would be a fair estimate of the value of the stock in trade, till finally you descend and peer through the gates of Christ Hospital, commonly known as "The Blue Coat School," an institution which has handled thirty generations of Boy.

You whip out *"Baedeker,"* and he says it is "a school for twelve hundred boys and one hundred girls, founded by Edward VI., with a yearly income from land and funded property of about £60,000." The quadrangle, where the boys are playing is the burial ground of the Grey Friars. It is said that in order to cheat St. Peter into the belief of the sanctity of the dead, many laymen were buried in the habit of the brotherhood. Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Coleridge, played in this quadrangle, and bled each other's noses in the same chevy-chase style as the young barbarians of to-day. The boys have yellow stockings, buckled shoes, flapping skirts, and wear a clergyman's band around their necks. They are always bareheaded. The French say the English thus expose their boys in this atrocious climate because the population is inconveniently large.

A few minutes' walk from this interesting school, down Cheapside and along past Ludgate Hill, brings you into Fleet Street, so called because it is the old bed of the River Fleet. It is now occupied by "eating houses" and "paper stainers in monochrome"—otherwise editors. It is

with quite the nature of a shock that you recognize the figure of *Mr. Punch* in the original.

This street leads into the Strand, where you find it pleasant to drop into Rimmel's and buy of the scents at headquarters. And how much there is to purchase in London. You feel it is not only an agreeable diversion, but a necessity, that you should buy every second thing you see in the shops. You degenerate into what Max Nordau calls the "onia mania," or "buying craze." For prudential considerations it is well to put your money in a bank and order them not to give it to you.

The bells of St. Clements' are really saying "Oranges and lemons" as you leave the busy Strand and pass into the sepulchral chill of the church. A brass plate on pew 18 informs the public that Dr. Johnson usually sat there. Boswell says of this grim old worthy, "He carried me to St. Clement Danes, where he had his seat, and his behaviour was, as I imagined to myself, solemnly devout. I shall never forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the Litany, "In the hour of death, and at the day of Judgment, good Lord deliver us." At Charing Cross, where the Strand empties into Trafalgar Square, the traffic is congested into a deep-throated and vociferous confusion. Omnibuses, bicycles, broughams, carts, sandwich men, autocars, drags, drays, and things that are nondescript become locked in embraces that could hardly be called affectionate.

The hansom driver, "London's gondolier," calls in mighty dudgeon to the carter who has grazed his wheel, to go home and drive ducks to water, which advice is greeted with an original fertility of invectives more personal than complimentary, but still a representative of "the force" holds them back. As Joshua bade the sun to stand still, so one man standing in the surge of diverse and mighty currents of traffic, performs apparently as great a miracle by merely holding up his hand. He stretches it out again as Moses did his rod over the Red Sea, and a passage is opened into which the jumbled mob pour like the Israelites rushing their last breach.

Trafalgar Square is the heart of London. From it all the city radiates. It is the centre-piece of the British capital, and the Corinthian column that has been erected to Nelson, is the epergne. The sun is sulking behind dirty rags of clouds, so I can barely descry Nelson's statue at the top of the pillar.

It is Trafalgar Day, and the monument is a veritable sheet of color. Tons of laurels and flowers have been hung about it, and about Landseer's lions that form its flanks. These couchant majesties strike different persons in different ways. To the ordinary observer they stand for the unconquerable might and masterhood of England. They appeared otherwise to a Scotsman, of whom Julian Ralph tells us:

He was on his way to the South African diamond fields; stopped overnight in London, and suddenly discovered these lions. "Great heavens," he said, "look at the size of those lions! Think what they must have cost! If there is money enough in London for people to leave out of doors like that, this must be a better place than Africa in which to make a fortune. At any rate, they've got all the money I want, and I'll stay here and get it." He stayed and he got it, but Scotch, and insatiable, he is still remaining for an indefinite period.

To the one side is another "precious stone of the nation." It was erected to Gordon, who, on an evil day, died for the honor of England. On it rested a fresh wreath of green, encircling the words:

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time."

The lines suggest what Elihu Burrit said of Dr. Johnson: "He left something

more than footprints on the sands of time. He left footholdings for the men wrestling with the surges of misfortune, and many a half-drowned struggler has reached the sunny shores of fame and fortune by taking hold of the skirts of his great example."

The National Gallery fronts on Trafalgar Square. One is always surprised at the comparatively few visitors there. Perhaps, too, their necks get cramped and their brains drunk.

The Padre likes Dutch pictures, which I argue are ugly in their extreme realism. He bluntly tells me that I am "ignorant of the first principles of art," which sounds very superior on his part. Aside from their richness of coloring, the paintings might be photographs, so perfect is their minutiae. The artists of this watery Arcadia had perforce to depict domestic life, simple landscapes, dykes, pigs, cows, pots and pans, for lack of more striking *motif*. They limn the women as big-haunched and lubberly; possibly to match the stolid-faced, doughy men. It was of these pictures Ruskin spoke when he gave it as his opinion, that a Dutchman seated between a cheese paring and a lemon pip, could look as solemnly contemplative as an Italian before the Virgin Mary.

Turner is the other extreme of Dutch art. He paints etherealized truth. His confused obscurities are "an intermediate, somewhat between a thought and a thing." More nearly than any artist, he rendered the transparent by the opaque. It was into "the bridge of colors seven" he dipped his brush, to catch the glorious visions of purple and flame color that enchant the beholder. Turner cast aside the senses of conventional technicalities, and made his own law. It was simple—it was perilous—it was superbly demonstrated: "You ought only to paint your impressions." His brush is an Aaron's rod that eats up all other brushes.

Landseer's animals have human eyes; Hogarth's evergreen *marriage a la mode*, Rubens, Rembrandt, Raphael; they stagger and daze, so that you are glad to leave them, promising yourself to come again to-morrow. The younglings turn away unwillingly. They want to stay longer before the boy, St. John by Murillo, for his eyes, they say, laugh into theirs, and children because of their white souls understand each other.

London, November.

In the National Gallery one's mind is distracted by different subjects and styles, for it is difficult to appreciate in rapid succession a battlepiece, a water-scape, a vision, a portrait, or an interior. It is not so in the Dore Gallery. True, you are startled by the delirious tableaux, and the wonderful combinations of light and shade that Dore works out in his pictures, but all the scenes are devotional in character, and the mind becomes attuned to them.

The greatest picture is that of *Christ Leaving the Practorium*. A savage entering the room and seeing this Man-God could not fail to be profoundly impressed. The figure is the embodiment of all suffering borne with a manly dignity—not the broken, haggard, Nazarene, artists have so often portrayed, but that of one who knows "how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong." It is a transcendent ideal of "The King in His beauty" that strikes you into silence and tears. The other figures in the picture—about three hundred in all—are so delineated that one can name them without hesitation, and yet, taken as a whole, they act only as a background, portraying all the loves, jealousies, and griefs that humanity is capable of, and throwing into relief the one ideal man, who while He was touched with all the feeling of our infirmities, was yet without sin. If this work tells the secret of the artist's soul, if it be the result of his insight into the nature of the Christ, then this French artist was one of the world's greatest seers. Surely it is true, "when the gods come among men they are not known."

We lingered lovingly over *The Vale of Tears*. It was Gustave Dore's swan-song, for he died while the paint was yet wet on the canvas.

* * * * * * *

The Padre has returned to London. He has been at Colchester for a fortnight, speaking to the soldiers. The regiments there quartered are the Warwicks, Gordon Highlanders, and Irish Fusiliers. He reports that when orders came for the men to be ready for immediate transportation to South Africa, the hospital was full of sick privates. In three hours there was not a solitary man in bed. The devilish itch to fight, which lies close under the skin of all Anglo-Saxons, had come out in a red heat, and every mother's son of them was ready to pay "the tax of blood" to his country, and, if need be, lay his body down to fertilize the soil of an African veldt.

John Bull deserves his name, for he is decidedly bellicose. He was keen for battle, and was far from pleased when the Hon. Cecil Rhodes said Kruger would "climb down." The war has not, however, been taken up with universal enthusiasm. Those called "Little Englanders" are making themselves heard. Still the red horse has begun his dread march, and this time it is a fight to the finish.

On Saturday we went to the Waterloo Station to witness the departure of the soldiers. Some of the officers left in private cars. Their mothers, wives, and sweethearts said good-bye to them with dry eyes, but pale, drawn faces. These women are of the best stock in the world, and would consider any display of feeling as bad form. Their stoicism, if less admirable, is quite equal to that of our Red Indians.

Every inch of space was occupied by eager spectators, with a strong cordon of police lined up to hold them back. At one o'clock we heard the throbbing of the drums and the stirring strains of the band of the Grenadier Guards, and soon the Kharki-clad troops came into view. The cheering was tremendous, and with one voice the people welcomed The Black Watch by singing, "Auld Lang Syne." In spite of the police the crowds pressed on the soldiers, so that they were unable to preserve anything like good formation, and were therefore allowed to "march at ease." The detachments became thin lines of dust-color that wormed their way through the dense mass of people.

The Duke's son stood up in his stirrups and cheered; the cook's son came with his arm linked in his wife's; the son of a belted earl bared his head to wave the national colors. Youths and women insisted on carrying the soldiers' kit-bags, rifles, and impedimenta. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and one heard such shouts as these: "Ip, ip, urroar;" "Them's the boys for old Kruger;" "Shoot straight for the Old Country;" "Pull his whiskers" (Kruger's); "Don't forget Majuba;" "God bless you, laddies, and bring you safe home to your mothers." The Padre threw his silk hat into the air, and didn't catch it. The result was disastrous.

There were many tear-stained faces, and hearts that ached, too, for these tough-fibred sons of Mars, led out like sheep to the slaughter, for it will be a mere handful who come home again.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, earth groans as they tread,
The clay-covered bones going down to the dead.
Every stamp, every step, every footfall is bolder,
'Tis a skeleton tramp with a skull on his shoulder.
But O! how he strides with his high-tossing head!
This clay-covered bones going down to the dead."

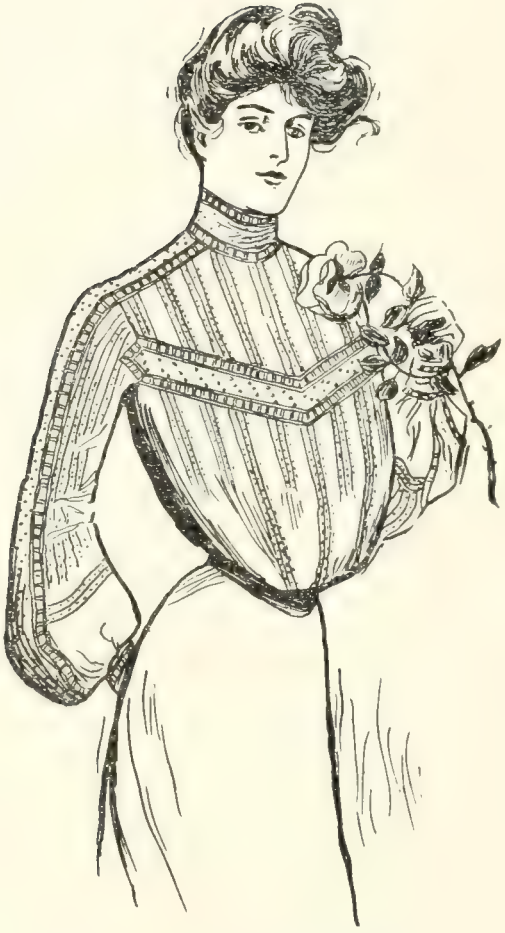
The cars pulled out to the strains of "God bless you, Tommy Atkins, here's your country's love to you." Ah, well! all the rest will be prose and sharply punctuated.

DOTTED FOULARDS WHICH WERE SO POPULAR LAST SEASON ARE AGAIN THE FASHION

The first is of white with a large black dot nearly the size of a twenty-five cent piece. Tiny velvet buttons are its only ornamentation. The second is a Red Foulard with the dots in black finished with heavy lace.

GOWNS TO BE WORN DURING THE COMING "WHITE" SUMMER

The first suit is a new model in which Herring-bone and Yak Lace play an important part. The second is a smart little suit of heavy crash, trimmed with Yak Lace. Many of the new linen gowns are cut walking-length.



A SMART SUMMER WAIST.

NEW GIRDLE PATTERN.

The new Beaded Girdle of White Satin and Coral Beads.

This pattern is reversible and can be worn high in the back and sloping at the sides.

Beads are sold in all colors and sizes. This Girdle can be easily made with a half yard of silk or satin, cut on the bias.

The gowns in the accompanying sketches are of Voile and Etamine and show the new Girdle.

HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND.

FIRST you must catch your hare. If you want a husband, my dear young Miss, you must go into the marriage market-place. For stripped of all polite palaver, marriage is really the first and last cause of society. He may be very hard to catch, but——

* * *

He is much harder to hold. He is the possible black horse that shys, kicks the dashboard, bites, and runs away. You need to handle the ribbons with adeptness. Don't rein him too high. No whip, please. The bit must be comfortable—very comfortable. A tight line is easiest snapped. Let him "gang his ain gait," now and then.

* * *

You won him by guile, then keep him by guile.

* * *

In ordinary, do not "manage" him, when fair and open means will serve your end. You will find extraordinary occasions frequent enough, for every son of Adam has "ways." Don't let him think he is managed. It hurts his pride. "She rules best who never shows she rules."

* * *

If he is "snappy as a bull-terrier on a chain," if he swears at you till the air is solid, don't get ruffled. Confine yourself to saying, "Dear me!"

Tears are bad weapons. Besides, they make you ugly—poets and romancers to the contrary. No man succumbs to a weeping woman without resentment. This was known so long ago as the days of Samson. Listen: "And she wept before him the seven days while the feast lasted, and it came to pass on the seventh day that he told her, *because she lay sore upon him.*"

* * *

But when he is right—and once in a long time he may happen to be—don't be mean. Be sure and allow him the full gratification of the victory. It is a little thing, but the best regulated husband will appreciate it.

* * *

Don't laugh at him because he loses his hat and finds it on his head. Tell him you often do that.

* * *

If you wear a blue stocking, be sure that it is prettily gartered, and hid under a fashionable skirt—else Madam—you must expect a book in place of a lover.

A man likes to be always a head in advance of his wife, sometimes neck and shoulders. He does not appreciate a wife who is learned enough to pick holes in his arguments and to correct his sentences. Nor does he care to hear her talk with the tongues of men and of angels. It makes him feel small.

Now, don't be foolish about it, and put up your head like that. Start right in and cultivate chatter and bright gossip. Besides, even "a little learning is a dangerous thing." It wrinkles your face. Every man—there is no exception—prefers a woman who wonders at his amazing cleverness, and brightens his spare hours with a little comfortable adulation.

* * *

But if you are clever, and can't by hook or crook amend your ways, if you cannot learn "to sympathize with clay," it is well to occasionally insinuate that it is only the clever women, untrained in the world's school, who make really doting worshippers of men. He'll see the point.

* * *

Serve him first and best. Perhaps he deserves it. In any case you take no risk.

* * *

Don't run off with the idea that it is a man's duty to be fond of you, and your duty to make it as difficult and disagreeable a duty as possible.

* * *

If he corners you up, and insists on knowing "all about it," you had better tell him the truth, *as if it were not the truth.* It will give you a chance to dodge, and you'll get free every time.

* * *

But if he won't tell you where *he* was or what *he* was doing, never press the matter. It is poor policy, besides, some sharp-eyed, long-eared, bad-tongued person is sure to tell you later.

* * *

It takes a clever woman to coax. She needs "soft and gainful speech," if she would rule "by soft persuasion's charm." Eve was an adept coaxer, but the modern Adam revolts at the suspicion of wheedling and strategy.

Even if he is in the wrong, treat him as if he were in the right. He won't change his opinions anyway, and you score heavily by giving him either his due or a compliment.

* * *

There are few things please a man more than the knowledge that his wife holds "dear, old, simple, household views."

He likes to hear her enlarge on the glories of domesticities and the delights of the fig-tree. It tickles his ears to hear her descry the women "shriekers" who want to vote, and who go in for "questions" and "social problems." But Madam, when you are at it, don't lose the opportunity of drawing his attention to the fact that the advocates of women's rights are generally plain-featured.

You will leave the pleasing inference that you never had to struggle with this serious drawback.

* * *

Tact means "touch." It is a delicate weapon, and needs a razor-edge, an edge fine enough to split hairs if necessary.

In no way can a wife wield it more skilfully than in knowing *just when* to let him alone.

* * *

Now, if on any occasion, it is absolutely necessary that you should have your own way, don't tell him so. Just make it a matter of "compromise." Marriage, like the government, should be a series of compromises.

What I mean is illustrated by a story a young benedict once told. "When we were furnishing our house," he said, "she wanted crimson furniture, and I wanted blue. We wrangled pretty hotly for a while, but at last *we compromised on the blue.*"

* * *

Don't be discouraged if you fail. You will fail, but perhaps you won't always fail.

There is one thing a man can never understand in a woman—silence. It is your best weapon, with it you are supreme, besides it is a defensive shield that is always polite.

A woman who can hold her tongue can hold anything. Silence is self-preservation.

In the hour of revolt, it will make your attitude "a song without words." Interpreted, it says, "I do not oppose you, nevertheless, I am in the right." In a short time he will be at your feet.

* * *

Never nag! It is like the tedious rasping of a file, or the teasing tenacity of a stinging ant. What is worse than a bad tongue, whetted on a bad heart? Let sleeping dogs lie. If you cannot win his acquiescence by a fair exposition of your views, yield gracefully and *let him alone.*

* * *

You will never manage him by displays of bad temper. "Of all God's creatures," said Christopher North, "the wasp is the only one eternally out of temper." A wasp stings as well without its head as with it. Moral: It takes no brains to annoy.

* * *

In spite of all the dictums about flattery, a little stock of "soft sawder" never comes amiss in the household menage. A man likes to be told that his head is all right, that he carries his clothes well, and that he is a fine specimen of masculinity. They say a woman who won't flatter is like a piano that won't play. It may be an imposing piece of furniture, but it isn't a piano.

* * *

A wife is the first to *feel* that she is disenchanted, but the husband is the first to *show* it. Never reproach him about it. Never accuse him of having ceased to love you. You are, to use an hypnotic expression, "placing the suggestion." Every time you do so, you lose ground. Have self-confidence and poise. Make the best of yourself, mentally, physically, and spiritually. Go in to win. Play the sweetheart again, and you'll find he'll want to be in the game.

* * *

Don't say "I told you so." It is bad enough to have made a mistake without being reminded of it. And if you succeed in proving it, you are a blathering idiot.

* * *

A smile wins its way to the citadel of a man's heart when nothing else will—a beaming, appealing flash of sympathy, an artless, innocent, joyous smile, in which the eyes do more than the lips.

* * *

Yes! a smile *is* powerful, but who can weigh a kiss? With discrimination and a kiss, you can get half his kingdom, or the whole of it.

* * *

A man likes his wife to be *slightly* jealous, *very* occasionally. It is a powerful draft to the furnace of love. Or—

* * *

A little indifference to him now and then is an admirable draft. Don't worry about breaking his heart. It may be more or less handsomely pieced.

* * *

"Better dead than dowdy," and Adam was doubtless influenced by the way Eve wore her fig leaves.

* * *

You may have taken lessons in botany, Browning, or book-keeping, but unless you want to ruin his digestion, and in sequence, his temper, you ought to take *lessons in dough.*

* * *

Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows your husband that your soul needs sweetening. And then it will gridiron your face with wrinkles.

Listen with sympathy to his cares. You will get information, experience, and mental culture. Besides, you can try the effects of your Good Samaritan Salve on them.

* * *

And in conclusion—

Never rhapsodize over another man's mental traits or physique.

There are better ways of asserting your independence than by wearing your hair in a mode that is particularly objectionable to your husband.

Don't inundate him with kitchen worries, or with your aches and pains.

Never take him on shopping excursions.

Always let him *think* he rules the roost.

Don't fret because he does not notice your worth. It is your capital all the same—and so is the interest.

* * *

THE DISEASE OF ANNO DOMINI

How old is an old man?

Ask a youth and he will probably say "One is old at sixty," but when he comes to that age himself he will in all likelihood change his opinion and push out the period to seventy-five.

And yet he is not wrong. It is the view-point that settles it. The statement is true that a man is only as old as he feels. Some are more robust at seventy than others at fifty. There are young old men and old young men. Some remarkable examples are on record of old heads on young shoulders. Hermogenes, at the age of fifteen taught rhetoric to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius and triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece, but at twenty-four he lost his faculties and forgot all that he had previously acquired. A diseased monstrosity of this class was one Henri Henniken who spoke twelve languages distinctly when he was ten months old; at twelve months he learned the Pentateuch by rote; was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testament at fourteen, and at two years he was as familiar with ancient history as the most learned authors of antiquity, but he died in his fourth year.

And 'tis passing strange that the young man is proud of his precocity or oldness, while a few years later he is "touchy" about it. Perhaps this touchiness is the surest sign of approaching age. Another symptom of the disease of the years is manifest when people come to the time of life in which they try to reassure themselves from the statistics that life is growing longer. A third indication is marked when they begin to talk of old men who are still vigorous and bright. You can offer a man no more deadly insult at this period than to ask if he possesses "all his faculties."

It is in truth a difficult matter to say here is the line or there is the line that separates youth from age. Perhaps Victor Hugo's remark anent this boundary is the clearest, cleverest, and most cheerful yet. On one occasion, he acknowledged that passing from thirty-nine to forty was the most trying time of his life. "But," said a friend, "I should think it a great deal better to be forty than fifty." "Not at all," replied Hugo; "forty years is the old age of youth, while fifty is the youth of old age."

And there are two sides to old age as to most things—the sad and the glad.

Age is inexorable. The old man may sing, "Off with the wrinkled spoils of age," but he grows older as he sings.

The good grey head is patriarchal, but we don't want to be patriarchal. We look at these streaks of lightning, as one by one they glint out from their dark setting, and our hearts sink within us. This is when the words we have often read, but never understood, take on a dis-

tinct meaning: "No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none heavier, *for it never melts.*" Ah! 'tis in truth a heavy snow, and if it lie long, one day it may quench the flame of an active mind and the fire of a brave heart.

Old age has no sharper pang than just its own accompanying sensitiveness. Rogers, who was often complimented on being a fine old man, used snappily to reply, "There is no such thing, Sir, as a fine old man."

People fear growing old because they fear want. They have not been able to lay by in store for the "rainy days" of later life. Or they dread the mortification age inflicts on vanity, when youth has the upper hand.

Some there are who shrink back from the physical wreckage of life's December They hold the same view as the witty Frenchwoman who sent for her physician on one occasion, and, in reply to her catalogue of ills, was met by the exclamation, "What would you have, Madame? I cannot make you young again!" "I know that, doctor," answered she. "What I want you to do is to *help me to grow old a little while longer.*"

Others shrink from old age because of the nearness of death. The years are not yet come of which they are compelled to say, "We have no pleasure in them." With wounded feet and torn hands, they have climbed Life's luring heights, and the sweet rest in the upper air is all they had dreamed. They are on the Mount of Pisgah. Their eyes are dimmed and their natural force abated. Nearby, with its honey and milk, lies the sweet Land of Promise. They look not that way, but turn wistful gaze towards the blood-tracked wilderness with its famine, its bitter waters, and its serpents of fire. Pope, sitting by Sir Godfrey Kneller's death-bed and finding him much dispirited, told him he had been a good man and would doubtless go to heaven. "Oh, my good friend," was the pathetic reply, "I wish God would let me stay at Whitton."

But there is the glad side, too. If "to live is to learn," and if "knowledge is power," it is only in advanced years that man should reach his highest beauty and perfection. It is a pretty custom to lay on the coffin of an old person, a little sheaf of ripe wheat, because the matured grain is a symbol of old age—the harvest of all life's sowing. And it is a symbol, not of decay, but of the ripening and swelling of the strong life within that withers and bursts the husk.

Old age is a sunset and sunrise in one. The changing lights of life's big charmed day die down like the receding music, but from the hills that lie beyond the valley of the shadow, the glory of the sunshine is already piercing the aftermath with promise of renewing.

Yes, old age may be beautiful, and the hoary head may be beautiful. We honor those whom men have crowned with laurels or gold, but it is not well to forget the ones whom God Himself hath crowned with silver hair. The silver crown tells a tale of conquest. This man reigns over himself as a king, and this is the symbol of his kingship.

As we grow older in life, we should grow more attractive. Men and women make their own beauty or their own ugliness. Lord Lytton speaks in one of his novels of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be." And if we could but read them, all the people we meet carry their lives in their faces for good or evil. The fine chisels of emotion and thought are eternally at work on their features.

A wrinkled and hard face at fifty, tells of a perverted intellect, tells that wrong thinking, bad living, and acid cares have been eating into the soul.

Beauty should only come to perfection in old age. It may be the beauty of intellect, or the beauty of holiness, or it may be both, but at all odds it will mean an

attractive poise indicative of mental culture, a dignified bearing, a kindly expression, and a soft eye with depths of intellect.

In the face of no eminent living person of extreme age are these traits of beauty better exemplified than in that of the revered potentate of the Catholic world—Leo. XIII., Pope of Rome.

Speaking generally, there should be nothing to distinguish old age in a very marked manner from the rest of the adult existence except its garnered experience and beauty. We have a poor opinion of the advice that would have us live each moment as the last. Have your house in order in case of the night-coming guest, but lay out your plans for a long lifetime. Do not associate decrepitude with any particular age for this is a foe to longevity. Calculate to die in the harness. Izaak Walton did good work after he was eighty-five.

Christopher Wren kept on with architecture until he was eighty-six. Cato learned the Greek language at eighty. Fontenelle wrote vigorously at ninety-nine. Monaldesco penned the history of his times at 115.

The accomplishments of these men not only demonstrate the possibilities of later life but teach us how vicious is the cry for young blood. It is putting a premium on babyhood. Experience is ever more valuable than gush.

It is the habit of some old people to say, "the former times were better than these." This is because they live in the past and do not keep in touch with the actors of the hour. Such are sure to age quickly. They have need of Gladstone's recipe for never growing old. It was to "search out some topic in nature or life in which you have never hitherto been interested and experience its fascinations."

Till the very end, Phillips Brooks grew by leaps and bounds because he never lost the enthusiasm for newness in life and teaching. At fifty-seven he said, "Life seems a feast in which God keeps the best wine until the last."

There is no reason why old age should be, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," if the preparation for this period has been that of a loyal life. What I mean is illustrated by the most perfect repartee which ever fell from the lips of that master-wit, Alexandre Dumas, when in answer to the question, "How do you grow old so gracefully?" he replied, "Madam, *I give all my time to it.*"

In Montford's Euthanasy, he describes a ship coming into its moorings. I take it that he means a good life as it approaches three-score years and ten. Such a life is more sublime than the setting of the sun.

This is the picture:

"A ship is a fine object, when it comes up into port with all its sails set, and quite safely after a long voyage. Many thousand miles it has come, with the sun for its guidance, and the sea for its path, and the winds for its speed. What might have been its grave, a thousand fathoms deep, has yielded it a ready way; and winds that might have been its wreck have been its service. It has come from another meridian than ours; it has come through day and night; it has come by reefs and banks that have been avoided, and passed rocks that have been watched for. Not a plank has started, nor one timber proved rotten. And now it comes like an answer to the prayers of many hearts: a delight to its owner, a joy to the sailor's family, and a pleasure to all ashore that see it. It has steered over the ocean and has been piloted through dangers and now it is safe."

WITH A SAUCEPAN OVER THE SEA.

YOU will agree with me that the title is a bit puzzling. At least, I found it so. Let me explain that it is the name of a new cook-book just hot from the press of a Boston Company, and containing a collection of recipes from every European country.

England, it would seem, is foremost in the art of roasting and broiling; France takes the palm for soups; Germany and Austria are prize bakers of bread, cakes, and pastry; and Italy and Hungary excel in fancy desserts and cookery.

It will be noticed in these recipes that foreign cooks use very little salt and pepper. Those of us who go abroad learn to like butter without salt, and to look for the distinctive flavors of dishes that are undisguised by condiments.

From these pages it would seem that nothing is too good for a pie and nearly every city has one ancient excellence to offer.

Kings and queens, brave and fair, have supped on the meats and entrees herein recorded, or have gone to battle or execution thus and so. This delightful book gives us Haggis as it should be, pigs feet at their best, ragouts and stews, fancy sausages, croquettes, and hashes *incognito*. Our mouths fairly water reading the tempting recipes and "made overs" from many lands. "Love in disguise" is really stuffed calf's heart. Hodgepodge, crowdie, and kedegree are much better than they sound. When we get writer's cramp, we are going to turn our attention to these sweetbreads so various and luxurious, to game and geese, and to old English dishes dear unto novelists and great people.

Economy is the key note of foreign cookery. Famine, war, and centuries of taxation have taught the housewives the art of making something out of nothing. This is particularly noticeable in the vegetables and salads. Nevertheless, anyone who reads cannot doubt the delectableness of the dishes. We are told how to cook mushrooms in Hungarian style, and cucumbers and squash after the manner of Austrians, Greeks, and Turks. The American cook is initiated into the secrets of potatoes as cooked by the Trappists, of Baden noodles, and Italian methods with maccaroni.

Alexandre Dumas' famous recipe for salad, also sandwiches, sweet and savory from Scotland and France are promising, and doubtless toothsome, with just a possibility of your remonstrating with them all night.

Many of the recipes are labelled "as cooked in Provence." This adds wonderfully to their prestige, for Provence, you must know, was for a long time the home of the Pope, and the angels taught the natives to cook superlatively.

Soups, as usual, are to the fore—and sauces, too, which, after all, are the same thing, for a sauce is only a prolonged soup.

We are also given the directions how to make Crecy soup, of which the Prince of Wales always eats a bowl every 26th of August in memory of his ancestor, the Black Prince, and the Battle of Crecy.

Ichi is a Russian soup, and Pectoral broth a wonderful mixture given in French convents to delicate nuns. The fruit and wine soups are favorite hot-weather fare in Germany and are served with dry toast. Cocka Leekie, as its name suggests, is of Scottish origin, but its fame lies in the fact that it is the oldest recipe for soup known, as it dates back to the fourteenth century.

This is the recipe for pepper-pot, which is a dish peculiar to Spain, but was imported to Jamaica, whence the negroes took the recipe North. In Philadelphia there are several small restaurants kept by darkies who are famous for pepper-pot:

To three quarts of water add one pint

of vegetables, cut up, any kinds, mixed, in equal parts, using beans, peas, celery, carrots, onions, lettuce, rice, etc., also potatoes. Add one pound of mutton, one pound of salt pork, one pound of honeycomb, one pound of tripe, cut up and fried in butter or suet, one bay leaf, one clove, parsley, thyme, and sweet marjoram. Cook, closely covered, three hours. Set aside to cool, remove the fat, thicken with flour, butter and yolk of an egg, add salt and pepper, and serve very hot.

The water in which vegetables or rice have been cooked—except potatoes and cabbage—is used by the French, with additions to make good soup.

The Germans aptly say that the kitchen is to the house what the stomach is to the body, and also, when the doctor calls, he should enter by the way of the back door and thank the cook for those dishes which call for costly visits.

This is particularly applicable to cakes, puddings, pastry, ices, preserves, and confectionery. Yet most of us eat them, and hold rightly that health purchased by watching our diet is but a tedious disease.

That foreigners feel this way, too, is evidenced by their wonderful mixtures of "apples and spice and all things nice," and the mixtures sound inviting—honey cakes of Basle, parsnip cakes and brandy snaps; delicieuses, wafers, and waffles, fadges and fritters, Moravian love-cakes, harem sweetmeats, tutti-frutti, syllabub, trifle, roly-poly, Alpine baskets, capotes, and casseroles.

This is how to make rose-leaf jam after the manner of the Grecians. Gather the petals of fresh red roses, being sure they are free from insects. Add an equal amount of sugar and only enough water to dissolve. Set in the sun under glass till the sugar is well melted, then cook it for twenty minutes, stirring well. Pour into jars and cork tightly. Serve with coffee to guests who call in the afternoon.

In England, rose jelly is served with pork or game. Here are the directions: Collect the red seed pods of the rose when the frost has turned them, wash them, slit open, and take out the seeds. Add to every pint of pips one-quarter pint of white wine vinegar and three-quarters pound of sugar. Boil and stir rapidly, rub through a sieve, and cook one-half hour longer. Cool and pack into tumblers for use. Will keep in a cool place.

Nor are the spirituous refreshments to be neglected. Some of the favorites are Heidelberg punch, sometimes known as Hebe's cup; Oxford grace cup and Oxford bishop, caudle cup (a drink offered to callers upon a new baby), wassil, sack, posset, lawn sleeve, and other ancient swallows. Ale flip, lamb's wool, mulled wine, May nectar, Teutonic mead, the capillaire of "the boulevardier," Irish cordials, bitters for cocktails, and home-made champagnes make us forget all our blue-ribbon principles.

A hundred years ago every middle-aged gentleman, and a great many ladies, took a hot drink before retiring at nine or ten o'clock. Nowadays, the same class of people are apt to sit up very late and to depend upon drugs for a good night's sleep. This is how grandfather used to mix his nightcap:

With grandmother's aid, he beat the yolk of one egg with half a teaspoonful of allspice and one gill of rum, a tablespoonful of sugar melted in one cup of boiling water. They whisked this well together and then strained it into a glass, placing the beaten white on top with a dust of nutmeg.

And then they drank, and they smacked their lips, and, bless them, drank again.

LITERATVRE

QUEEN ALEXANDRA THE NATION'S PRIDE. By Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

THE chief interest in this work is the history it gives us of the Queen's earlier days. Most of us are fairly well informed as to the later events in Her Majesty's life, but the younger among us do not remember those in connection with the arrival in England and marriage of the beautiful Danish girl who was destined in the fulness of time to share the greatest throne in the modern world. The story is pretty and interesting enough to repeat.

It is the habit of court chroniclers to state that each marriage "arranged" in Royal circles is the result of "purely a love attachment." Few of us are deceived thereby, but from the history of this betrothal, we cannot but believe that the little blind boy sent his arrows home with unerring aim.

The Prince of Wales first met the Danish Princess at a children's party at Buckingham Palace. The boy was thirteen and the girl ten. His mother bade him be polite to the "Viking's daughter." Being fond of the sea, the boy expected the girl to be somewhat different from other little girls, and when he saw her nursing an enormous doll, he turned away with a shrug of the shoulders. "*That* the Viking's daughter! Why she's just like anybody else, only a little prettier."

The second act in the love drama was one in which a young English officer figured. He was received at Bernstoff, the home of the Princess Alexandra, and saw her arranging white lilies. He was so inspired by her remarkable beauty, that he wrote and published anonymously a poem which was much admired by the Prince of Wales, who did not guess who was the "Fairy Princess of the Lilies," who had unconsciously suggested the verses.

Act III.—A German officer this time. He drew a small photograph from his pocket, and showed it to the Prince of Wales. It was a young and beautiful girl, in a prim white muslin frock, the hair brushed back from a broad forehead, with exquisitely pencilled brows, a simple black velvet ribbon tied round the slender throat. On the sweetly-shaped, full-lipped mouth, there was the beginning of a smile; in the deep eyes there dwelt a look of half-plaintive appeal. "It is my *fiancee,*" said the German. "She is a very beautiful girl," replied the Prince, "and I congratulate you." Then the officer found he had made a mistake, and had inadvertently given the Prince the photograph of the Princess Alexandra. When he would take the photograph back, the Prince laughingly refused to give it up, saying, "This is the prettiest girl I have ever seen, and I shall keep the picture until I meet the original, which I certainly mean to do some day."

Act IV.—Oddly enough, when calling on his grand-aunt, the Duchess of Cambridge, only a few days later, the Prince saw the same fair face smiling at him from an ivory miniature. The Prince said nothing of having seen the face before, but questioned his cousin, the Princess Mary, who could hardly say enough about her friend, "sweet little Alix."

The Prince was now on fire. He became more and more anxious to meet her, and an understanding having been arrived at by the parents of both, it was arranged that the two young people should have a chance of meeting quite informally, the Princess, then only seventeen, to be kept in ignorance of the arrangement.

Act V.—The first meeting, "a purely

accidental" one, took place in the Cathedral, at Sperier, in Germany, where the Prince with his escort happened to be viewing the frescoes just at the identical moment that the Princess and her father were likewise instructing their minds. The young people were allowed to wander off and compare notes on the frescoes. At this meeting for the first time the orbits of the two royal planets intersected, and the admiration which the Prince had felt for the beautiful portrait deepened into love for the still more beautiful original.

The young couple met the next day at Heidelberg, but did not see each other again for several months, the death of the Prince Consort, and the trip of the Prince of Wales to the Holy Land, intervening in the meanwhile.

Act VI.—The royal pair next met at the Belgian Court, where they became acknowledged lovers, and two months later, in September, 1862, the formal betrothal took place.

The wedding-day was set for the 10th of March, 1863. On the 7th of March, the young Princess, on board *The Victoria and Albert,* under the escort of a British squadron, was awakened from her dreams by the booming of guns. The yacht was in British waters, and from Margate a deputation came out in a boat to present a loyal address. As her yacht moved on majestically up the Thames, the welcome of the English people grew in volume and intensity. Flotillas of boats, decked with flowers and flags, and crowded with anxious sight-seers, seemed to cover every inch of the river.

Southend and Sheerness were decorated and jubilant, and when at length the big yacht anchored opposite the pier at Gravesend, such a mighty shout went up from British throats that the Princess, standing on deck, in sight of all, her white dress fluttering in the light breeze, started and caught the arm of her mother, who was at her side. She had not been so petted and feted that she could consider this new tribute as her mere due, and so she said, "Oh, mother, is it possible that they mean all this for *me*."

Suddenly it was signalled that the bridegroom was putting out from shore, and when this news reached the yacht, the bride-elect instantly vanished into her cabin. The simple white frock was quickly discarded, and when she appeared to greet the Prince, who came on board with a brilliant suite, the Princess wore by way of specially complimenting her adopted country, a dress of mauve Irish poplin, "very becoming to her dazzling complexion and bright hair, a flowing cloak of purple velvet, edged with rich sable, and a most bewitching "poke" bonnet of white rosebuds, which framed the youthful face deliciously."

The lovers met in full gaze of the nation, but they forgot, apparently for a moment, that there was anyone in the world save themselves. The Prince drew the Princess to himself, and gave her such a kiss that a ringing cheer went up from the watching crowds. This brought the two young people back to realities, and the principal actors in the drama gave the audiences at that moment no further scenes which called for applause.

As the Prince led his bride, who was pale with excitement, along the pier adorned with orange blossoms and Danish mottoes, sixty maids of Kent, dressed in the red and white of Denmark, strewed roses beneath her feet.

The Princess was taken to London under the charge of the flower of English nobility, the Earl of Caithness driving the engine.

Dukes, Princes, the Lord Mayor, and Sheriffs of London and foreign ambassadors received her at the station.

Writing of the reception accorded her by the London people, Thackeray says: "Since womankind existed, has any woman ever had such greeting?"

London overdid itself on that occasion, and there has never been a greater or more popular demonstration. There was no pageant, although over a million dol-

lars were spent on street decorations, and the bride-elect was only accompanied by an escort of Life Guards. But the people were frenzied with delight, and broke all cordons that they might catch one glimpse of the lovely girl. All London was drowned in one prolonged cheer.

Two days later the stately marriage ceremony took place in St. George's Chapel.

From the moment that Princess Alexandra put foot on British soil, she took her place in the hearts of the British people, and by her grace, her charm, her sweet smile, and the ready sympathy of her tender heart, she has held it all these long years without even a passing cloud.

Sorrows, many and bitter, since then have fallen to the lot of our sweet Queen, but they have been borne with fortitude and a fair front.

Looking at her life from all sides, even the most critical cannot find a flaw. She has never shirked a public duty, no matter how tiresome, which is saying a good deal. She has never spared herself in any good cause, and the long list of charities in which she takes a direct personal interest, speaks of her enthusiasm for the poor and distressed. No appeal is ever made to her in vain. One of her friends has said, "If she had £10,000 a year, she would give away £8,000 of it!"

As a mother, she has been tender, infinitely affectionate, and wise.

As a friend, she is loyal to the heart's core.

As a wife, she sets an example to every English-speaking woman the world over.

As the head of English Society, she has never made a mistake or an enemy.

Every heart that beats under the Union Jack loves her, and all pray that this fair head may ever "lie easy," even though it wears a crown.

W. Partridge & Co., London.

CHILDREN OF THE FROST. By Jack London. Illustrations by Raphael M. Reay.

THESE are far away the best stories that have yet been penned of the Eskimos and Indians. The author takes us in fancy to the bad lands of the niggard North, to the deserts of the Arctic Circle, the bleak and bitter home of the musk-ox and lean plains wolf, and shows us life as we had not dreamed it. There is blood, action, and virility in his work, and an artistic rawness like the rough edge of an *edition de luxe*. The themes are suggestive and roughly moulded, but with the moulding that means infinite skill. You hurry over the terse, nervous sentences with an insistent desire to follow the plot to its conclusion, and then back and carefully pick up each gem. The hot revenge of savagery, the hotter love, and the unmitigated tragedy in the lives of the Northlanders will linger long in your memory. His women are all of fiery blood and passion, they bear children with ardor, and know how to stand up and take the naked knife deep into the white sheath of their bosoms.

The book takes its name from the first story, which is the tale of a white man, who is held captive by an Eskimo tribe, but is in deeper and more willing captivity to his Mate-woman, *Thom*, the daughter of the chief. He has grown to like these people, and when an exploring friend discovers him, after five years, and endeavors to persuade him to return to civilization, he thus explains the people with whom he lives: "They are honest folk, and live according to their lights. And they are amazingly simple. No complexity about them, no thousand and one subtle ramifications to every single emotion they experience. They love, fear, hate, are angered, or are made happy in common, ordinary and unmistakable terms. It may be a beastly life, but at least it is easy to live. No philandering, no dallying. If a woman likes you, she'll not be backward in telling you so, and then, if you feel inclined, you can beat

her, but the thing is, she knows precisely what you mean, and you know precisely what she means. No mistakes. No misunderstandings. It has its charm after civilization's fitful fever."

His friend *Van Brunt,* eventually persuades him to return to his first love, now a widow in the South. And then *Thom* pleads with a half-sob in her throat for her man.

Van Brunt tries to tell her in simple language that this man has only been dreams and dream-dust to her, that she had clutched at a form and grasped a shadow, and given herself to the wraith of a man, for she never held his heart. Then the dumb, insensate anger of the Mate-woman flushed in her face, and she blurts out with savage tenacity, "He is my man."

"Then Jesus forgive all men," is the awful answer.

The rush of fight, craft, and murder comes quickly, and quickly ends, and you fairly sicken with the burden of it all.

London's story of the Sunlanders, who fell foul of the Mandell folk, indubitably has its origin in the catastrophe that occurred in 1811 on the Columbia River, to the crew of the *Tonquin.* They were all murdered by Indians, who had ostensibly come to trade—all but one man, who, although covered with ghastly wounds, dragged his way below and blew up the ship, thus effecting the death of the savages on his own pyre.

Taken all in all, "The Children of the Frost" is an exceptional book.

Macmillan Co., New York.

NATURE STUDY AND LIFE. By Clinton F. Hodge, Ph.D.

THE author is assistant professor in Clark University, Member of The American Physiological Society, Society of American Naturalists, Massachusetts Forestry Association, Board of Directors of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, and the American Ornithologists Union. Now let anyone stand forth and say that this man does not know what's what about Nature.

And his theory is a new one. From the study of Nature have sprung love of art, science, and religion. Hence all should study it. To allow a child to grow up without planting a seed or rearing a plant is a crime against civilized society, and our army of tramps and hordes of hoodlums are among the first fruits of an educational system that slights this important matter. The omission of *soil lore* from a system of education of the young is suggestive of a relapse into barbarism. That is particularly applicable to city children. Humanity, says the author, like the giant Antaeus, renews its strength when it touches Mother Earth. Sociological studies suggest that city life wears itself out and goes to decay after three or four generations, unless rejuvenated by fresh blood from the country. Thus our deeper relations to Nature are not only ancient and fundamental, but also immanent and persistent.

The study of Nature, he contends, should be pursued in every school. The trouble hitherto has been that the field is so boundless, and books so technical that teachers have found it difficult to know where to begin, so as to bring the subject into fruitful relations to elementary teaching. In this book the author has mapped out a system of study that presents the salient and essential points of many species, without the over-elaboration of any. Moreover, his system binds school and home together in the curriculum as nothing does at present, and stimulates in the children spontaneous out-of-doors interest. They are expected to search for, and bring to school samples of the flower or insect under discussion, and to take observations in garden, field, or wood. All this goes to keep alive in the child a spirit of original research in hand-to-hand contact with Nature, which ought always to be made the breath of life of an educational system. We distrust "book larnin'," but, strange to

say, it dominates the school curriculum completely. Our system is entirely given over to passive work, instead of having in all the grades the active methods of the Kindergarten and University.

Children have keen interest in the animals, fauna, and flora of their neighborhood before they are interested in inanimate Nature as seen in the stars, weather, or crystals, hence the study should begin with the former, and in particular with pet animals. Teach the children common sense and valuable things about animals, leaving all details of comparative anatomy to specialists. People may live long and die happy without ever having lumbered up their mind with such ideas as "a chicken has three eyelids," or "a dog is covered with hair." Infinitely more practical is it to teach that a gnawing-bone is the dog's tooth-brush, and that it is well to keep him supplied at all times, both for business and amusement.

The book is entertaining for adults, and a good one to keep as a reference.

Ginn & Co., Boston.

DANGERS OF SPIRITUALISM. By a Member of the Society for Psychical Research.

THE danger, be it understood, is to the medium. If you are "mediumistic," don't for your life take a planchette in your hand. There is no telling what a hold the discarnate spirits will get on you.

The author tells us that it is a serious matter to attempt to enter into communications with the unseen intelligences of the spirit world, for the exercise of mediumship is almost always attended by physical exhaustion, very frequently by complete mental prostration, — producing a kind of moral paralysis and inertia of the will. Sometimes there are cataleptic seizures, contortions of the muscles of the face, which are terrible to behold, and which awaken disgust in "all healthy and normally constituted minds." Now, this is just the point. Healthy and normally constituted minds are not troubled by obsession or possession of evil spirits, and so are never mediums. But let us suppose that we persuade a healthy-minded man to sit day after day in a passive state of mind, waiting for spiritualistic "communications," and nerve-twitchings, how long would he retain his healthy condition? Perhaps three days. His own subliminal consciousness, or, to express it in easier terms, his submerged self, his *alter ego,* his sub-conscious self, which lies dormant except in dreams or under abnormal conditions, would now assert itself, and, for the time, he would be a duplex personality. Reason, will, and intellect, come under the sway of impression, sensation, and irrationalism, which are as powerful as the normal self. To continue under this sway for any length of time must of necessity end in the mental and moral wreckage of the poor dupe.

Now, we do not believe that all who investigate the so-called occult are vulgar tricksters or jugglers. Many scientists and men of integrity have given to the subject a most critical study. Some have declared spiritualism "not proven," and others, deceived by what they failed to understand, have believed.

A short time ago, in Massey Hall, Toronto, I heard Professor Newell, of the Chicago Bible Institute, state that all over Christendom to-day, demons were entering into unlawful connections with women, and as a consequence, spiritualism was rife. Professor Newell was, no doubt, sincere, but we looked around to see if there was not some Toronto Amazon who would defend her sex from the vile accusation, and at the same time put some much-needed sense into his pate by giving him a good old-fashioned "drubbing." But, under the spell of the orator's magnetism and the sway of his burning words, the poor souls drank it in as gospel truth. The man, in his zealous ignorance, was actually bolstering up an evil that never did, nor ever can exist.

No matter how plausible the theories may be which spiritualists set forth, and which commend themselves to certain minds predisposed in favor of the spiritistic creed, the cautious and observant student cannot fail to discern the serious flaw which underlies them and completely annihilates their claim when it is tested by its own evidences. This spiritist maintains that the spirit forms materialized assume a condition of density and become visible in proportion to the amount of "psychic" or nerve-power which is furnished by the medium, and when this power is not present in sufficient degree, a materialization may still take place, yet it may not become objectively visible *except to persons peculiarly gifted.*

And so men like Phillips Brooks, who have lifted thousands into a higher sphere of life, are invoked from the vasty deeps to do silly tricks and repeat sillier platitudes, to the silliest of people.

If we are taught that the future life is one of progression, we should expect these great men, who in the flesh were interested in so many and divers problems bearing on the welfare of humanity, on their return to earth to make some really valuable disclosures. The settlement of one cause of disagreement among living savants, would clearly do more for the cause of spiritualism than all the marvels of the seance-room, the physical manifestations, and trance-orations of which we hear so much. The spirits might easily thus help forward both our knowledge and their cause most effectively, not only silencing the tongue of the scoffer, but enlisting the intelligent interest of the scientific world.

Then, these spirits that have been summoned to terrestrial spheres have told us absolutely nothing about "the undiscovered country." We should have its maps, time or eternity tables, and all its 'ologies by this time.

When we look at the matter more closely still, we are surprised to find among the discarnate bodies that there are Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and Free Methodists, according to the religious tendencies of the medium. We have Broad Church spirits, Quakers, and Swedenborgians. In Buda-Pesth, the spirits teach re-incarnation, in England they deny it, all of which leaves the thoughtful inquirer in a state of hopeless bewilderment.

Between you and me, friend, you need not spend one anxious moment watching out lest "the gobble 'uns" get you. The only kind of spirits that you need fear are the kind that it takes a corkscrew to let loose.

Sands & Co., London.

THE SIMPLE LIFE. By Charles Wagner. Translated from the French by Mary Louise Hendee.

IN this remarkable work Wagner treats of Our Complex Life, the Essence of simplicity, simplicity of thought, simplicity of speech, simple duty, simple needs, simple pleasures, the mercenary spirit, notoriety, home life, simple beauty, pride, and simplicity, and the education for simplicity.

And it comes, of all places, from Paris. But to quote our author; "as the fevered patient, devoured by thirst, dreams in his sleep of cool brooks to bathe in, of clear fountains to drink long draughts from; so, in the complicated agitations of modern existence, our fevered souls dream of simplicity."

Charles Wagner, or Pasteur Wagner, lives in Paris, but he is an Alsacian, his cradle having been swung in a hamlet on the Vosges. He was born in 1852. His father, and both paternal and maternal forefathers for generations back have been clergymen.

Wagner received his primary education in the country, but at the age of fourteen was sent to Paris, and in 1869 took his degree of B.A. at the Sorborne.

As a writer, lecturer, and preacher, he is one of the first men of his time. He is

a practical Christian and therefore a practical humanitarian. He is in touch with all the great questions of the day. From his congregation, he has enrolled a society of young men, and one of young women, with whom he discusses the questions of the day, topics which involve their moral future, and the future thereby of their country.

His biographer thus describes him: "He is best seen in his pulpit—a tall, broad-shouldered, commanding figure, a Bismarck in size, with a massive head that in its strength looks as if it might have been cast of iron. And his sermons, uttered in his full, resonant voice, have a wholesome ring in them, too, something of the clashing of the heroic metal. They rouse and startle, like a call to arms; men lift their heads under them and straighten their backs. The sermons, although not so announced, advertised, or predetermined, are essentially men's sermons, and they are in truth, an alarm, a martial cry to the effective force of the country, not for individual salvation, nor for church extension, but for the world salvation and human love; for human solidarity against injustice, and for relief of misfortune; for the spiritualization of life, and the realization of belief."

The theories taken hold of in "The Simple Life" are handled with power. The author's virile, straight flung thoughts must have a tonic effect on all readers. There is a charm of right feeling about the work which shows that it could only have been the product of a very thoughtful and very cultured mind. It is a book that will bear to be read and re-read.

"Nothing," says Wagner, "is simple any longer: neither thought nor action; not pleasure, not even dying." He affirms that every movement that humanity has made towards enlightenment and justice is in reality a movement towards greater simplicity of life. To aspire to live a simple life is, properly speaking, to aspire to fulfil the highest human destiny.

To acquire this life we need to detach ourselves from the fatal rubbish that trammels our days. By renouncing surface satisfactions and childish ambitions, we increase our faculties of happiness. And it is a spirit worth striving for. "The spirit of simplicity," we are told, is a great magician. It softens asperities, bridges chasms, draws together hands and hearts. The forms which it takes in the world are infinite in number; but never does it seem to us more admirable than when it shows itself across the fatal barriers of position, interest, or prejudice, overcoming the greatest obstacles, permitting those whom everything seems to separate to understand one another, esteem one another, love one another. This is the true social cement that goes into the building of a people.

William Briggs, Toronto.

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JUNE, 1902

The World's Progress
Our Own Country
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A Residence at Toronto
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AUGUST, 1902

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A Great Canadian School
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The Canadian Pacific Railway
The Impressions of Janey Canuck Abroad
Sidelights on Cecil Rhodes
Education: Literature: Finance

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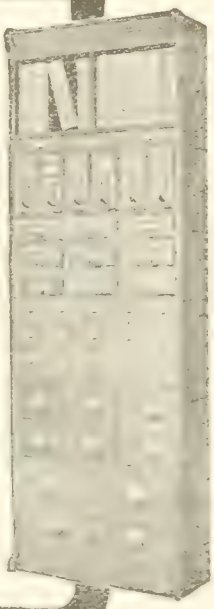

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11TH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

York County Loan and Savings Company

(INCORPORATED)

.... OF ....

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31, 1902

TORONTO, March 9th, 1903.

To Members:

The Management have pleasure in submitting the 11th Annual Report of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1902.

The business of the Company shows a very satisfactory progress.

The figures embraced in the Report bear evidence to the vast business the Company is handling.

Cash paid members amounted to $736,348.06, an increase over last year of $222,992 69.

The gross assets have increased from $1,282,808.26 to $1,572,135.78, making a net gain of $289,327.52.

An addition of $10,000.00 has been made to the Reserve Fund, which now stands at $55,000.00.

Since organization 11 years ago, this Company has paid in cash to members $2,266,659 08. In the handling of all this business, no member has lost a dollar of the money invested. The whole amount paid in with interest being returned when the required period has been reached.

Every care and attention will be given to the business by the management, so as to ensure a continuance of the progress and prosperity which the Company has so far experienced.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.

ASSETS.

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$883,250 00
Real Estate	575,598 21
Loans on this Company's Stock	72,231 45
Accrued Interest	3,592 34
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	2,820 40
Accounts Receivable	968 08
Furniture and Fixtures	7,162 88
The Molsons Bank	222,368 04
Cash on hand	4,144 38
Total Assets	$1,572,135 78

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	$1,[illegible]
Dividends Credited	42,504 54
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	[illegible]
Mortgages Assumed for Members	10,800 00
Reserve Fund	55,000 00
Contingent Account	[illegible]
Total Liabilities	$1,[illegible]

TORONTO, February 28th, 1903.

We hereby certify that we have carefully examined the books, accounts and vouchers of the **York County Loan and Savings Company,** and find the same correct and in accordance with the above Balance Sheet. We have also examined the mortgages and other securities of the Company, and find the same in good order.

THOMAS G. HAND, G. A. HARPER, } Auditors.

Results of Systematic Savings.

Date.	Total Assets	Cash Paid Members.	Reserve Fund.
Dec 31st, 1893	$17 725.86	$3,548.51	
" " 1894	68,643.14	15,993.59	
" " 1895	174,608.04	43,656.88	$1,000.00
" " 1896	288,248.97	89,339.27	2,000.00
" " 1897	469,109.92	96,894.88	13,000.00
" " 1898	540,394.91	247,691.87	18,000.00
" " 1899	732,834.27	220,852.70	25,000.00
" " 1900	1,002,480.89	298,977.95	40,000.00
" " 1901	1,282,808.26	513,355.37	45,000.00
" " **1902**	**1,572,135.78**	**736,348.06**	**55,000.00**

General Remarks.

The York County Loan and Savings Company was incorporated in December, 1891, under the Revised Statutes of Ontario, and has ever since experienced an uninterrupted growth.

It is a mutual Company. All members share alike in its earnings, proportionately to their investments.

The plan of the Company affords an opportunity to save money systematically, which experience has shown is the best way to do it.

Few people, no matter how large their incomes, save anything. The great majority live close to their incomes, if not beyond.

The value of this Company's plan of saving is that its tendency is to correct this prevailing heedlessness by requiring a regular fixed sum to be laid aside each week or month.

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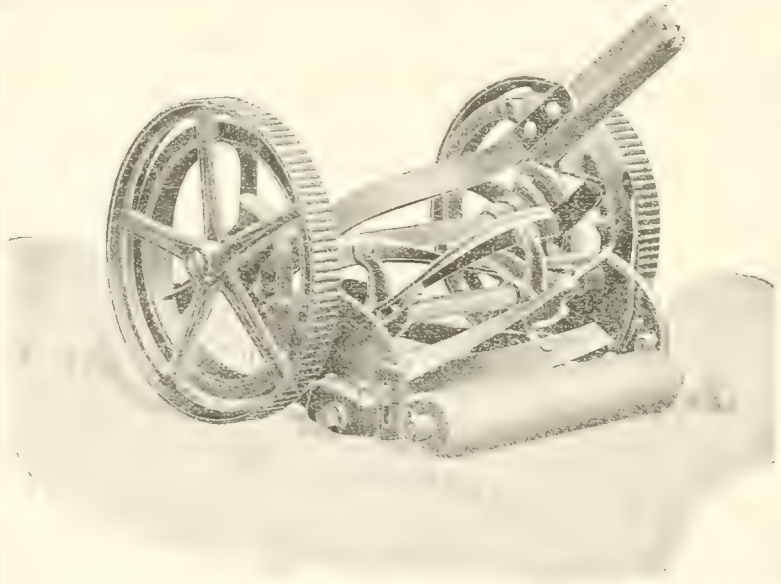

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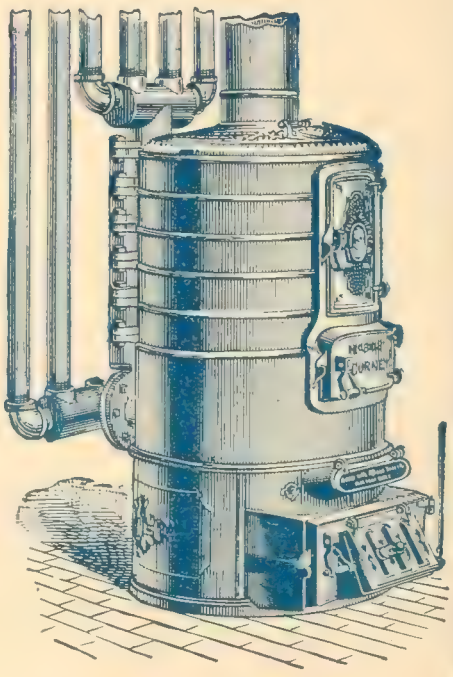

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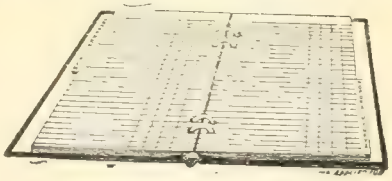

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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

VOL. II TORONTO, MAY, 1903 No. 5

CURRENT COMMENTS

The Mending of the Tariff

NOW that Parliament is in session, a great number of questions of vital interest to the country are being discussed, both in and out of the legislative halls. One of these questions, which must continue a burning one until some adequate measure of reform is instituted, is the tariff. In the early weeks of the session the attention of the Government was called to this matter by a deputation from the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, when the views and desires of that important body were definitely presented. Perhaps the most telling point made on this occasion by the advocates of a higher tariff was that while Canada was now enjoying a period of prosperity, there was danger of the country being flooded with foreign-made goods just so soon as a wave of depression visited the United States, signs of which were not altogether wanting. The surplus of American manufacturers would then seriously interfere with the business of Canadian manufacturers. The present is the best time to avoid such a contingency by enforcing a higher tariff.

In direct opposition to these views, another deputation waited upon the Government a few days later, representing the farming interests. The desire of this deputation was that no changes be made in the tariff, claiming that the present restrictions were sufficiently great. To both, the Ministers promised the Government's consideration.

The farmers seem, unfortunately, to be working against their own interests. A concise and unassailable argument was given in last month's NATIONAL MONTHLY, why farmers of Canada are as much in need as any of protection, the facts showing that an immense amount of farm produce is brought into this country that might and should be raised at home. The farmers, moreover, are not consistent, for in Ontario they are asking that the beet sugar industry be protected. Even the strongest free-traders are forced to sometimes admit that protection is a good thing, and they should be willing to consider the interests of Canada as a whole.

High License for the Chinese

THE Chinese poll tax has been raised from $100 to $500. It is apparent that this is a most important move, as a means of controlling the immigration into Canada of a class of people of whom we now have quite enough. The Chinese population of Canada numbers about 16,-

000, and is yearly increasing. Some means of restriction is absolutely necessary, and none of the schemes proposed would be so likely of success as the radical increase of the poll tax. In this respect, at least, the Dominion Government has recognized the need of protection.

The Chinese immigrant is said to be industrious, honest and peaceable, willing to work and generally observant of the laws. But when the best is said of him the fact remains that he can never be adapted into Canadian citizenship; he can never form an electoral part of the nation, and can never be assimilated into our national life and aim. The people we want in Canada are the people who can, in precisely this way, be made Canadian citizens; for others, large as Canada is, we have no room. This is why the Chinaman must be kept out. Moreover, he is admittedly an unfair competitor in the labor market, underbidding our own workmen, and contributing only a fraction of taxes, because of his absurdly economical manner of life. Against such foreign competition, hopelessly alien, and the more unfair because it works against a class of labor whose moral value makes its money value, Canadian citizens must be protected.

The new regulation will chiefly affect the Pacific Coast, where Chinese colonies have been growing all too rapidly. In one industry, the salmon fisheries, the Chinese are both useful and in demand, but there are in British Columbia at the present time enough Chinese to supply this demand for many years to come, and all the other branches of industry may preferably be manned by whites. Even so, it is not to be prohibition; the Chinese immigration will henceforth be heavily restricted, but it is quite likely that some of the Mongolians will come, despite the tax.

Two Important Commissions

A RAILWAY Commission of three or five carefully selected members is to be appointed by the Canadian Government. The proposal was first made a year ago, and has now been presented again in a more definite form by the Minister of Railways. The Commission is to take the place of the Railway Committee of the Privy Council, but with greatly increased scope for practical usefulness. It will have the supervision of all railways in Canada, except those already under Government contract, and will be a court for investigation of all disputes, and the protection of public interests. Its practical results will be to lessen rate wars, equalize long and short hauls, improve tariff classifications, see that proper safety equipment is provided on all trains, benefit the smaller shippers, and protect the public from possible abuses, do statistical work, and also silence the unjust claims that are sometimes made against the railways. In the United States and in England such commissions have been found to be of the greatest value, and careful investigations into the conditions, both in Canada and the United States, have led to the decision to appoint a Railway Commission in this country. It is not expected that there will be any political opposition to the bill. The relation of the public to the railways is a matter of business importance, and any means of improving and controlling those relations will be a public service of the greatest value.

A Commission is also proposed to investigate into the best means of improving the St. Lawrence route, which must always hold the key to the solution of Canada's transportation problem. There can be no doubt that radical improvements are needed. Transportation facilities lie at the very foundation of Can-

ada's prosperity. It will be useless to invite thousands of immigrants to settle in this country unless we can more adequately furnish them with a means of moving their crops. In the Upper Lakes we are favored by nature with what is literally deep-sea navigation, but the eastward portion of the route to the seaboard is in an unsatisfactory and unprofitable condition. At the same time, its possibilities are of the very best, and only a sufficient expenditure of money is needed to provide a great national highway from the prairies to the ocean. The Government appreciates the situation, but is desirous of first making careful investigations. The proposed Commission will examine into the needs of the route, the requirements in the way of expenditure, how and where the money shall be spent, and will make a full report. Undoubtedly, this is a step in the right direction.

In the Interests of International Good Feeling

ANOTHER evidence of the growing tendency toward good feeling between Canada and the United States lies in the announcement that the Joint High Commission will resume its work next fall. Last month we referred to the Alaska boundary settlement as the promised healing of an unfortunate breach, and the united deliberations of the Commission will have a great effect in the same connection. It is, in fact, this disposal of the Alaska dispute which makes it possible for the Commission to resume. The more important of the questions to be considered are forecasted as follows:

Trade relations.

Alien labor laws.

Atlantic, Pacific and Great Lake fisheries.

Transit of merchandise in bond through the territories of the two countries.

More complete definition of the boundary line.

The armaments which both countries shall be allowed to maintain on the Great Lakes.

Seal fisheries in the Pacific.

Enjoyment of mining rights by the nationals of one in the territory of the other.

Transportation of criminals.

Reciprocity in wreckage and salvage rights.

Canada's Defences

THERE has been considerable said at one time and another about the military defence of Canada against the great American power to the south of us. It has even been urged that we are in a state of danger and but poorly prepared along the boundary line to resist the attacks that would surely come in case of rupture between the two countries. Of such a rupture there is not the slightest probability. What Canada has to fear from the United States is in a commercial, rather than a military way, and the closeness of business interests, every year increasing, reduces by so much the likelihood of hostilities. The days of 1812 are long gone by, and the majority of Canadians would not sanction the expenditure of public money in preparing defences against a danger that they do not believe will ever materialize.

The strengthening and improving of the Canadian militia is, however, another matter. Canada wants nothing of a standing army, but she does want well trained forces available when occasion rises. The South African War proved the need of such a militia, and also demonstrated the value of able-bodied citizen-soldiers. A plan is now being formulated for the in-

crease of the Canadian militia to 100,000 men, who shall be systematically trained in rifle shooting. Lord Dundonald, the commanding officer, has announced his intention of discontinuing the merely ceremonial features of the instruction-camps and substituting a full course of thorough and efficient drilling. Rifle shooting is the secret of the successful soldier-craft, combined with that energy and nerve, which are the ordinary Canadian's natural inheritance. Men thus trained, and instructed in the principles of military discipline, will be available on call, and will prove the most satisfactory contribution to the defence of Canada. The raw volunteer, however willing, is not a first-class fighting man: the militia must be trained, and the new plan now proposed will be an important improvement at the least cost.

An Experiment in Immigration

FROM the agricultural districts of England a party of 2,100 persons has come to Canada, to settle in a colony of their own in the Saskatchewan country. They represent the best type of the English immigrant, and have transferred a total bank account of $2,500,000. The colony is under the management of an English clergyman, who originated the plan and organized an enterprise which is both great and unique.

The English colony will settle in the valley of the Saskatchewan, where 1,300 homesteads have already been allotted. Three towns will be founded. Lumber has been taken down the river from Edmonton, and the open prairie will in a a few weeks' time assume a busy shape. The party is self-contained, having its own carpenters, mechanics, surveyors and builders; it has also six doctors, two clergymen, and an electrical expert. Everything possible has been brought with them from England, including a printing plant, and a hundred pianos; but arrangements were made in advance for the purchase of ordinary supplies in Canada. Provisions, farm implements and all the requisites of western farming will be furnished by a stores syndicate. The promoters of this enterprise are determined to preserve the community principle, but being entirely British, it will naturally take on a Canadian aspect with more readiness than other foreign colonies. It is expected that 10,000 more will follow next year, under the same auspices.

As an experiment in immigration, this is the largest single enterprise that has yet been attempted in Canada. It is naturally to be expected that some blunders will be made. Englishmen have to learn by experience what life in Canada means, and that these people are not informed as to the advanced resources of Canada is evident from the quantities of baggage they have transported across the Atlantic. But they will learn. Meanwhile, the Canadian Government is prepared to see that the experiment is carried out successfully; where blunders are made, they will be remedied, and everything possible will be done to make the new all-British colony in the Saskatchewan a prosperous one. For such experiments as this Canada is always ready.

The Settlement of New Ontario

PROGRESS is being steadily made in the opening up of New Ontario. In 1902 there was an increase of fifty per cent. in the number of homesteads taken up, as compared with the previous year, and, besides these, a considerable number of "squatters" are settling on unoccupied Government lands. The tide of settlement is in two directions, in the Rainy River

District and in the Temiskaming country. The former is being settled chiefly by people from Wisconsin, Dakota and other western states, and a few are coming from Manitoba. The Temiskaming district is drawing its new population most largely from the older portions of Ontario, and nearly all its settlers are English-speaking people.

The Temiskaming Railway, now under construction will mean great things for the development of this new country. About 2,000 men have been at work through the winter, and it is expected that by the end of the year seventy miles will be completed. Already the towns and villages are following in its track. The traffic that awaits this line is prospectively increasing, and its northward progress is attended with fresh evidence of the country's resources. The timber tracts are immense, and several discoveries of iron and copper have recently been made; while a Wisconsin geologist claims that mineralogical science points to the existence of a diamond belt south of Hudson's Bay.

Testimony to Canada's Greatness

ONE of the most cautious, but most observant, of the American papers is the New York *Post,* which said recently: "The last two years have wrought a marked change in the status of Canada among the nations. Unquestionably, this change is largely an outcome of the period of phenomenal prosperity into which Canada is now entering. Already the per capita wealth of the Dominion is in excess of any other country in the world, the United States not excepted."

Another American paper, the Detriot *Journal,* has taken the pains to count up Canada's greatness, and gives the following figures: "Canada has already 17,000 miles of railway, that cost nearly $900,000,000. She has the longest continuous stretch of internal navigation in the world. She has 70 miles of canals; 10,000 post offices; 30,000 miles of telegraph wire, 18,000 public schools; 60,000 men in her lumber camps in winter; 17 universities and over 50 colleges; only 15 per cent. illiterates; a river over 2,000 miles long; 6,000,000 people, of whom nearly 90 per cent. are Canadian-born and only 3 per cent. foreign born, the remainder being British-born. Canada ranks fourth in the production of gold; has 1,000,000 square miles of practically unexplored territory; and coal beds that will yield over 4,000,000 tons annually for 5,000 years."

Our Place in Scientific Progress

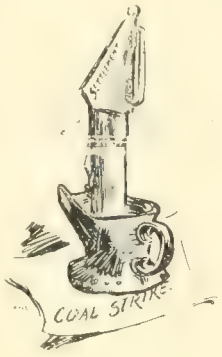
IT is a matter of satisfaction to progressive Canadians that our country is not only furnishing geographical locations for important scientific investigations, such as the Marconi wireless telegraph, but is also furnishing, from her own sons, the men to make experiments and discoveries. The expedition upon which Captain Bernier intends to start on June 1, with the North Pole as his objective point, will be a matter of interest, and it may be of great scientific importance, to the whole world. He has the advantage of a more passable route, by way of Behring Strait, than his predecessors on the Atlantic side.

Another Canadian, Dr. Otto Klotz, is now in the Fiji Islands making surveys, whose results will be a more accurate map of the Pacific. The exact position of many of the South Sea islands has never been known, and navigation has been attended with considerable inconvenience. There is a space between Vancouver, in Canada, and Brisbane, in Australia, whose longitude has not been taken, and Dr. Klotz has gone for the purpose of completing the world's chart.

In the Labor World

THE last chapter in the history of the great coal strike has been reached. The commission appointed last October to investigate the whole trouble has given a ver-

dict which is commended on all sides for its fairness and the thorough manner in which the work has been done. On the whole, the commision's report is a victory for the men, who have had undoubted wrongs thus recognized and the way made easy for redress. The most important features of the new agreement under which the miners will now work are: an increase of ten per cent. in wages; an eight-hour day instead of twelve hours; coal to be weighed under the miners' inspection; a sliding scale of wages, allowing proportionate increase with every increase in price of coal; local boards of arbitration, but no specific recognition of the United Mine Workers. This arrangement has met with the approval of both the miners and the operators, and may be taken as a distinct advance in the popular effectiveness of arbitration. The coal strike was a most disastrous one, its total cost being estimated at $99,000,000, besides the inconvenience it caused to the public and the manufacturing interests of all America.



An important measure for the prevention of railway strikes in Canada owes its conception to Sir William Mulock. It is readily apparent that in a country where the public prosperity depends in such large measure upon the efficiency of its transportation systems as it does in Canada, an interruption of traffic because of disputes between company and employees is productive of the greatest loss and inconvenience. There have within the past year been a number of such disputes, more or less serious, and to avoid a recurrence of their unpleasant results, the Mulock Bill has been prepared and submitted to Parliament. It provides for a Board of Arbitration, to which all disputes, failing of settlement otherwise, shall be submitted. The workings of this arbitration court will be in accord with general usage.

Mr. Carnegie and His Gifts

THE author of "The Empire of Business" is consistently proving the sincerity of his belief that rich men should give. It has become of late highly popular with millionaires to make benefactions, and a large number of colleges and other public institutions have reaped the benefits. Mr. Carnegie is unique among these princely givers. He has laid a plan and tallies all his gifts according to a definite, business-like scheme, his favorite line of benefactions being the public libraries. In Canada Mr. Carnegie has already endowed libraries in twenty-four different places, the entire list representing gifts of $1,084,500. The largest and most recent of these gifts was $350,000 to Toronto, accepted after considerable opposition.

Mr. Carnegie has also offered to defray the expenses of a new waterworks system for Cornell University, has founded an institution for scientific research, and has undertaken to build a Temple of Peace at The Hague. But with all his giving, Mr. Carnegie is not a popular man. This is not so much due to what the workingmen more or less justly say about his record as an employer, as it is to the manner of his giving. The editor of *Collier's Weekly* credits Mr. Carnegie with an honest desire to benefit his race, but points out that his benefactions annoy and irritate the public because of the cold and methodical way in which they are made. "There is no appearance of sympathy, of pity, of affection, of heart, in Mr. Carnegie's gifts. They come out of his pocket, not out of himself. They are cold, methodical, statistical. . . .. Money

is not everything in this world. It is sometimes easier to give a dollar than to give a word of good cheer!" Nevertheless, Mr. Carnegie is a public benefactor.

A Leader of Canadian Industry

READERS of the NATIONAL MONTHLY will remember the vivid descriptions of Canadian industry given some months ago in two articles dealing with the Clergue works at Sault Ste. Marie and the steel works at Sydney. Important changes have recently taken place in connection with both of these great industries, and the stock market has been variously affected. The most significant change, in many ways, however, is the appointment of a new president and manager for the Clergue Company, or, properly speaking, the Consolidated Lake Superior Company. The man chosen was Mr. Cornelius Shields, manager of the Sydney works, and the significant thing about this appointment is the value attached to one personality as the inspiration of a whole industrial fabric.

The directors of the Clergue Company knew the man they wanted, and they not only offered him a salary as large as that of the Governor-General of Canada, but the various banking institutions concerned in the enterprise expressed their willingness to advance twenty millions more capital upon the company securing the services of Mr. Shields. When the position seeks the man in this way it may be taken as evidence of the man's value. In Mr. Shields' case it is a confidence well placed. His connection with the Sydney works covers a period of only two years, but in that time he has reorganized the companies, given them a name in the world, and very materially increased their output. The present prosperity of the iron and coal industries in Cape Breton is due in no small measure to the ability and energy of this one man. He is indeed, a leader of Canadian industry, and has proved his fitness to take charge of the largest single enterprise in the Dominion. Men like this give visibility to national enterprise. They are the kings and the executive heads, whose value is in more than their salaries. Another such man is Mr. Clergue, who, while now giving place to Mr. Shields, will still retain a large interest in the enterprise. The organization and development of the Soo industries is due to the far-sightedness and the skilful planning of Mr. Clergue, who has proved himself an industrial pioneer, but who believes that another man, with the practical experience of Mr. Shields, can now better carry out the work that has been so well begun.

For the Relief of Ireland

IRELAND has been a thorn in England's side for many years. Disaffection has time after time assumed such a threatening aspect, that a popular outbreak has been narrowly averted. Home Rule was demanded, but was not granted, and the Irish, with characteristic warmth of temper, have remained in discontented acquiescence in their lot. That they had real grievances is beyond doubt. The industrial condition of their country also aggravated their misfortunes, and Ireland has fallen greatly from her first estate, losing much of her population and declining year by year in her agricultural industries. And with it all the peasantry have been at the mercy of the landlords.

A better day for Ireland has now dawned. After grappling with the political situation since the early days of Gladstone, the British Government has

formulated a measure for the relief of the Irish farmers. The remedying of the industrial conditions will prove the solution, in time, of the political difficulties. The plan is this: The tenants in Ireland are to have the right to purchase the estates from the landlords, the Government making, for this purpose, a free grant of $60,000,000 and a loan of $500,000,000, bearing interest at three and a quarter per cent. The bulk of the Irish tenants are in an almost penniless condition, and without such assistance would never be able to purchase their lands. But with easy loans, and the difference between the land value and the owners' prices met by an absolutely free grant, the peasantry ought, with comparative ease, to soon remedy their condition. It is not intended that the landlords shall sell entirely out, but that they shall retain a portion of their land holdings and still dwell among the people.

It is believed that this plan, which has been formulated by Mr. Wyndham, Secretary for Ireland, will prove the salvation of the country. It has been warmly received, and Irishmen in Canada and the United States commend it with patriotic satisfaction.

THE LATE SIR OLIVER MOWAT

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SIR OLIVER MOWAT

WITH the passing of Sir Oliver Mowat there has gone from the public life of Canada a man who, in his character and career, illustrated in a remarkable, if not unique degree, the best qualities of the people he so long and worthily represented. It would indeed be difficult to point out a single trait or faculty of nature eminently, ay, vitally, necessary in those who should conduct the affairs of the still young country which the just departed statesman did not possess in sufficient measure, and that he should have been permitted to retain these powers to the close of a life exceeding the allotted span, and to die whilst still holding high official position, and enjoying the undiminished affection and esteem of his fellow countrymen without regard to party or sect seemed but poetically just and fitting.

An outstanding fact in Sir Oliver's public experience was his unparalleled continuance in power as Premier of this Province. It was in the year 1872 that he resigned the snug security of the Vice-Chancellorship to return to the turbulent arena of politics at the urgent request of the Liberal party, and assuming then the Premiership in succession to Mr. Edward Blake he held his place against all efforts of the Opposition for a period only one year less than a quarter of a century, resigning in 1896 in order to enter the larger field of Dominion affairs as a member of the first Laurier administration. During all these years it may be said that with the same enthusiasm, loyalty and perfect trust with which the soldiers of Napoleon followed their "Little Corporal" did the members of the Liberal party in Ontario follow the "Little Premier."

What were the qualities of head and heart which wrought this remarkable result? They can hardly be stated with adequate detail in the brief space at our disposal, but the four corner stones of Sir Oliver's character may be set down as caution, conviction, concentration and courtesy. "First, be sure you're right, then go ahead, and keep going until you have achieved your purpose," may be accepted as a homely paraphrase of the principle which inspired and controlled his life.

He was the very incarnation of shrewd common-sense. Throughout his entire political career no opponent could boast of ever having worsted him in any encounter that called for astuteness and foresight. No trick was crafty enough to mislead him, no trap clever enough to beguile him. Although himself the very soul of sincerity he understood human nature too well to rashly credit others with the same virtue, and thus was enabled to avoid the innumerable pit-falls which beset his path.

In these troublous times when charges of self-enrichment, of the betraying of their trusts for their own private advantage, are so freely flung against the administrations of our affairs the record of Sir Oliver Mowat presents an inspiring example. If ever public man could say "these hands are clean" it was assuredly he. Never did the foul breath of suspicion or scandal touch him in that regard. He served his country because he loved his country, and not because he sought financial reward or profit at her hands.

In his home Sir Oliver "wore the white flower of a blameless life" in a way that endeared him to all who had the privilege of knowing him in that relation. His was an essentially kind, genial, tender nature, and the profound faith that possessed him was ever being revealed in the amenities of daily intercourse. Concerning such a man one can hardly do better than repeat the poet's prayer anent Abou Ben Adhem, "May his tribe increase!"

THE DOMINION COATS OF ARMS

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

THE new cover of the magazine shows the coats-of-arms of the different divisions of the Dominion, gracefully reposing in an appropriate setting of maple leaves, and a few words concerning these armorials may be of timely interest.

The combined coat-of-arms of the Dominion has never been formally adopted by the Government, we are informed by that acknowledged expert in heraldry, Mr. Edward Chadwick, to whom we are indebted for material help in this article. So far as the authorities are concerned, the arms consist only of the original quarters adopted at the completion of Confederation in 1867, and which also appear on the great seal of Canada, representing the four provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick.

In practice, however, there has been added a quarter for each fresh province incorporated into the Dominion, until now the whole nine are included. Taking them in their accepted order, the following explanation may be offered:

1. *Ontario.* The Maple Leaves indicate a Canadian province, while the St. George's Cross shows that it is British territory.

2. *Quebec.* The Lion of England declares it to be a British territory, and the Gold Shield with the blue Fleur de Lis records the historical fact of its having originally been a French colony. When it was a French possession the arms of France were blue with golden Fleur de Lis, but when it passed into British hands it was in strict accordance with heraldic etiquette that the colors should be reversed. The adoption of this reversed coloring, of course, constitutes a diplomatic courtesy to France. By the addition of the Maple Leaves, the Canadian locality of this British province of French origin is brought out.

3. *Nova Scotia.* The Thistles, of course, suggest the connection of the name with "Auld Scotia," while the salmon in a wavy *fesse* indicates the geographical nature of the country as one bordering on the sea with a coast broken by many inlets.

4. *New Brunswick.* By these arms a British maritime province is clearly intended. Usually the quaint-looking galley is represented in heraldry with sails furled, but in this instance it appears with sails set, which may be considered to imply activity upon the seas.

5. *British Columbia.* These arms, which declare a British territory on the Pacific Ocean, were adopted by Order-in-Council of the Provincial Government. The appropriation of the Union Jack is a somewhat characteristic example of Western enterprise, not to say presumption, as a mere colonial dependency has no title to so distinctly Imperial a heraldic feature.

6. *Prince Edward Island.* There has been a change to the armorial bearings of this province. Formerly they consisted of a simple design borrowed from the coinage, to wit, three oak trees standing in greensward, the intent being that the province comprises three counties, and is distinguished for its fertility. In the general coat-of-arms for the Dominion a heraldic equivalent to this former device has been substituted, consisting of an oak branch issuing from the top of the shield, and divided from a sprig of three maple leaves by a deelpy indented line, the same idea being sought to be conveyed as before.

7. *Manitoba.* The arms of this province were undoubtedly adapted from those

of Ontario, the bounding buffalo being substituted for the maple leaves as more typical of the prairie.

8. *The North-West Territories.* These arms signify a fur country, and that it extends up to the Arctic regions is shown by the white bear, while in the lower part of the shield the wheat sheaves emphasize the vast agricultural resources of the district.

9. *Yukon.* The bearings indicate a British territory, composed principally of snow-covered mountains wherein gold is to be found by the adventurous miner.

LOWER END OF "THE MILE" PORTAGE,
TAMAGAMI RIVER

THE FUTURE OF CANADA

BY FRANCES CASSIDY

IT is an incongruity but nevertheless a recognized fact that Americans, speaking generally, have a very hazy knowledge of Canada as compared with the intelligence displayed by Canadians about their cousins across the border. It is not the writer's intention to discuss the alleged causes of this inconsistency, but in the face of such unnatural conditions, it will be necessary to mention a few facts about the land given that lamentable misnomer, "Our Lady of the Snows," for a dissertation on this subject to be thoroughly comprehended and to explain why Canada is finding herself able to plough her own furrow, in spite of the rejected proffers of commercial friendship tendered so frequently in a brotherly spirit to her powerful neighbor. Indeed, the assertion by eminent Canadians that the next step towards reciprocity must emanate from Washington has thoroughly aroused Democrats and Republicans, and editorials from Boston to Baltimore deplore the scant consideration given by officials at the capital to more or less advantageous offers, which, being refused, will inevitably lead to high trade barriers being erected on the northern side of the great lakes. The marvellous development of the thirteen revolutionary colonies during the short time of a century and a quarter, a mere breathing space compared with the centuries which old England has passed, into a wealthy world-power, whose favor is courted by the nations of Europe, and the steady but exceedingly slow comparative growth of a contiguous country, richly blessed by Nature, with practically inexhaustible resources in sea, forest, and land, has always been an enigma to thousands of Canadians.

A still more disheartening feature has been that, while well-paid immigration agents were sent abroad to induce Europe's best combination of intelligence and brawn to desert poverty and perhaps persecution for prosperity and freedom, to be reached via the cities of Quebec and Montreal, the genuine, composite Canadian, the most valuable asset that the Dominion possesses, was migrating in thousands from his native land to share in the good times prevailing in Uncle Sam's domain. So steady has been the outgoing stream that now there is approximately 1,200,000 people of Canadian birth residing permanently in the United States, an amount equivalent to more than one-fifth of the entire population of Canada, or more than 11 per cent. of the total foreign born population of its neighbor. As fast as Doukhobors and less desirable immigrants were disembarked on the St. Lawrence, at the expense of the Government, the best blood of the Anglo-Saxon stock was departing through another door. It is a difficult, if not impossible, task to repatriate the prosperous. Sentiment is strong enough to bind Canada and the Mother Country so strongly together that the vast Atlantic seems to unite rather than separate, but yet, after all, when you touch the average man's pocket, you interfere with what he treasures most of all his possessions, material and immaterial. Expatriated Canadians have been eminently successful in the great Republic, and the great majority of these may be considered as lost to Canada forever. It is deplorable, but the mischief has been done. Knowledge of the past should influence those who have the power to regulate the future.

If Canada has untold resources waiting the combination of capital and labor to

transform them into commodities desired the world over; if she has such a healthy, invigorating climate; if she has one of the most representative governments that has ever existed; if her navigation system is unsurpassed; if her inhabitants are hardy, industrious, and thrifty; if her statesmen are progressive, broad-minded, and far-seeing; if her Educational System is thoroughly abreast of the times; if her captains of industry are men of vigilant energy, and of more than the average integrity—all of which conditions are conceded to Canada by those unbiased citizens of the world, who know most about her—then there must have been serious blunders made by all political parties that the country should have been so sadly drained of its best blood for some scores of years. Partly as the result of this, another keen disappointment was the small proportion of British emigrants bound for America, who determined to remain under the Union Jack. In the nine years preceding 1890, of the 1,500,000 emigrants who left the United Kingdom only 13 per cent. came to Canada, while no less than 68 per cent. settled in the United States. Between 1891 and 1900 a fair estimate of the proportion is that 72 per cent. went to the United States, and still only 13 per cent. to Canada. If Canada cannot hold her own sons, it is beyond the pale of reason to expect the most desirable immigrants from Europe to settle within her confines.

But happily, this dark cloud so long on the horizon of the future is rolling rapidly away, and the signs of the times point to a wonderful change in the tide of affairs. Progressive American capitalists have had a peep into the resources of the land of the maple. Their enterprise has been of invaluable assistance in the prying off of the shell of one of the very few but nevertheless well filled oysters yet to be legitimately exploited, and they are reaping richly where they have sown. It is sufficient to cite the name of F. H. Clergue, whose efforts, backed by southern capitalists, have within a few months transformed an inactive town at Sault Ste. Marie into a city throbbing with the hum of busy manufacturers. It is now one of the world's steel centres. The same story might be told of Western mines, wheat lands and forests.

Canada's time has just commenced. Instead of her sons leaving by thousands, as has unfortunately been the case for too many decades, there is taking place in the West an American invasion, which is more agreeable than the one in Europe, and which, for its kind, is unparalleled in the history of America. A Winnipeg correspondent for a reputable American newspaper places the influx at 100,000 for last year, adding that this is but the beginning. Editorials throughout the United States view with alarm the wholesale depopulation by migration across the border. The building of another transcontinental railway heralded from the Great Lakes to Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has already accomplished more than a large number of excellent but disregarded leaders towards opening the eyes of our cousins to the fact that their so-called diminutive neighbor to the north is rapidly attaining her majority as an economic and political power in the world. Opportunity is knocking at the door, and she has but to grasp it to realize the roseate future spread out before her. During the past six or seven years she has made such phenomenal progress that it may be truthfully said that as the nineteenth century was the century of the United States, so the twentieth century is Canada's century. In the fiscal year of 1895-6 the total volume of her trade was $231,600,000. In 1900-1 it had leaped to over $400,000,000, a ratio of increase that is not equalled during any period of the marvellous growth of the United States. In the following fiscal year, ended June 30, 1902, the increase in foreign trade had increased $37,007,287, or $184,885,084 more than in 1896. While the value of exports of the

United States has been declining the past twelve months as steadily as it rose the preceding twelve months, that of Canada has increased $15,152,645. The increase in the value of imports into the latter country in the last fiscal year was $21,553,607. Canada's total revenue has increased from $36,000,000 in 1895-6 to $58,000,000 last year and an average surplus of $6,000,000 has been officially announced. The recent repeal of the tariff for twelve months on all coal entering the United States will be another boom for Canada, with a coal area of 97,200 square miles. It is estimated that there are 7,000,000,000 tons in Nova Scotia.

The greatness of Canada's destiny is not in doubt. Nothing great was ever accomplished in a hurry. A good foundation for a mighty nation has been fairly well laid, and before many decades, no matter what her political relations will have become, Canada will be sufficiently powerful, not necessarily from a military or naval standpoint, to command the respect, if not court the favors of the present world-powers.

ODD FACTS

SKATING is a modern art, a form of diversion and recreation either unknown to the ancients, or left unrecorded by them, their want of silence about sports less pleasurable being negative evidence of their unacquaintance with it.

Credit must be accorded to the Dutch for introducing this most delightful and useful means of locomotion, but as they skated only through necessity, they did not acquire, and have never yet acquired, that proficiency in the art which younger nations have, who have practised it for pleasure.

Bones of animals were first used as skates, and after these came the heavy Dutch skates, alluded to in "Evelyn's Diary" of 1662; cumbrous, clumsy things which were used by all classes on the canals, which spread their tortuous network over the Netherlands.

Yankees invented, and are still making, the best skates.

Switzerland has a species of fragrant and beautiful flower which grows up through the ice.

The Wiener-Eislauf-Verein Skating Club has the largest membership in the world—eighteen thousand.

Canada's Ice Carnivals begin about eight o'clock and end about eleven. London's begin about eleven and last all night.

Some lady skaters in Vienna wear top-boots, much like our military riding boots, and some in France, Knickerbocker bicyling costume, minus the skirt.

One skating park in Europe renews the glossy surface of the ice, not with water, or scrapers, but fire. A large tank of gasoline supplying a burner several feet wide being drawn over the ice.

TORONTO'S GREAT PARK

IN this age of endeavor and progress, in all that pertains to the moral and physical welfare of man, it would seem superfluous to attempt to incite to further exertion in that respect, were it not for the fact that this compliment to our time is applicable only in its general sense.

The great centres of industry—the most advanced cities, and many less populous abodes, are to-day keenly alive to all that ministers to the needs of their denizens, but unfortunately the same spirit is not everywhere.

In some localities which have received from Nature but a moiety of gifts, a hundred-fold is returned, whilst in others laden with benefits lavishly bestowed upon them, the recipients stand idle.

It has long been realized by the advanced thinkers of all places, that for increase of population and the consequent progression of industries, attrahent inducements to outsiders to join them, are not alone beneficial, but necessary; and that none are more attractive than Parks.

What has made Paris "The Beautiful," but her varied and innumerable attractions, the first amongst them being her gardens and boulevards!

What has given New York, Philadelphia, Chicago their pre-eminence, but incitements to visit them and then to reside there! Who but has longed to see "Central" and "Prospect" Parks; "Fairmount," or Chicago's "Lincoln"?

See the fortunes that are spent on parks in all the great cities! Observe Cleve-

MR. JOHN G. HOWARD

HOWARD'S OLD HOMESTEAD, HIGH PARK

land's system of parks and boulevards, now being engineered by the city, and Rockefeller assisting with millions!

Many such achievements are prompted, no doubt, by divers motives, but principally the philanthropic and utilitarian.

People must have some pleasant place to which to repair, some breathing spot, some oasis whither they can go to be refreshed in body and mind. They must have relief from the constant tumult, dirt, din, and dust of streets; otherwise they would, in time, become enervated, ambition cease, and body and mind degenerate. Cities must have lungs to clarify the blood that flows through their many veins.

On the other hand, communities, like individuals, must have money, for how little can be accomplished without it?

The shrewd, the far-seeing man-of-affairs, knowing so well its utility, strives to attract capital and capitalist, therefore his endeavor to exhibit to the outside world the attractions of his particular location.

Unconscious philanthropists some of them may be, but who will say they are not benefactors?

HIGH PARK—TORONTO'S GREATEST ASSET.

This most charming spot; this gift of Nature and of man, to the "Queen City of the West"—the metropolis of the Dominion's greatest province, is a Garden of Eden in more than one sense; for of all the lovely sites, and picturesque spots in this vast and fertile country, in point of natural beauty, it is without a peer; yet, like Eden, which still exists somewhere on this mundane sphere, it is unknown!

On the eleventh of May, in the year 1881, to benefit posterity, Mr. John G.

Howard, one of Toronto's most esteemed citizens and Canada's best-known architect, bequeathed it to us:

One hundred and sixty-five acres of diversified landscape above the level of the city, and fanned by the ozonized breeze of the great lake!

A wide expanse of verdant plain, bedecked with daisies, buttercups, and wild-flower hues, whereon could be reviewed the battalions of the province! A sea of pine-clad, undulated woodland, furrowed by deep, dark ravines! Dells carpeted with brightest verdure, and traced with tiny streams of purest water and the red-man's trails!

The following tribute to Mr. Howard is from the pen of Alderman Frankland, and appeared in the Toronto *Globe* of the 8th of July, 1885:

"IS THIS GREAT POSSESSION SUFFICIENTLY VALUED?"

"A few days ago I went for the first time to High Park, and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Howard, who has given to the city a park that in after years will be a boon hardly understood at present. What a landscape, what a shore-line do the environs of Toronto possess! This park has what is dear to everyone—a wide stretch of varied surface, composed of forest and stream, where pure air may be breathed."

"Mr Howard conducted me through his art gallery, also donated to the city. May it not be the neucleus of a much greater one? This grand old man, now eighty-two years of age, and looking forward to life immortal in the society of her who was his companion on earth, should be appreciated while he is with us. My object in writing these few lines is not only to call attention to the beauties within our precincts, but to impress upon our people that we have amongst us men whose philanthropy will challenge the world."

PAVILION, HIGH PARK

THE ARCHITECT'S TOMB.

"Erected by Mr. J. G. Howard, in memory of his wife, and in readiness for himself."

The plot of ground upon which it stands is enclosed by some of the old iron railings

which surrounded St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, for one hundred and sixty years.

The marble pedestal weighs over ten tons, and is from the Rutland quarries. The cairn is built of granite boulders. Mrs. Howard was Scotch, which accounts for it. Mr. Howard was a Masonic Knight Templar, therefore the double pedestal surmounted with the Maltese cross.

Engraved on a brass plate attached to one of the gate-posts of the old railing, is the following:

"Sacred to the memory of John George Howard and Jemima Frances Howard, his wife. John George, born 27 July, 1803. Jemima Frances, born 18 August, 1802. Died 1st September, 1877, aged 75 years."

What a commendation of Toronto's park,—that its site was chosen by one of the greatest architects that Canada ever possessed! To be his residence during life, and the resting-place of the remains of his beloved wife and himself, for all time!

But are we, the citizens of this most favored city, fully aware of what we have received?

Have we the due appreciation of our lucky inheritance?

Do we see in it all that our noted architect saw?

Look out from any part of the great length of wave-lapped beach, far as the eye can reach, to where the boundless blue of Ontario joins the sky, and feel the

HOWARD'S MONUMENT, HIGH PARK

soothing influence of such a summer sight!

Drink of the cool, pure waters, ye who hasten thither to be refreshed!

Mark the white steamers laden with tourists to our shores!

Follow the graceful movements of the city's white-winged fleet as they skim along in midsummer's breeze!

Observe the party-colored vestments of the gay canoeists as they dip the slender paddle to the rhythm of their song!

"This Palace, built by God's own hand,
The world's fresh prime hath seen,
Wide stretch its living halls away,
Pillar'd and roof'd with green.
Its music is the wind that now
Pours loud its swelling bars,
Now lulls in soft'ning cadences;
Its festal lamps are stars."

What would many places give for such a park, and such a climate as that of Southern Ontario, where never is excess of heat or cold?

Year after year our shores are visited by thousands from the South; and yearly

A VIEW FROM PICNIC GROUNDS OVERLOOKING HOWARD LAKE

See the snowy gulls that float with folded wings up the waters, or as easily sail upon the ambient air!

Wander by the brooks, through the vales, ye who would escape the "madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife," and note their tortuous passages through shade! Penetrate the silent fastnesses where naught is heard but the wood-pecker's tapping, or the rustling of the forest leaves, as the wind moves overhead.

the number is increasing *en route* to Muskoka and the North.

Let us then, for our own sake, and that of all whom it may concern, strive to enhance the value of our unique possession. Nature has destined our province to be the Garden of the Continent. High Park has been chosen as its loveliest spot; and who so well qualified as an architect to make choice from amongst the works of the Architect Supreme? DEMAR.

SCENE IN HIGH PARK

HIGH PARK BEACH—LAKE ONTARIO

DRIVE-WAY IN HIGH PARK

DRIVE-WAY IN HIGH PARK

NEW ENTRANCE TO HIGH PARK RECENTLY BUILT BY THE YORK COUNTY LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY

HOWARD LAKE RAVINE LOOKING SOUTH FROM BLOOR STREET

DRIVE-WAYS IN HIGH PARK

HOWARD LAKE LOOKING WEST FROM HIGH PARK

DRIVE-WAY IN HIGH PARK

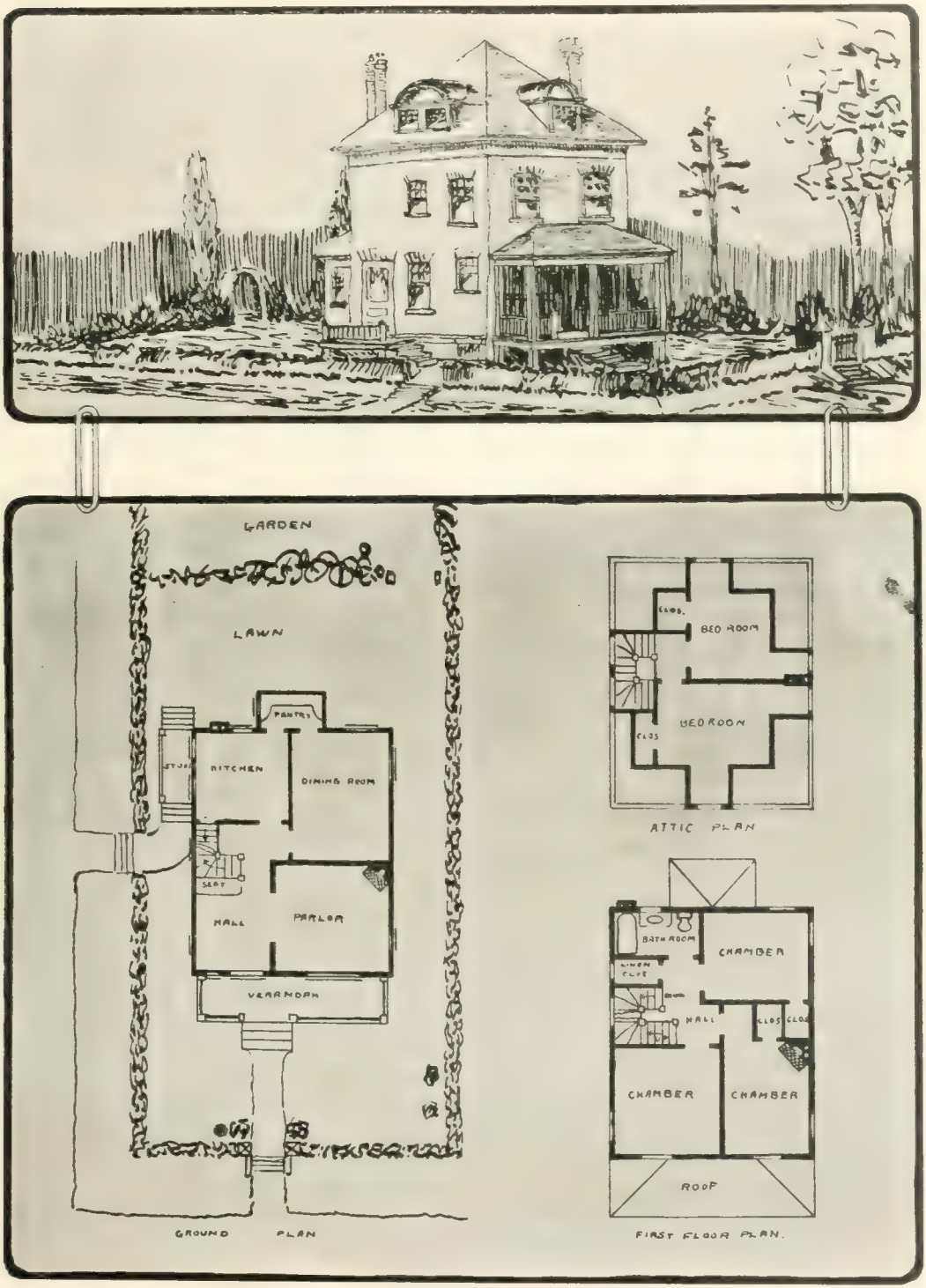
HOWARD LAKE, HIGH PARK

HOWARD LAKE, HIGH PARK

WALK IN HIGH PARK

HOWARD LAKE, HIGH PARK

A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE, TORONTO, SHOWING PLANS AND LAY-OUT OF GROUNDS



MISS ALICIA

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

EARLY in the afternoon Major Tolbooth had taken to his bed with what he declared was "only a touch of the sun," and had continued obstinately to refuse the household remedies until he developed a delirious fever and frightened his two daughters into a panic with his moans. Miss Tolbooth, having sent their breathless maid-of-all-work to get young Dr. Greening, had attacked her father with mustard plasters, and hot foot-baths until she had brought him back to his clear mind, very weak and much shaken. He had announced feebly, then, that he was dying. And he lay back now, on his pillows, his eyes closed; breathing hoarsely, while they stood on either side of his huge mahogany bed, watching him in a speechless tremble of anxiety—Miss Alicia holding herself stiffly upright and working an awkward elbow with her fan, too frightened to weep, and her sister, who was of a matronly corpulence, her cheeks wet with tears and perspiration, listening with a blank distress of eye that showed as if all intelligence had withdrawn to her ears to catch the first sound of the doctor's coming.

The Major's bedroom was on the ground floor, and the breeze in the windows was heavy with garden perfumes and drowsy with the dronings of bumble bees. It strained slowly through the meshes of the hanging lace curtains that seemed to hold it there, with the sunlight, in a net. When the Major turned on his pillow, he blinked at this light with the round and wrinkled eyes of an old bird, lifting his eyebrows high on his forehead. "Well," he said, in a plaintively belligerent tone, "it's time, I suppose. It's time I was gone. I'm no use now—no good—not fit for anything."

The elder Miss Tolbooth answered, choking: "Ah, father, don't.—You mustn't say such things."

He rolled his head around to her. "What?"

"You mustn't say such things."

"Why mustn't I?"

She covered her eyes with her handkerchief. "Well, you're company for us," she sobbed, with that clumsy frankness which ordinarily irritated him to the point of profanity. "We'd be lonely without you."

He made a sour mouth, drawing down his eyebrows. In a moment, he went on, in a stubborn self-condemnation: "No. I'm not fit for company, either. I've been a trial to you—a trial to you both."

He turned to Miss Alicia, and she stopped fanning him to pick at her palm leaf with trembling fingers. He had always awed her with a violent and blustering tyranny.

"You'll have no one to look to now, girl," he said to her. "That's *my* doing."

The sisters were both silent, for the reason that neither of them understood what he meant.

"Of course I was wrong," he said in a tone that accused them of thinking so. "Well, your mother should have been alive to look after you. . . . I lost my temper with him. . . . I sent him about his business."

The elder Miss Tolbooth listened with parted lips, stopped in the midst of tears by a gaping curiosity.

"Coming around here," he complained, "making a pretence of being concerned about my rheumatism! Gad! when I was young, we didn't court a girl's father. We asked the girl herself."

"Who?" Miss Tolbooth asked. "Who do you mean, father?"

He did not heed her. "Well, demmit,"

he cried, with a flicker of passion, "he beat me at chess, that night, and he quarrelled with me about the Boer war."

"Dr. Greening!" Miss Tolbooth cried. "Was it Dr. Greening?"

He did not answer her. "I couldn't stand it, girl," he apologized to Miss Alicia. "He got on my nerves."

She looked up in a confused doubt of him.

"Did he ever speak to you?" he asked her.

She shook her head. She had had scarcely more than the most conventional conversation with Dr. Greening during his winter's visits to the Major.

Miss Tolbooth turned her eyes, wonderingly, from one to the other. "What did you say to him, father?" she asked.

He closed his hand on the coverlet. "I told him," he confessed, in a manner of defiance, "that if he wasn't clever enough to get a practice he needn't be calling here—he couldn't get a living off *my* money."

Miss Alicia rose slowly and walked to the far window, her face an inscrutable blank of bewilderment.

"Oh, *father!*" Miss Tolbooth said in unutterable reproach.

"You mind your own business," he replied, curtly. "No one ever wanted to marry *you*."

She went, with meekness, to take the fan from her sister. When she came back with it, the Major said, in aggrieved surrender: "Well, you can do what you please, pretty soon. You can do what you please."

Miss Tolbooth did not answer. Miss Alicia, in the silence, stood looking out of the window at the garden, with its glowing patches of old-fashioned purples and magentas; and for a time there was nothing in her eyes but a puzzled interest in nothing. Then her lips moved in a slow smile. It faded into a tender placidity that very evidently contained no thought of herself. And that expression remained as the permanent glow of her mood.

There are crises in life which seem—like the tap of the chemist's finger on the test-tube—to precipitate and crystallize a character that has been for years in solution and unformed. Miss Alicia was, perhaps, twenty-two years of age, and she had a prominent English nose that gave her face an appearance of sharpness and a character of strength. But she had been simply educated by her mother in the seclusion of her early years at home; she had been prevented—after her mother's death—by her own shyness and the gruff inhospitality of her father, from entering the social circles of the little Canadian town of which the Tolbooths were at once the wealth and the aristocracy; and she was still mothered by her sister and ignored and silenced by the Major, as if she were a child.

It is true that she was well read in her mother's old volumes of the early Victorian novelists, but she had never had any opportunity of applying the lessons of fiction to the interpretation of life, and she had come even to hear the news of the world about her in the interested isolation of a "gentle reader," who might be appealed to for sympathy, but who could not interfere. It was seldom that she was so appealed to, outside of the little household which her father ruled; for he lived like a country gentleman on his estate, and treated his neighbors as if they were English peasantry and villagers beneath him.

He had been a British officer of the line, garrisoned at first in Halifax, and later in "Upper Canada," as he still called Ontario. He had married a rich young wife in his retired middle age, and after she had died he had continued to administer her estate with an eccentric care. He was so far from practising any ostentation in his manner of life that the townsfolk accused him of niggardliness towards his family. This criticism was the more bitter because of his frank contempt of them.

In this atmosphere Miss Alicia had

grown up. Her sister had taken over the duties of the domestic management, and left her to the care of her flowers, the companionship of her books, and the study of her few volumes of melodies, whose pages were as old and yellow as the ivories of the piano on which she tinkled them out, in a subdued monotony of thin notes at once sweet and melancholy. Young Dr. Greening, called in by her sister in the early Spring, to treat her father's lumbago—because he was the only local physician with whom the Major had not quarrelled—had brightened a few April evenings with chess and conversation, chatting of books and music with her; and then he had disappeared again into the active life of his profession, and had left her to that almost conventual routine which had made her face as placid as a young nun's.

She was still standing, half-smiling, at the window, when a ring on the door-bell announced Dr. Greening. She said: "I'll go." Miss Tolbooth looked around at her in quick surprise, but she was evidently unconscious that she was doing anything unusual.

II.

Dr. Greening, being accustomed to reserve and silence in her, greeted her—through the wire-screen door—with his most diffident smile, that gave his face a pleasant boyishness. Miss Alicia held out her hand to him gravely as she opened the door. "Father is ill," she said, as he took her slim fingers. "He is sorry for the way he spoke to you—some time ago. He has told us so."

He reddened with surprise at her kindliness. She took his hat from him hospitably. "We did not know—before—that this had happened," she said. "He is waiting to see you now."

He was the son of a small tradesman in a neighboring city, and Major Tolbooth and his daughters were of the English aristocracy in his eyes. The Major's inexplicable rebuff had hurt and humbled him; and he accepted Miss Alicia's kindness, now, as a true lady's manner of making amends for her father's injury.

"You are very kind," he said, meekly.

She looked at him with an expression which remained as much an enigma to him as the distant humility of his tone was to her. She led him to the door of the bedroom, in silence; and, having ushered him in to her father, she returned to the sitting-room, where she stood with her thoughts.

Her sister joined her there, pressing her finger-tips against her lips and listening to the voices in the bedroom. Miss Tolbooth said suddenly: "I—I never knew how—how sweet he could be. We haven't been patient with him, dear. We —we didn't love him."

Miss Alicia blinked away her dream, and contemplated that accusation with dry eyes. It had probably never occurred to her that the Major was to be loved. She had obeyed him, at a distance, leaving the nearer approaches to her sister, and watching her, with terror, bring the thunders about her ears.

"We might have known," Miss Tolbooth said, "it was just his—his way. . . . He's fond of *you*, dear." There was, perhaps, the implication of a charge against him in that last.

"I hope he'll be polite to the doctor," Miss Alicia replied, from a distance of thought.

They sat down mechanically, after a silence.

Miss Alicia shrank, blushing, from a fear which assailed her. "Do you think," she asked, "that father will"—she dropped her voice to the faintest note of bashfulness—"will tell the doctor?"

Miss Tolbooth did not hear. Her face was set in a staring misery. Miss Alicia clasped her hands in her lap, and did not speak again. She had an air of waiting in fearful shyness for a summons from the bedroom.

And then Dr. Greening came in on tiptoe and smiling. "No danger," he whis-

pered. "Just a fainting spell. You have done right. Put ice on his temples. I'll leave a prescription to be filled as I pass Allen's, and it'll be here in an hour." He shook hands with them in a manner of congratulation, and Miss Alicia caught a long breath of relief.

"And there's no danger whatever, doctor?" Miss Tolbooth asked, in a tone that almost regretted an unnecessary grief.

"Well," he answered, "he's an old man, of course. His heart is weak. He may go off at any time, but there's no reason to believe it will be *this* time."

While Miss Tolbooth was adjusting herself to this new point of view, Miss Alicia slipped away lightly to get him his hat. He followed her; and when she held out her hand to him again at the door, he noticed for the first time a certain blushing hesitation in her manner, which he could not understand. He searched for the meaning of it in her eyes. She met him with a look of timorous expectancy. The vaguest preshadowing of a thought of the truth floated in over his mind, and he pressed her fingers in a startled grip. A ready tenderness brightened in her face. He turned from her, as confused as a boy.

When the screen door had closed between them, she asked: "You'll be in to-morrow morning?"

"Oh, yes. Yes—thank you," he replied, sidling awkwardly down the steps. His knees were so stiff that he seemed unable to walk without jolting on his heels.

At the gate he looked back to see her still watching him from the doorway. She nodded and smiled. He bowed. A cold chill sprayed in his brain and trickled icily down his spine; and it came with a near suspicion of the truth.

That, then, was why the Major had forbidden him the house!

III.

It was characteristic of Miss Alicia that she proceeded on the routine of her ordinary day with a certain air of self-sufficiency, but without any fluttered blushes, without any of the dreamy pauses and guilty starts that are supposed to be indicative of a "love-bewildered" mind. When she picked a bouquet of flowers for her father's sick-room, she took them from her own beds and her sister's, as if she felt herself privileged, moving in some possession of thought that seemed newly to dignify her actions. And when she smiled, it was the even smile of meditation, of a heart that was stilled at a full calm.

She stopped on the porch to look down the gravel walk at the gate through which the doctor had gone from her; and there was a tenderness in her expression that had a pity in it too. It was the expression with which she read the "Adventures of Philip."

She turned at the rustle of her sister's gown in the hallway, and found Miss Tolbooth's eye fixed on her bouquet. "For father," she explained.

"Did he ask for them?" Miss Tolbooth said.

Miss Alicia shook her head reflectively. "The doctor will be here to-morrow morning," she replied, thinking of the sick-room.

Miss Tolbooth asked: "Did he speak to you?"

She regarded her sister a moment, thoughtfully, before she answered: "No, he didn't *speak*," and smiled.

She went to tap on her father's door. Miss Tolbooth looked after her, puzzled to understand a manner which was to puzzle Dr. Greening even more.

He had gone home to pass a distracted afternoon, that was followed by an uneasy night. The Major's quarrel had suddenly found a meaning for him that prevented sleep. It was plain that Miss Alicia must have betrayed to her family an unsuspected tenderness for him—as was natural, he told himself, in a girl who saw no company from year's end to year's end. It was possible—indeed, as he

thought it over, it became more and more probable—that he had innocently misled her and the Major into the belief that she was the object of his attentions at the house; for when he had found that his attendance there gave him a coveted prestige among the doctors of the town, he had attempted to continue in his office of physician after it had lapsed, by ingratiating himself with his patient, and making himself agreeable to his two daughters. The Major, of course, had condemned him as a fortune-hunter; and at last, over a glass of toddy, after the household had retired, had ended a good-natured discussion of the Battle of Colenso by browbeating and insulting him. And Miss Alicia –

Well, it was at least evident that she was ready to receive him as her suitor, and her only suitor. And the goal of a wealthy marriage was plain before him when he started out, next morning, to visit the Major, walking happy in his plans for a busy future in a city where there would be hospitals and large practices, and the opportunity to rise.

However, as he neared his patient's house, he began to feel a nervous apprehension that reminded him of his first surgical case; for this was not only his initial experience in such affairs of the heart, but it began to appear to be a false position also, and it required him to make love to a woman who most probably had, in such matters, a system of laws and conventions that was unknown to him. It was not to be supposed that one could court Miss Alicia with the blunt directness that would serve with a farm girl; neither could he imagine that the common coin of flattery and compliment would pass with her. Affection in her heart, must be grounded in respect and esteem; and the business of courtship would require a delicacy and discretion of which he did not feel himself quite capable.

She seemed pleasantly predisposed in his favor, but that might be from a first impression which a more intimate acquaintance would correct. Wherefore, as he turned the corner of the Major's street, and saw the evergreens tufted over the fence, he took a cowardly resolve to be very professional and non-committal in his manner, to interest himself rather in the Major, and to study Miss Alicia from a safe distance for a time. He came into the open with his head down. When he looked up, he saw her seated alone on the porch.

It came on him with the suddenness of an ambush discovered in his path. He stumbled in his step, with a momentary temptation to retreat; but his body went on, and before he got control of it again he was at the gate. He came up the path —an interminable journey—unable to raise his eyes to her. When he did lift a ridiculously white and grave face, he found her bending over her needle-work. He was at the foot of the porch steps. He cleared his throat with a nervous cough. "Good morning," he said, taking off his hat. "How is the Major?"

She did not look up. She answered, in a voice that was false and strained: "Good morning. He isn't in."

He suddenly forgot the difficulty he was having in getting breath into his lungs. "I—I beg your pardon?" he stammered.

She bent her face lower over the embroidery frame. "He has gone down town," she said.

"O—oh!" Surprise struck him dumb. He looked at the screen door. He raised his hat towards his head, to put it on, as if he had been told to go. He heard her say: "He seems much better this morning;" and he dropped his arm again. Her manner made him hot with the apprehension that the Major had prepared another humiliation for him.

She stitched a moment, flushing. "I angered him this morning," she apologized. "I told him what you said about his heart. . . . I was afraid he might overtax his strength."

"You were quite right," he absolved

her haughtily. He would show her that her father's behavior was a matter of indifference to him.

"I'm afraid," she said, gently, "that he is angry—with you—for having said it." She looked up at him for a shy glance, and he saw that her eyes were red from tears.

While he was wondering why she had been weeping, he replied, mechanically. "Very possibly. Old folk are—are arbitrary, of course."

"He is very unjust," she sympathized, over her needle.

He watched her, from the foot of the steps, without replying. For the moment, there was not a clear thought in the confusion of his mind; and a morning breeze, tossing through the chestnut boughs, made its hollow murmur a noisy distraction in his ears.

"Won't you . . . sit down?" she said.

There was a chair before her. He took it in silence. After he was seated, it occurred to him that he would have been wiser to have made an excuse to get away. He was unprepared—awkwardly unprepared—for any such situation as this.

"You didn't tell him yesterday?" she asked.

He said gravely: "Yesterday, I merely assured him that he was not dying."

She looked up again, but at sight of his serious expression, she returned her eyes to her work. "He is very unjust," she repeated, feelingly.

It pricked him with an indignation against the Major that made him resent her pity, although he did not know why he was indignant, or for what she pitied him. He did not speak.

"Did he say anything to you," she asked, at last, with a guilty blush, "about calling?"

"He guessed the reason of her confusion. "Nothing," he answered. "I suppose he said something this morning."

She nodded, speechlessly, overcome at this approach of the crisis.

"About me calling here?"

Her silence answered for her.

He took a bold resolve, born of his resentment. "Miss Tolbooth," he spoke up, "I did not quite understand—from you yesterday—what he had said—then."

She answered slowly, as if with a sense of how with every word she was making his future out of this one moment: "He said he was sorry he had forbidden you." She added, meaningly: "He was speaking to *me*."

He waited, baffled. She did not go on. He wiped his forehead. "And you?" he asked. "I have your —"

"He—he has forbidden me again," she confessed piteously, "to let you."

He rose, fumbling with his hat. "Well," he said, in a blundering attempt to carry it off proudly, "I suppose I'd better say good-bye."

The wound to his vanity was as sore as any stinging of disprized love; and she found him so pale and disappointed that the tears started to her eyes. "I'm *so* sorry," she said, rising to hold out her hand to him.

He saw so much more than formal sympathy in her face that he knew, if he could but find a true word now to speak he could win her with it. But he could not find the word; and he found, instead, a shame of his situation that mounted to his cheeks. He had an accession of fear that she would read his thoughts if he remained silent. "Th-thanks," he began, and he spoke it in a voice so unnatural that it put him to flight.

He turned to blunder down the steps, his teeth set to stifle the elation of a vanity that had been flattered by the look in her eyes, at the same time that his face was hot with the feeling that he had been a cad.

He looked back at her from the gate. She was watching him from the porch, her hand clenched at her lips. He felt that if her father's prohibition had not been between them, he could have played the part which she expected of him. But aggressively to act the hypocrite?

He shut the Major's gate on that temptation and turned his back to her.

A boy in the distance was running towards him under the trees of the boulevard. As soon as he looked up, that boy opened his mouth, and cried shrilly: "Doctor! Major Tolb'ot's sick—or somethin' —down at Allen's!"

IV.

The Major allowed himself to be brought home, very weak and humble, in a carriage with the doctor. He was put to bed without protest. "He needs rest—and medicine as prescribed," Dr. Greening directed Miss Tolbooth briefly. "There is no cause for alarm. Keep him quiet. I will call this evening."

He departed, on a professional bow, without seeing Miss Alicia. She was locked in her room.

She remained there until the afternoon, and then she was called to relieve her sister at her father's bedside. She came with the air of one who had been quarrelling with a sick man, though she knew that it was he who had been in the wrong. There was sullen pride in her silence; and yet she guiltily avoided meeting his eyes, moving her fan like an automaton, her gaze fixed, with an appearance of sulkiness that belied her. He looked at her only once, and then grunted a "Humph!" that might mean anything. For the most part he lay on his back, dozing and waking, in a sort of stupor of weakness.

At nightfall, he seemed to be wandering in his mind. He began to talk to himself in a restless whisper, unintelligible to Miss Alicia; it distressed her as much as a moaning of pain. She was weeping when the doctor entered. The Major, at sight of a stranger bringing the light of the lamp over to him, stopped short, and shut his eyes. He kept them shut—though his eyelids twitched wakefully—while his pulse was counted and his temperature registered.

Miss Alicia, moving her fan blindly, averted her face. The doctor respected her silence. When he took the lamp to the back of the room, he spoke low to Miss Tolbooth over it.

The Major, as soon as the light was withdrawn, turned his head to Miss Alicia, and she saw that his lips moved, though she could not hear what he said. The only words she caught were: "Doctor's wife, eh? . . . Well." The rest was a mumble.

He rolled back to stare at the ceiling in a silence that hung over the room like a threat. "Poor girl!" he said suddenly, in a stronger voice.

He frowned in an attempt to rouse himself. "That's he?" he asked, and propped himself on his elbow to jerk his head towards the end of the room. "Eh?"

Dr. Greening came over to him. "Lie down, now," he said. "Don't excite yourself. "You'll be well enough in the morning." He laid the old man back on his pillows with firm hands. "Only keep out of the sun. And remember, you're not as strong as you were once."

The Major said: "You want to marry my girl."

The doctor reddened. "It would make me very happy, sir," he was compelled to say.

"No doubt. No doubt," the Major grumbled. "How about her? Will you make *her* happy?"

Miss Alicia raised to the doctor a look of trust that shone through her tears with a pale happiness. He said: "I'll do my best."

The Major lifted a hand of trembling fingers. "Do you promise?" he demanded, pointing menacingly at him.

The doctor looked down at her. "I do," he said huskily.

The Major dropped his hand and scowled at him; and Dr. Greening stood up to that scowl as if it were the muzzle of a gun.

The Major shouldered down into his bed clothes. "Go away," he growled. "Go away. I'm tired. Don't bother me any more—neither of you—with your flowers either. Mary! Mary! Send them away."

V.

The doctor went out to the porch with her in a silence of guilt and bewilderment. The Major's questions had come so suddenly on him, that he had not had time to think of any evasion. He had not had time to rouse his conscience. He had engaged himself under false pretences to an act of love; and now he could not fulfil it.

Miss Alicia, trembling, clung to his hand in a nervous tension that gave her strength to crush his fingers. He was standing on the porch step below her. He drew back from her with a shudder of self-loathing.

She murmured breathlessly: "Oh, isn't it—strange—ever since yesterday morning!" And there was a note in her voice that caught his ear at once. "Father, saying he was dying—and about you—that you wanted to marry me." It was as if she were telling a plot which she had read. "I was sorry—because he had spoken to you so—and you hadn't been able to come to see me all those months. I knew you would want to see me." She laughed low and happily.

He saw the mistake which her father had made, and the mistake which she had made, in supposing that his professional visits to the house had had a double object. But had he himself made a mistake! He listened to her in amazement. Was this the voice of love—or of pity?

She said: "I didn't—I didn't know how much it meant to you until after—after you said good-bye this morning. Then I knew."

There were tears in her eyes. He saw the glint of them in the light that streamed through the open door. He frowned in a puzzled effort to get her point of view. "Ye-es?" he said, vaguely.

"I'm . . . so glad," she choked, and made as if to turn from him.

He held her. "Wait," he said, "I don't understand."

"I know," she whispered, thrilled. "It has been so—so quick. But we'll have . . . years. You mustn't blame father. He didn't know—at first."

Was it possible that she was not thinking of herself at all? "But see," he said, "what about you? Don't think of me. think of yourself—what is due to you."

"*You* will think of that," she said softly.

"You're very good," he faltered, beginning to understand the trust in his affection which had brought her to him. "But you don't know me very well yet. You may be disappointed in me. And remember, if you should be—before it's too late—you're not bound to me. I'm the only one that's bound."

She put her hand on his shoulder, as if to reassure him. "No," she whispered.

The kindness of it silenced him in an almost tearful tenderness for her; and with this emotion that held him dumb, he felt his heart freed of the guilt that had weighed upon it. "You're very kind," he said at last.

Her hand fluttered up against his cheek. "No, no," she explained, brokenly. "I want to be more than that. I want to be—what you are."

He did not understand.

"It's so good to have someone—care for me—so much!" she sobbed. "I want to be that, too—for you."

He drew her to him. She seemed pitiably frail and gentle against the arm that held her. Her sobs set him tingling. "Don't," he said, "I'm not worth it. I'm—I didn't understand. I'm not worth it. I didn't appreciate—"

"I want to try," she said, "to make you . . . as happy . . . as you've made me. Do you think I can?"

"Ah, don't—don't," he protested. "I've done nothing—worse than nothing."

She tried to put her fingers on his lips to stop him. "Haven't you!" she cried. And as if to show her faith in him, she bent down to kiss him on the forehead. "Do you think I can?" she whispered.

He caught her to him in a burst of gratitude, of tenderness, of affection. "Yes," he said thickly. "Yes."

BANKED FIRES

By ARTHUR STRINGER

IT was Handsome Mike's first day back at the Smeltery. Like the rest of that little colony of "Black Irish" at the Big Eagle Mining Camp, the keen, Canadian winter bewildered him, with its muffled sharpness, like a razor-blade wrapped in chamois. But now he was going to sweat this trouble out, as he had always done before.

After one lurid, red week of whiskey—and things even worse—and five long weeks in the Mounted Police hospital, and then two terrible, tottering days hugging the stove in Doogan's tavern, he had cursed himself and his luck, and crept back to his old solace—work.

But Handsome Mike, "the divil wid wimmen," had changed. He felt dizzy and sick, and his throat burned for a few drops of the old something to brace him up. The dare-devil face had weakened, the bull-neck had fallen away. His arm was flaccid. And work was going hard with him. He wished he was home. Already his clothes were wet and soggy with sweat. *He* called it "a bit av lung throuble." The little surgeon over at the Hospital had called it "double-pneumonia."

Whatever it was, Mike knew it had hit him hard. He wished he was home. But "Tell me ye'll never go back to her!" the other woman had said.

Towards noon a sudden chill came over him. It bewildered him, as his first sickness of a month ago had done, and he wished he was home again. A sharp knife-blade of pain pushed and pierced through his left breast. He crouched down, shivering and cowed, against a car of ore.

Two of the smelting gang found him there, and helped him into the furnace-room. There he lay, full in the blaze of the open doors. But still he shivered. Oily beads of sweat glistened through the smoke and dust on his leathery face. But still he shivered. And he wished he was home. The heat of the fiery red cavern scorched his boots, and the smell of their burning soles filled the air. But still he shook with his chill.

"Tell me ye'll never go back to her!" the other woman had said. And as he lay there he cursed her gently for saying it.

In time Mike's chill wore itself away. But it left him dazed and weak, with sudden spasms, twisting and bending his great body. It was then that his foreman came and told him to go and get to bed. He took his pail and crawled away. He felt, though, that he could never go home. But now the thought of the other woman sickened him. He wished he could get a long rest somewhere.

Just beyond the Mary Stewart shaft he was taken with a spell of blood-spitting. He knew what that meant. It left him dazed, but terrified. Now he *had* to go home. They had told him, or he had heard it somewhere, that ice was good for a hemorrhage. He clutched insanely at the water frozen in the gutter, and the discolored icicles that hung from the sluice. But his stomach revolted at its filthiness as it dissolved muddily on his tongue, and he spat it out.

He wanted to go home and sleep. He would straighten it out with Dora some way or other. Then everything would be all right. But what was the use, now, he asked. Was it all worth bucking up against?

He stopped in front of the Sunset Supply House. Then he crawled inside, and asked for a cheap revolver.

Sunset Charlie handed him over a useless toy, with white bone handles, for one dollar.

"Phwat the divvle good is that?" Handsome Mike demanded huskily, wiping his mouth with his sleeve, and holding the toy in the palm of his shaking hand. "Gim'me a gun that'll kill a dog!"

"What size dog, stranger?" inquired Sunset Charlie eyeing him meaninglessly, Life walked bare to the buff in those rough parts.

"A dog about me own soize!"

"Mebbe *he'll* do?" asked Sunset Charlie, caressing a heavy, ugly, thirty-eight calibre six-shooter.

Handsome Mike groped his way out. But still he wanted to go home. He could make it up some way, first. Foot by foot, leaning on rocks and stumps, he wore his way to that one door, the door of his home, as dying men have done before.

A woman with red arms, bending over a reeking wash-tub, looked up at him through clouds of steam.

"I've come back," he said, with his hand on his chest.

"Ye've come back?" she repeated.

He staggered in through the low door. "I'm sick!" he said.

"Phwat's that blood from?" she cried suddenly. He leaned against the little broken wall and wiped his mouth weakly.

"I'm sick, Dora!" he whined. "An' I've come back to ye!"

"Where's *she?*"

"Ye're me woife, Dora!" He shivered forlornly. She made a step towards him, then stopped.

"If it's sick ye are, into bed wid ye!" she cried, pretending not to relent. Something in his face frightened her. But *she* had never gone a step to bring him back! *She* had spoken no word! And she bent over her tub once more.

Handsome Mike unlaced his scorched boots with shaking fingers. Then he crawled into bed, with his clothes still on. Another chill was coming over him. Still she hung back.

"Some whiskey, Dora, for th' love av God some whiskey!" he cried, with his blind fear of the blackness about him.

She came and stood over him, arms akimbo. She looked down at him with what seemed cold eyes.

"Why don't ye call to *her* for yer whiskey?"

She looked at the dare-devil face so drawn and blanched, and the bull neck so fallen away.

"Ye've threated me loike a dog, Mickey, ye've threated me loike a dog!" she cried out suddenly, as the hot tears rained from her eyes.

With a crooked thumb and forefinger she scooped the suds from her red arms, and threw a shawl over her shoulders. She could hear the shaking of the bed as she hurried out through the door. Sure enough, he was sick. But all his life, her big, strong Mickey had known no illness that whiskey could not charm away.

Terry Ford met her outside, as she came scuttling back from Doogan's Tavern with the bottle under her arm.

"Thin it wasn't you?" he said.

She brushed past him. "Phwat wasn't me?"

"Oh, nothin'!" Terry had noticed the movement. "I was jus' comin' in!" he said, meaningly.

"Ye can't, Terry, Mike's home!"

"Mike! What's that to you an' me!"

"He'll murther ye, Terry!"

"Have ye told him ye were comin'—comin' wid me?"

"'Twas me philanderin,' Terry," she cried, in sudden fear.

"But ye meant it?"

"Terry, ye're a fool!"

"But ye promised! Ye swore ye'd shame him whin he came back, tired av—av the other wan!"

"I was mad wid rage—jilous rage!"

"An' I've been thinkin' ye'll keep to it."

"Ye're sthoppin' me way! An' Mike's sick!"

"I'll not have ye put me off, me darlin'."

"Ye bla'g'ard! I'm a woife, an' a good woman!"

Terry laughed wickedly.

"He's come back to me!" she cried, proudly, in answer to his jeer.

"Back to ye!" scoffed Terry. "Wid *her* for comp'ny?"

"Wid her?"

"Yis, wid her! She's wid him now!"

"Ye lie!" she flamed out at him.

"Look inside, me darlin'."

"Ye lie!" she cried again, but with a whiter face.

"She said she'd be keepin' him to th' ind!" said Terry.

The woman with the white face crept to her door, and peered in. Through the gloom she saw the other woman, bending over the little wooden bed.

"Yer hands off that man!" she screamed, baring her arms.

"Hist!" said the woman, quietly. "He's dead!"

"An' phwat's that to ye?" cried the dead man's wife—his lawful wife.

"'Tis this!" said the other woman, with Handsome Mike's pistol at her own laughing mouth. The report shook the dust and clay from the wall of the little shack. The other woman had fallen, and lay there over the dead man.

"Terry!" called the wife, in her hard, colorless voice, "Terry!" She seized the still warm body that lay over the cold one, and flung it horridly out on the bare floor.

"Terry!" she called again, coming to the door. "Terry, me darlin' I'm waitin' for ye now!"

CAMP POINT, DEVIL LAKE

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

By EMILY FERGUSON

For a stranger in the land to express dogmatic opinions regarding the social life and traits of the inhabitants always smacks of presumption. It is only upon the secure basis of several years' residence that one can hope to make a fair judgment. At best you can only present the characteristics of the comparatively few people you have met, and as they appeared to you under certain circumstances.

It has been pointed out that in England a woman is either decidedly a lady or decidedly not a lady. Perhaps this is the only way in which as a sex they are particularly emphasized. As compared with the Americans, the English women of position are lacking in individuality; they are solid but not brilliant; wanting in tone but not insipid; they are an amalgamation. Animated, graceful, polished, dignified, and domestic, are all terms that could be properly applied to them; but apart from their high culture they have no organic individuality, unless perhaps it is in their religionism. An English lady has a high sense of her moral obligations. She considers it meet, right, and her bounden duty to be entirely religious. Often she makes her life a continuous round of labor in the performance of sacred or philanthropic undertakings.

In her home, you may be sure of luxurious and opulent appointments; it is well-ordered and neat. If rich, she keeps a small army of servants, and if poor, does not make the work of living too hard, but reduces her housekeeping to a very simple system.

When she bids you to "a great supper," it is always well for a stranger to go. It means that you have successfully passed a searching scrutiny into your position and general deportment. It is just possible that you may find it a dismal function, well-mannered, and dreary beyond words, for in many homes, even where you are the guest of the evening, it is not usual to make introductions, for a presentation is almost as binding as a marriage. Some attribute this to insolent insularism, but I have always believed it to arise from shyness. On being introduced, they often seem embarrassed and ill at ease, even to the verge of *gaucherie,* and when you lead off the conversation, are greatly relieved. It is a strange trait in their make-up, that while they can so cleverly express their feelings in music and paintings, or on paper, they sadly fail in conversation.

The English *menus* are excellent, but if on any rare occasion the dinner should be poor, you may still count on its being served with the finest linen and plate, and with dignified ceremony. Sometimes a hostess will consider her hospitality at an end when you have partaken of her claret and sandwiches, but this is not the rule. True, she will not assume a concern she does not feel, nor will she voice a social falsehood, no matter how tiny, to make you feel comfortable, but as a general thing, she is *really* interested in her guests. On one occasion, while discussing a certain old ruins with my hostess, I expressed regret at not having photographed it. I had forgotten the conversation until a couple of weeks later, when she sent me a beautiful water-color painting of the scene. The incident remains typical.

Her husband's chief characteristic is pride. An Englishman is proud of his national pre-eminence, his church, his university, his sovereign, his home, and even of himself—with "pride in his port, de-

fiance in his eye," he will give you to understand that he does not like foreigners, and above all, the inhabitants of America. He does not think much of the prospects or wealth of a nation that is expressed in a decimal system instead of in pounds. He almost invariably underrates the strength and intelligence of other peoples. Without braggodocio, and yet in a manner that is vaguely irritating, he suggests to your mind the words of the vivacious Mrs. Squeers, "I pities your ignorance and despises you." And why not? It is well known that the Almighty is English, or at least possesses only English traits.

If you are a Canadian, he is mildly surprised at the fairness of your skin. He had an idea that you were half French and half Indian. It must be that the hot-air furnaces in the colonies bleach your complexion. He is distinctly charmed when he finds you eat with a fork. As he does not of necessity read the daily papers, he sneers at your passion for news, and dubs you, "the inquisitive Canadian."

The male Briton claims that when the fogs allow it, he is capable of seeing the ludicrous side of a thing. He has an extravagant passion for walking. Rude foreigners say that he walks straight ahead like a mad dog. To summarize him brutally, he is a queer conglomerate of obstinacy, pride, justice, refinement, acquisitiveness, hard-headedness, bravery, and sensuality.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WESTWARD HO!

November 7th.

The Padre was chaplain for the voyage, and on boarding the vessel at Liverpool, we were met by a clergyman, bearing a large package of books and magazines, to be distributed among the steerage passengers. They were the gift of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It seems a pity that all the books were in English, for the majority of the three hundred and fifty steerage passengers did not speak that language.

We watched them coming aboard, a swarthy, motley gang, skimpily clad, down-at-heel, and out-at-elbow. The question of "Wherewithal shall we be clothed" is one that presses hard on this swarm from the European hive. These hard-featured, unwashen, shambling fellows are perhaps the filthiest sweepings of the Old World, and yet bound for the better land of Canada, every one of them is looking out grandly into the future with unbounded faith. And fortunate, too, is their escape from the foul atmosphere of fetid slums and rotting tenements; or from a rural serfdom, replete with all that is debilitating, debasing, and destructive of intellect and morality. They are what Froude calls "the few elect." Pallid, puny children, as thick as blackberries, and as ragged, held others that were younger. We were glad to walk to the other end of the vessel, for the smell that greeted our nostrils was by no means the sweet odors of Araby the blest.

The night closed in with high seas and heavy weather. The breath from the wintry ocean was marrow-freezing, and we were forced in off the storm-swept deck. Through the port-holes we could see, as our bows ducked and nosed, that we were executing a vigorous see-saw with the horizon. Now the boat shook herself like a huge, writhing monster, and again the sensation was that of rapidly descending from a great height in an elevator. We began to recall the words of the prophet, "They go down alive into Hades." We were glad to retire to our airless dungeons, and settle down into that sluggish torpor, the stolid lethargic silence that is peculiar to *mal-de-mer*.

All night the screw raved, as if angered by the tramp of insurgent waves on the deck. Next morning the sea was wrathily white, and hissing wreaths of foam mounted to the upper decks. A few ladies emerged from their staterooms with

toilets displaying more haste than taste. For six awful days the ship was walloped about, and on the seventh, something like a hurricane blew up. We were in "the roaring forties"—it was night, and the ship trembled like a frightened bird. Few and short were the prayers said on the vessel, if we except the cry, "How long, O, Lord, how long?" Even the Padre began to believe that there was something in Schopenhauer's dictum, "Life is a folly which death repairs." My brain was on fire, and every bone was sore with unwonted acrobatic feats. After having shot twice out of my berth, I settled down to an old-fashioned, womanly cry. The good, grey stewardess gave me a Scotch potion that was hot and wet, and then said, as she tucked the pillows around me: "Hoots child! dinna greit sae sair."

As the vessel leaped and swung, there was a crashing accompaniment of broken plates and bottles, and a queer hurly-burly of cutlery. Thud after thud came the huge rollers with mad impetuosity on the deck, an occasional wave finding its way down the halls, and into our staterooms. Yet it was grandly awful, this dread shrieking, and the wild clangor and moan of the storm, and as one listened through the long watches of the night, now and then prayed for the lonely man lashed to the bridge.

The boat was turned to face the storm, and for two days we travelled out of our course. On the ninth day the ship stopped dead. The screw had been out of the water so frequently that the packing had worn out, and in its present condition we were making only three knots an hour. I was staggering along the corridor, when the extremely cross old woman in the next stateroom put her head out of the door. She looked frightened. "Why had the boat stopped in the storm?" At that moment my innate germ of original sin asserted itself, and in a low tone that could mean anything appalling, I told her that the boiler might burst at any second, and then, by dint of marvellous balancing, hurried on.

This stoppage was the climax of our troubles. We were at the mercy of the opposing waves, which, in their wild orgy, kicked the ship like a football over the black mountains of water, or hurled her down in the wide-mouthed graves of the sea. Madame de Stael was right when she said travelling was one of the sad pleasures of life. After two hours we felt the tremor of the screw, and were again under control. Eventually we weathered the storm, and once more began to realize that life was not entirely devoid of sweets

In his official capacity the Padre took me to see the cave-dwellers in the steerage. Horses are carried to England in this part of the vessel, and passengers are carried back. A strong smell of poverty, a soul-sickening reek, drove us back from this human sardine-tin. By-and-by we mastered our feelings sufficiently to enter, and found it what the nautical gentleman in *"Nicholas Nickleby"* would term as "pernicious snug." There is no nonsense here about modern sanitation, and so many cubic feet of air per person.

We could not talk to many, for it was a strife of tongues, except for the querulous cries of the children, which are in the one language the world over. Here lay a dark-eyed woman, of magnificent physique, her full breasts heedlessly exposed. Further on were decrepit old crones from Asia Minor. Their deeply-lined and repulsively ugly faces, and their skinny claws caused you to associate them with harpies. Poor souls! with only a limited dole of water, their dirt is not so much their fault as their misfortune. There were a number of young English girls, too, whose fresh complexions looked like nothing so much as a mixture of coffee and milk. Some of them were very ill, and as the Padre poured the oil of wine and sympathy into their bruised hearts, I fed them with oranges and apples, for I have a clear, well-defined idea, that women are not all soul; that they have a way of hungering after bread, even before they hunger after righteousness.

All the emigrants are counted and vaccinated before landed. The interpreter told us that most of them had money, but it is hardly credible that these off-scourings of the Old World own much else than their poor rags, which are the *prima facie* evidence of their poverty.

We were glad to escape the pungent stenches, and once more breathe freely on deck. I did not visit the men's quarters. The sexes are separated by the whole length of the boat, but in the day time mingle freely on deck. Towards evening they settle down into couples and make love with a brazen boldness and brutal indecorum that almost braves the onlookers, for what care these wantons, young or old, with their passions on fire, for the prejudices of the officers or saloon passengers? George Herbert was not wrong when he said that there were two things not to be hidden—love and cough.

Our crew were all Scotch, and of that hale and hearty class who demonstrate that much of the stamina and energy of the British Isles is to be found in the Land of the Heather.

We had the regulation concert, when a "chappie" with riding leggings, and a suit of aggressive design, sang for our entertainment "Suwanee River." He gave to the word "home" a queer, crescendo effect, introducing a couple of extra notes, and threw the audience into convulsions of laughter. He was highly pleased with the sensation he had created, and sang it for an *encore*. A young French-Canadian played on the violincello with high finish, purity, and brilliance of tone. His instrument was presented to him by the Queen of the Belgians, he having graduated at the head of his class.

It was contrary to all known laws that we should see icebergs in November, but nevertheless we sighted several of these huge battering-rams. It was good to see Newfoundland in the distance; its shore hugged by a pearl-grey mist, for it was Canada, and we were gliding gently to the haven where we would be. The Padre told us that in the privy purse of Henry VIII. there is this curious entry: "To the man that found the new isle, £10." This man was Cabot, the island lay before us.

We got up at five o'clock to see the Laurentians: it was the most beautiful sight that had ravished our eyes since we left home. "Dress'd in earliest light," the mountain-tops blazed in the sky like altars of beaten gold. They seemed a mirage of the god-lit hills of heaven.

We spent the last and fourteenth night aboard ship on the St. Lawrence. The steamer's talons were dropped on the river-bed, and we lay at anchor, once more in the "first, best country," God's fairest gift to man—The Land of the Maple.

THE END

SONG OF EMPIRE

Winds of all the continents, waves of every sounding sea,
Bear the flag of Albion the Great, the standard of the free ;
Clarions sound the battle song, all her armies march apace,
Lord of Hosts, keep thou command, give freedom to the human race.

Full a hundred years ago, Nelson's cannon shook the Nile,
While the Sphinx astonished watched the fray beside his ancient pile,
But a second Nelson spoke and The Mahdi met his doom,
As the sword of Britain flashed where died the hero of Khartoum.

Over Africa's sunny realms, late the Lion pushed his paw,
Now the Orange and the Cape heed one great Imperial Law,
And the Triple Cross flies clear over Boers and Britains all.
From the headlands of the south to the sources of the Vaal.

Where the mighty Ganges rolls from the slopes of Himalay,
And the ruddy sunset lights the domes and towers of proud Bombay,
Our good Emperor holds a realm stretching far to Khybar Pass,
And English songs of love are sung in homes of fair Madras.

From the distant Austral land, Britain's heritage of peace,
Kindred hearts unite as one with ours across the western seas ;
Ample ocean continent where the Southern Cross shines clear,
Thou art chief of all Earth's myriad isles, queen of a hemisphere.

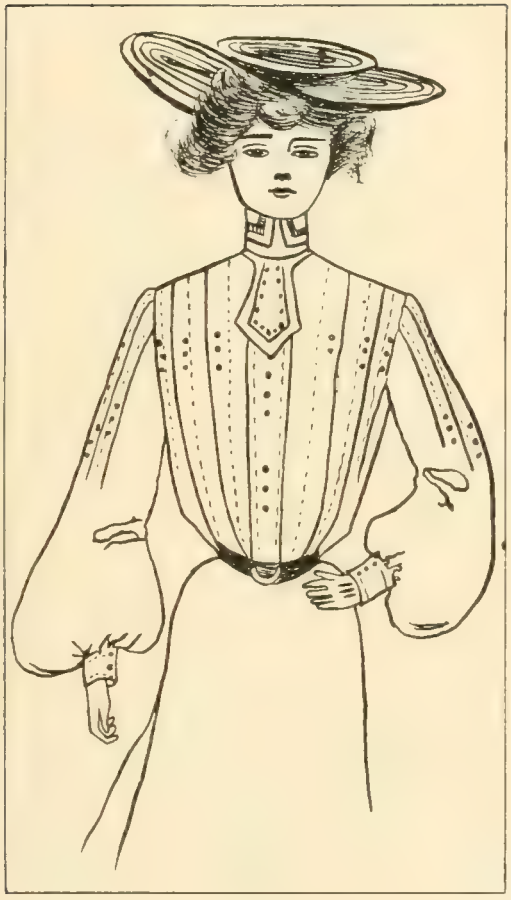
Onward to the golden west ! Onward to that sunny air,
Where beneath the Indian Summer skies lies Canada the Fair ;
Land of fishes, woods and furs ; land of maples, oaks and pines,
Land of grains and fruits and flowers rare, land of the precious mines.

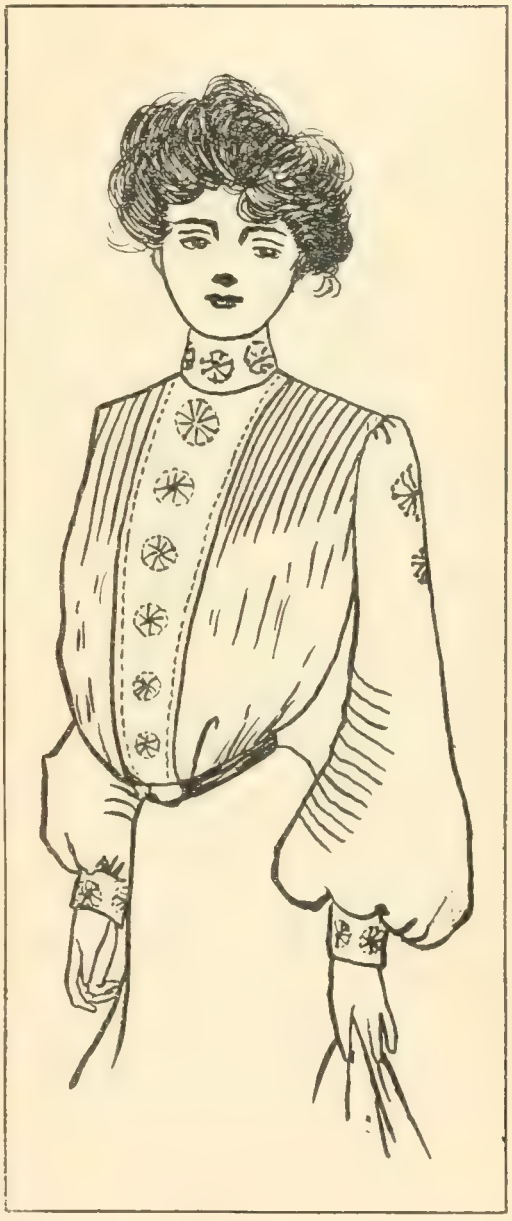
England's call goes to the Straits ; Malta, Cyprus, send it on ;
Egypt tells Suez and India, the spice groves of Ceylon ;
Now Australia hears the word, hears Hong Kong Vancouver call,
Thunders on the great Dominion's voice to old Westminster Hall.

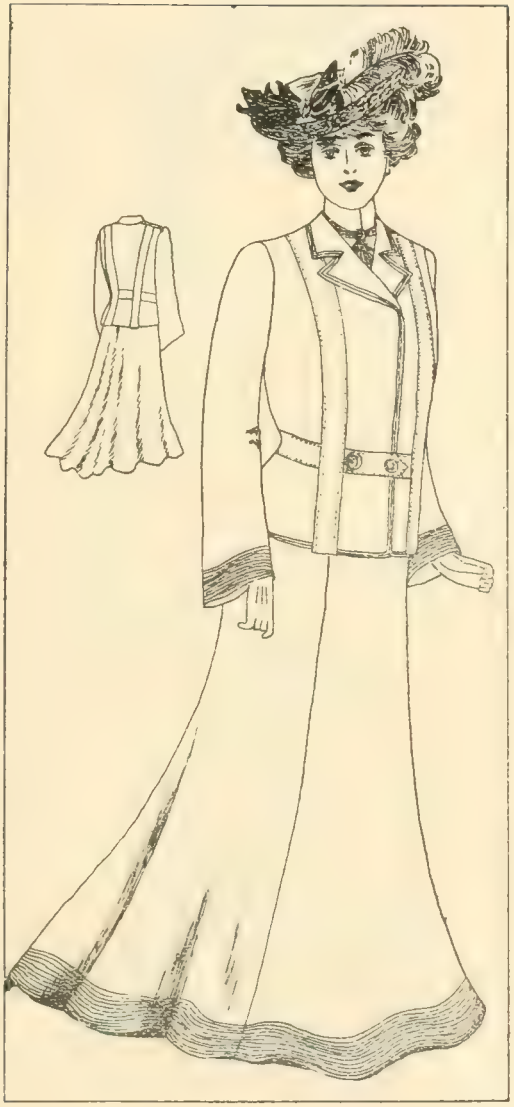
Marching on in every land, floating fair on every tide,
Waves the standard that old England loves for which our fathers died ;
Every continent sustains millions of the noble free ;
Heaven-beloved, Imperial Britain, Hail ! All Hail, from o'er the sea.

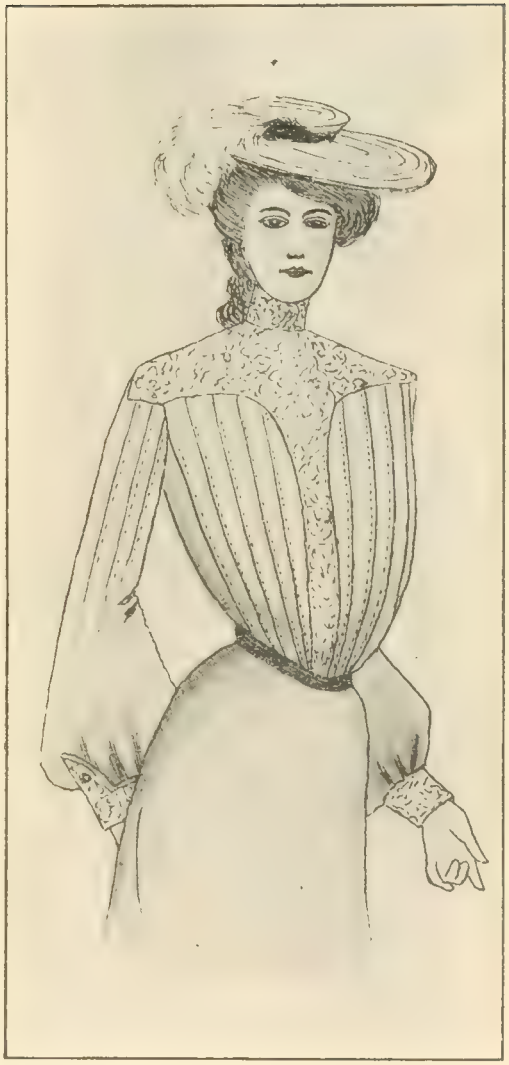
ALBERT D. WATSON.

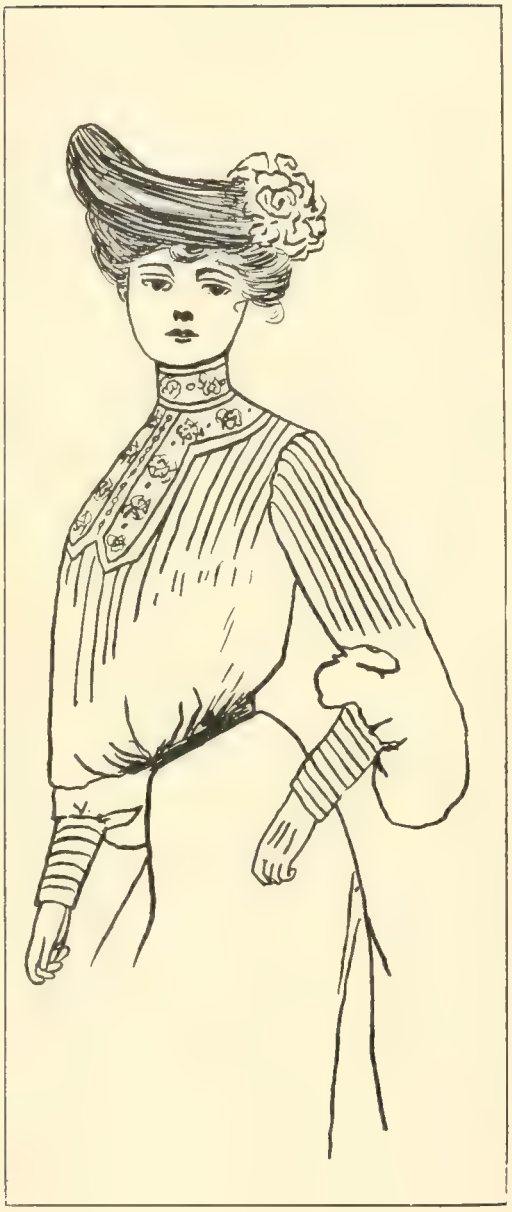
SOME OF THE SMART THINGS BEING WORN THIS SEASON











SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS

ON WHAT TO SERVE DURING THE MONTHS OF SPRING

Breakfasts.

Grapes.
Chicken broth.
Rolled wheat, sugar and cream.
Broiled bacon. Eggs.
French fried potatoes.
Toast. Coffee.

Grape fruit.
Malta Vita, sugar and cream.
Broiled finnan haddie.
Creamed potatoes.
Corn muffins. Coffee.

Bananas.
Rolled oats, sugar and cream.
Lamb croquettes.
Lyonaise potatoes.
Rolls. Marmalade.
Coffee.

Figs.
Force, sugar and cream.
Minced beef. Poached eggs on toast.
Scalloped potatoes.
Buckwheat pancakes.
Coffee.

Apples.
Quaker Oats, sugar and cream.
Corn beef hash.
Baked potatoes.
Toast. Jam.
Coffee.

Dates.
Wheatlets, sugar and cream.
Broiled steak.
Boiled potatoes.
Sally lunn. Canned pears.
Coffee.

Stewed rhubarb.
Corn mush, sugar and cream,
Fried herrings.
Fried potatoes.
Toast. Coffee.

Oranges.
Grape Nut, sugar and cream.
Boiled salmon.
Potatoes.
Corn gems. Coffee.

Strawberries.
Shredded Wheat Biscuits, sugar and cream.
Fried smelts.
Creamed potatoes.
Milk biscuits. Coffee.

Luncheons.

Bovril.
Sausages, with tomato sauce.
Plain rice pudding.
Buns. Tea.

Soup.
Cold meat. Mashed potatoes.
Bread pudding.
Cocoa.

Asparagus soup.
Broiled beef steak, water cress.
Home-made buns.
Tea.

Grilled smoked herring.
Sliced lemon.
Royal buns. Honey.
Coffee.

Tomato soup.
Fried smelts. Cold slaw.
Scalloped potatoes.
Biscuits. Cream cheese.
Tea.

Cream of celery soup.
Welsh rarebit. Sago pudding.
Strawberry short-cake.
Coffee.

Soup.
Boston baked beans.
Brown bread. Preserves.
Tapioca cream.
Cocoa.

Fried sole, sauce tartar.
Cold slaw. Fried potatoes.
Apple short-cake.
Tea.

Clam bouillon.
Hashed beef. Mashed potatoes.
Milk biscuits.
German coffee cake. Jelly.
Coffee.

Dinners.

Clear soup.
Roast leg of mutton, currant jelly.
Asparagus. Boiled potatoes.
Lettuce. French dressing.
Raspberry roly poly.
Coffee.

Vegetable soup.
Roast beef, brown gravy.
Brown potatoes. Horse radish.
Canned corn.
Lettuce. French dressing.
Plain rice pudding. Coffee.

Tomato soup.
Roast chicken. Boiled potatoes.
Creamed carrots. Radishes.
Rhubarb pie. Custard.
Coffee.

Cream of potato soup.
Roast pork, apple sauce.
Boiled potatoes. Boiled beets.
Lettuce. French dressing.
Saratoga pudding, cream sauce.
Tea or coffee.

Mutton broth.
Irish stew.
Boiled potatoes. Canned beans.
Water cress.
Baked apple dumplings, sweet sauce.
Coffee.

Split pea soup.
Boiled fish, parsley sauce.
Boiled potatoes. Tomatoes.
Lettuce. French dressing.
Apple pudding, sweet sauce.
Tea or coffee.

Onion soup.
Lamb with mint sauce.
Boiled potatoes. Peas.
Lettuce with French dressing.
Sago pudding, cream sauce.
Coffee.

Cream of celery soup.
Beefsteak pie.
Radishes. Cucumbers.
Boiled potatoes. Canned corn.
Blancmange. Coffee.

Chicken soup.
Boiled corned beef.
Cabbage. Mashed potatoes.
Lettuce. French dressing.
Apple cake, sweet sauce.
Coffee.

HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

WOMEN AS LETTER-WRITERS

I RECEIVED a letter from a little Indian girl the other day signed "Your truly friend, Mary Bear." Its novelty set me thinking about the conventional formulas used in opening and closing letters. It ended in my turning out a box of old epistles for the purpose of investigation.

It was curious to observe how closely a particular set of words and expressions were followed by the generality of writers. In nearly half of them the first page was given up to trivial excuses for not having written sooner. Some few sorry laggards took refuge in the excuse that they were bad correspondents. A large number concluded with the "catch the mail," or the "dinner-bell," excuse for brevity. Nearly all sent their "regards," but in some cases I was dubious as to whether it was an expression of the heart or an external civility.

The usual terms for opening and closing were "My dear—," and "Very sincerely yours," but there was some variety, too. Here are a few: "My dear old girl; Dear Heart; Yours most true; *Tonte a vous;* Yours faithfully, as sincerely meant as written; Believe me, most sincerely and gratefully yours; Yours joyfully; *Votre tres humble serviteur;* Tenderly yours; and Yours to white ashes." Of a surety, we need a new set of terms, for the old are long since out at the elbows—something racy and strong, yet not so strong as the term the Ettrick Shepherd addressed to Sir Walter Scott. The authors had had a quarrel, and the poet addressed the novelist with an unusual formula. The letter began: "D——d, Sir." Perhaps the next *Genteel Letter-Writer for Ladies and Gents," will* work out something to meet this demand for variety.

Some of the epistles I turned out were old—that is, fifteen years old—and caused certain moralizings on the uncomfortably long life of a letter. What we say may be forgotten, but what we write is immortal. We all say too much in our letters. If all the letters we have written in the last ten years were returned to us, the death rate would be almost equal to the time of the plague.

Women are the great offenders in prolixity. Men, as a rule, are too cautious to commit themselves in writing. Give the average woman lots of paper, a good pen and plenty of ink, and she will tell you all she knows—and a lot else. When overcome by her feelings, she naturally turns to letter-writing for solace and relief. She finds in a letter a valuable conduit for all sorts of redundant emotions. It answers all the purposes of a good cry without entailing the disagreeable consequence of red eyes. There is, in short, as Whyte Melville tells us, "no such safety valve for a woman as her blotting paper.

Few women write a stilted style. It is only when they write a letter of condolence that they find their pen awkward and unbidable. It was a wise essayist

who said that if you would read our noble language in its relative beauty, picturesque form, idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate, yet sinewy, in its composition, you must steal the mail-bags and break open the women's letters.

And there is a reason for this. The Greeks were the greatest masters of style in all the ages, and they knew no language but their own. Other languages were spoken by "barbarians." Now, the majority of women, being accustomed solely to their native tongue, usually speak and write it with a grace and purity surpassing those of men.

When the average man has to write a social letter, he suddenly finds himself without one jot or tittle of an idea, and scrape, rake and cudgel his brain as he may, the idea refuses to materialize. He nearly always asks us to "pardon haste," not that he is really in any hurry, for we all know that he has taken a long time to do it, but as an excuse for brilliancy, and, well—it is two words more to his notekin.

Letters are doing much to kill public men. The tyranny of correspondence in these days has become a formidable thing. To answer a dozen letters carefully will take up the best part of a morning.

Women, however, are not, as a rule, burdened by too many letters. To them good news from a far country is as cold water to their thirsty souls. It does not make any difference if the letter is an infinite deal of nothing, criss-crossed, and with unnumbered pages—it is a letter, all the same, and gives her an opportunity of reply.

One charm of a good letter lies in making it personally considerate; another that it should clearly call to mind the individuality of the writer.

If you wish to discourage familiarity with your correspondent, write about outside things or current events. If your object, on the other hand, is to encourage it, write about affairs in connection with the life of the person you are addressing. It is only to people with whom you wish to be on the most friendly terms, that you speak of yourself, your life, or your feelings. To the latter, your letter may contain all three classes of topics. This is best.

A letter in the third person is an atrocity, except in the case of an R. S. V. P.

Not half enough is made of correspondence as a sweetener and solacer of life. I believe in keeping your correspondence in repair. It will be pretty much what you make it. If you want good letters, you must write good letters.

One who holds the pen of a ready writer, and has a heart sensitive to the needs of other lives about her, will find opportunities continuously of sending a letter, which will be like the coming of one of God's angels to her who receives it.

Letter-writing gives her the opportunity of reaching other lives in the closest of all ways. The free expression of personal feelings, observations and thoughts, the tacit assumption of mutual tastes, the intimacy which we can never find in print, the household words and pet phrases which grow up between correspondents, these are what give to letter-writing its limitless charms.

Dlicate thoughtfulness is all that is wanted to suggest to whom letters should be written. Either joy or sorrow in our friends make an occasion which should not be overlooked. When there has been any pleasant occurrence, or special prosperity, congratulations sent, are always welcomed and leave a graceful impression. As a rule, people are willing to weep with us, but they secretly resent our good fortune. It always seems to me that the way our acquaintances acquit themselves in those "glad, mad moments, when the lights flare high," is a truer test of their friendship than anything else.

Old people, in particular, appreciate letters. We have but a poor opinion of the woman who is "too busy" to write

home to her parents. One has only to read the "Agony Columns" of the newspapers to see the way families lose track of each other from the neglect of correspondence.

Perhaps you may argue, "But I have nothing to tell them—there is nothing going on, but time and the milk-waggon."

Ah, my dear madam! you could not possibly find better subjects. Time and the milk-waggon are given to playing queer pranks with humanity. Whole volumes, sad, glad, bad and mad, could be written on either.

HITS AND HINTS FOR HUSBANDS

Since you are married you may as well make the best of it. If you intended being "one of the boys," you should have stayed single.

* * *

Possession does not mean oppression.

* * *

It is not an unmanly thing for a man to love his wife, although one might readily believe so from the way some men go about it.

* * *

Tell her that the baby is a beauty, and "just the image of its mother." Never claim it for your side of the family.

* * *

Mrs. Caudle, notwithstanding her notoriety, was only a myth.

* * *

If a woman is heartless, some man is to blame.

* * *

Few women are angels, few are even heroines. When you have learned this, you have excellent capital to start married life on.

* * *

Don't criticize her. Perhaps it is a model she needs.

It is not wise to tell her too frequently that the female sex is inferior to the male. Besides, it is not an easy thing to prove. It was in the same line of thought that the greedy boy whose father called him a "pig," suggested that a pig was "an old hog's sonny."

* * *

"What age should she be?"

Ah, my dear Sir! The dot-age.

* * *

Don't be economical of your praise. She wants to *know* that you see.

* * *

A woman's vanity is vast, deep, capacious as the sea. It will drink in anything. She is more flattered by a compliment to her youth and beauty than to her head or heart.

* * *

The world to most women means some man.

* * *

Don't turn her into a mendicant. Give her a purse of her own. Remember the most elastic dollar only contains one hundred cents. She can't make it one hundred and ten. If you save, save at your own expense.

* * *

Go out with her in the evenings now and then. The outward and visible sign in matrimony is the husband—not the ring.

* * *

Some wit once said that the Pilgrim mothers had much more to bear than the Pilgrim fathers, since the mothers had not only to endure the cold and the hunger, but to endure the fathers besides.

* * *

If you have made a mistake, don't be mean enough to advertise it.

* * *

A woman always has romance at any and every age.

I wouldn't be always talking about the "obey" clause in the marriage service. A well-regulated wife resents it. It is wiser to get your own way after the fashion of the teamster, who incites his donkey by a bunch of turnips rather than a whip.

* * *

Don't worry her if she is losing her beauty. She is gaining in sense. There is a saying that ladies are not worth looking at after forty, or worth talking to before.

* * *

There is good sense in the two lines of an old ballad, "If your wife is dearer to you than life, Kiss her and tell her so."

* * *

There is no happier man than the one who has boundless confidence in his wife —who looks upon her as a model of womankind.

* * *

If you take liberties be prepared to give them.

* * *

Does she use your heart as a pincushion? Well, sir! you cannot dragoon her into loving you, but let me say in passing, there are few natures able to resist steady kindness and persevering manifestations of regard.

* * *

It is absurd to fancy that you may fret, fume, and fuss hour by hour, and day by day, with impunity.

* * *

Even if she is maid-of-all-work with the title of mistress, it is not wise to overestimate or over-tax her strength. The human machine is not like the wonderful one-horse shay that ran for a hundred years without a flaw.

* * *

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambitions.

The only man who is answerable for alienation of a woman's affections is her own husband.

* * *

Never be cross at the same time as your wife. It will be your turn next.

* * *

Perhaps your idol is so shattered that the pieces are hardly worth picking up, but pick them up just the same. Patience and glue will work wonders.

* * *

Be tolerant with her faults and shortcomings. God has given you eyelids as well as eyes.

* * *

Make her your chum.

* * *

If you read the newspaper at breakfast, she is apt to feel lonely. Besides, conversation will help your digestion, and then the stock quotations may spoil your appetite.

* * *

"She either loved and lost, or loved and got him," commented an unsentimental critic when his attention was called to the portrait of a sad-faced woman.

* * *

Don't be always contrasting her with your old sweetheart, or other women, to her disadvantage.

* * *

Two Bears that will keep the home happy—Bear and Forebear.

* * *

In an old New England burying-ground, stands a single stone erected to commemorate the lives and virtues of a good Puritan deacon and his wife. The dates of birth and death are recorded, and after them this brief inscription:

"Their warfare is ended."

Does the cap fit you?

A woman can only love one man at a time, and the husband has but to see that *he* is that man.

* * *

See to it yesterday, to-day, and forever that your deeds as a husband are as tender as the lover-words. But this is reasoning for the millennium.

* * *

Don't say "that's just like a woman," insinuating that she is illogical or silly. You know, you had a pretty good idea that she was a woman when you married her.

* * *

If she is ordinarily polite to other gentlemen, there is no reason why your mind should be racked and tortured by a thousand barbed suspicions. Don't try to force her to eat onions when she is going out.

* * *

Remember that "a daughter is a daughter all the days of her life." This being the case, it is neither wise nor decorous to call your mother-in-law "Old Sitting Bull."

Fiction and precedent to the contrary, she may be a very charming person, and well worth cultivating.

The French for mother-in-law is *la belle mere*—the beautiful mother.

* * *

What matter if there are a dozen sprigs on the olive-tree already? Never, under any circumstances, make reproaches or laments because of a probable thirteenth. It is neither manly nor kind. If she *will* moan, let her make it a solo.

* * *

Now it is a secret worth a great deal, but I'll tell it to you:

If you have offended her, the best way to make her forget it is to pretend you are offended yourself. This is a trump-card that always restores equilibrium.

A short absence favors love, a long absence kills it.

* * *

It is only celibates and disappointed bachelors who make mean flings at marriage. It was one of the latter who said he wished that Adam had died with all his ribs in his body, and when the Pope heard of Father Hyacinthe's marriage, he exclaimed: "The saints be praised! The renegade has taken his punishment into his own hands. Truly the ways of Providence are inscrutable."

* * *

Don't compliment your wife on her conspicuous traits or points of beauty. She knows them better than you do. Let her see you have discovered some overlooked excellence that has escaped general notice. She will have a much higher opinion of your intelligence and discrimination.

* * *

Husband and wife should read the same books and keep up common interests. By this means, if they cease to be lovers, they may be agreeably surprised to find themselves friends.

* * *

There is no use in asserting that you are master, for if she is the wise woman I take her to be, she will tell you she is mistress of the master, and you cannot go one better.

* * *

There are other ways of proving your fondness for the domestic hearth than by spending most of your time elsewhere. Nowadays you may find a man at home anywhere, except at home.

* * *

Never boast that you are not tied down by the connubial garter. No one suspects that you are. We all know—that is, most of us—that this very necessary gear is *extremely elastic*. It has one drawback, though. When it breaks, it has a nasty habit of hitting the one who has done the stretching.

LITERATURE

ANDREW CARNEGIE—THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By Barnard Alderson.

THIS is a biography free from partiality and from fulsome adulation. The author gives us the story of the man's life and work, and lets us draw our inferences. It is well done; the story is clearly told, proportion is duly observed, and there is no lack either of discrimination or sympathy. It is a noble monument to a noble subject.

Andrew Carnegie was born in Dunfermline, in Scotland, on November 25th, 1837, the year in which Queen Victoria ascended the throne.

His father was a master-weaver, and the owner of four damask looms. The introduction of steam looms put him out of business, and the ruined family emigrated to America. The Steel King began his business career on this side of the ocean as a bobbin-boy in a cotton factory at $1.20 a week.

At the age of thirteen he was promoted. His work was to fire the boiler and run the steam engine, which drove the machinery of a small factory. It was an onerous position, and told heavily on his nerves, but he never showed the white flag. He was a confirmed and plucky little optimist, who had confidence in the future.

The embryo millionaire never believed in the precept "Stick to your last." He seemed to think it the equivalent of "Stick in the mud," and, therefore, at fourteen he made his third change by forsaking stoking for the brighter work of a telegraph boy at $3.00 a week.

In his spare time "Andy" practised sending and receiving messages, and became expert in such a short time that he was promoted to the position of operator. It was at this time his father died, and on his youthful shoulders fell the burden of maintaining the family.

Among those who visited the telegraph office was Mr. Thomas A. Scott, superintendent of the Pittsburg Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. His keen eye singled Carnegie out as a young fellow of unusual promise; accordingly he offered him a situation as operator in the service of the railroad company at an advance of $10.00 a month. It was accepted.

Mr. Carnegie's first "deal" was the purchase of ten shares of the Adam's Express Company at $60 a share; $100 of the money was his own, the other $500 he borrowed from his mother, who mortgaged her house to raise the money. This was the basis of his fortune.

By his ability and promptitude, Carnegie made himself indispensable to his chief, so when the Civil War broke out, and Scott was made Assistant Secretary of War, he took his young protege with him. Carnegie, who was then only twenty-four, was appointed by his chief to a responsible work. He had to see to the transport of the troops and stores, and generally supervise the network of railways and telegraphs—a work that required a clear head and nerves of steel.

Although he did no fighting, curiously enough he was the third man to be wounded in the war. A telegraph wire which had been pinned to the ground sprang up and cut a severe gash in his face, but he did not allow the injury to affect his duties. He was at several battles, and was the last man to leave the field at Bull Run.

In the War Department at Washington, Carnegie inaugurated a system of telegraphing by ciphers, which proved to be of invaluable service.

Shortly after the war, he was appointed

Superintendent of the Pittsburg Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

It would take too long to tell how Mr. Carnegie "struck oil," both literally and financially, how he seized at its flood the tide that lifted him into the position of the foremost iron and steel producer in the world, but, nevertheless, it is a story well worth the reading. We will refer rather to his later days, and some facts in connection with his life, which are of more general interest.

When Mr. Carnegie finally decided to retire from business, he sold out his interests in the steel plant to the mammoth Trust for $250,000,000. In speaking of this matter to the people of Pittsburg, he gave the reasons that prompted him, as follows:

"An opportunity to retire from business came to me unsought, which I considered my duty to accept. My resolve was made in youth to retire before old age. From what I have seen around me, I cannot doubt the wisdom of this course, although the change is great, even serious, and seldom brings the happiness expected. But this is because so many having abundance to retire upon, have so little to retire to. I have always felt that old age should be spent, not as the Scotch say, in 'makin' mickle mair,' but in making good use of what has been acquired, and I hope my friends at Pittsburg will approve of my action in retiring while still in full health and vigor, and I can reasonably expect many years of usefulness in fields which have other than personal aims."

Much ado has been made over the Homestead riots, and in consequence of the occurrence, great blame has been laid on Mr. Carnegie. Most people are unmindful of the fact that there are two sides to the question, but at all events, it must not be forgotten that Carnegie was in Scotland when the trouble took place. It must also be borne in mind that in twenty-six years there had been only one labor stoppage under his management.

If Mr. Carnegie worked his men hard, he paid them well. Not only this, he set aside $4,000,000 as a pension fund for his work people. He allowed any workman to deposit his savings in the business, and paid him 6 per cent. interest on the money invested. He also made loans to any employee who was desirous of building or purchasing a home. In addition, he made strenuous efforts to reduce the hours of labor in America, by working the eight-hour instead of the twelve-hour shifts. This system he introduced into his own works, but as no other competitors followed suit, he was obliged to abandon his position or be left behind in the fight, and Mr. Carnegie was certainly not the man to be "left."

The multi-millionaire, as every one knows, is an extreme radical, and strongly in favor of drastic social reform. His hatred and abhorrence of war amount almost to a passion. In religious matters, Mr. Carnegie takes up an independent position. He is not an agnostic, for he believes in Christianity, and in the goodness of God, but he will not be bound by formulas or creeds.

His dearest political project is the Federation of English-speaking peoples. He points out that it is only in political ideas that there is any dissimilarity. In language, literature, religion, and law, we are a united race. He contends that the welfare of humanity imperatively calls for the consolidation of an Anglo-American power, which would be invincible, both in arts of peace and war, for it would be the arbiter of the world's disputes, and the maintenance of bloated armaments would thus be forever stopped.

As a benefactor, his position is unique. Up to June, 1902, Mr. Carnegie had given away nearly $100,000,000, the largest aggregate ever given away by one man. He believes, with an old writer, that "to amass money and to make no use of it, is as senseless as to hunt game and not roast it." The great philanthropist is anxious to prevent his mint of money from doing harm by disbursing it worthily during his lifetime.

The journalistic craving has always been strong within Mr. Carnegie, and he has earned for himself international notoriety as a strong, incisive writer, with a vivid, attractive style, and a mastery of powerful illustrations and apt quotations. His most important works have been *Triumphant Democracy* and *The Empire of Business.*

Although he has a palatial home in New York, Mr. Carnegie's headquarters are at Skibo Castle, Scotland. From his old castle tower an immense double flag—the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes—floats in the breeze.

Andrew Carnegie was intensely devoted to his mother, and during her lifetime never married. Mrs. Carnegie is an American, and is twenty years his junior. A woman charming, vivacious, clever, of far-seeing judgment, it is to her Carnegie first turns for advice in the management of his business affairs and benefactions. He has one daughter.

Mr. Carnegie is an ardent golfer. He is fond of coaching, and is a splendid sailor. He is an omnivorous reader. Shakespeare and Burns are his special favorites, and he pays each his daily homage by reading some portion of their works.

To quote the prefatory note by the author, "The story of his life is a record of high aims and strenuous endeavor, disclosing constant indications of a master mind; so that the rising generation, as they follow the gradual growth of his fortunes and the development of his character, may gather from an account of the winning of his wealth a strong incentive to courageous enterprise and also appreciate the intention of this pithy paradox, 'a man who dies rich, dies disgraced.'"

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

SAVINGS AND SAVINGS INSTITUTIONS.
By James Henry Hamilton, Ph.D.

THE author is Professor of Sociology in Syracuse University, and is a close student of all matters relating to social economics and applied sociology.

His book is a valuable and special contribution to the literature of this subject. It is a practical book for practical people. In this able critique, Mr. Hamilton contends that the practice of saving constitutes the most important subject in sociology. It is the most reliable key to the substantial well-being of the people.

The last century artisan unfolded his character in the quality and quantity of his work. The twentieth century artisan must unfold his character in the way he spends his money. It is when the man's imagination is able to project itself into the future and to indulge the larger enjoyments, or to realize the pain of deprivation which will accompany the weakening of the productive power, that there is a force sufficient to hold in check his spendthrift proclivities. It is after the animal or elementary wants have been satisfied that the person is able to deny himself immediate gratification in order to provide against the decline in productive power, or for a more brilliant future. In order to realize either of these purposes, a man must capitalize a portion of his income, that is, invest his means in something which yields an income. The provident manufacturer will invest in a better or larger plant. The man who receives a salary may invest in stocks or bonds, in a life insurance policy, or possibly in rentable property. The wage-earner may invest his savings in Building Associations stock, or in savings bank accounts.

These savings institutions supply a permanent store of strength, and serve as an effective shield against general distress. Strength and power are always conditioned upon a reserve of energy. Community happiness is dependent upon the degree of providence practised by the citizens; and where the individuals alternately revel and starve, the community has no foundation on which to build prosperity.

Savings banks are the elementary schools of Capitalism, and the author contends that their starting place is among the children of the elementary classes. He

says, "Savings banks should above all be placed within the knowledge of the children, and their methods and advantages should be explained to every child. This would be the surest way of bringing within their reach the realization of the sense of order which culture creates. Savings banks offer most attractive facilities for impressing youth with the value of providence. While the pupil is learning the advantages of sacrificing the small pleasures of the present for the greater pleasures of the future, through his weekly investments in savings bank credits, he is acquiring a new zest for the mastery of arithmetical sums and the rules of interest.

Providence is the faculty which there is most need to cultivate in the child. Education must instil into the thought of the child the character of property, the desirability of its lawful possession, and the means of acquiring it. Criminality largely flows from hazy conceptions of the character of property and proper methods of acquiring it. Education should enforce these things upon the minds of the young by the most simple and concrete methods. Children are like savages in their conception of property. Anyone who has watched the Indians at an agency, spending the money which they draw from the government, knows how aptly they represent the childhood of the race in the use of money. While they are wretchedly housed and clothed, they will invest their money in bright tin boxes and Saratoga trunks.

Hamilton also shows that unless the parents are indoctrinated with the idea and give the children their co-operation, the full value of the savings cannot be reached. Poor parents, whose children earn money out of school hours, are often incompetent to advise their children as to how to spend their earnings, which are often spent to the injury of the children. Newsboys are alarmingly addicted to the use of cigarettes. If their parents could be induced to become patrons of the savings banks in ever so small a way, the children's accounts would have secured a powerful ally.

In the case of well-to-do parents, the need of such co-operation is also great. To such families the savings bank visitor might suggest salutary modifications in the domestic economy. The pampering of children in such families is likely to prove their ruin. A parent, who is able to respond to the wants of children, is naturally apt to run into the fault of catering to their appeals unwisely and indiscriminately. The children of the poor have in this respect the advantage. If they know nothing of saving, they at least learn the lesson of making.

To quote again, the author says: "A wholesome doctrine for the adoption of well-to-do homes would be to teach the children to look to their parents, as a matter of course, for provision for their physical necessities, and for their education, but for nothing more than this. Facilities for earning should be afforded by the parents, if necessary, in the care of the house and gardens, or the furnace, or amanuensis work, or doing errands. In such cases payment should not be made in money, but in certificates of deposit in the savings bank. Every opportunity and facility should be used for increasing the familiarity with the savings bank."

Macmillan & Co., New York.

FOREST TREES AND FOREST SCENERY. By Frederick Schwarz.

THIS is the work of a specialist. Mr. Schwartz gives us for a matter of two dollars, he ripe experience of a lifetime well illustrated. In the book, which reads with interest and ease, the author makes inquiries into the sources of beauty and attractiveness in American forest trees and sylvan scenery.

He contrasts them with the aesthetic effects of the artificial forests of Europe, which have long been subject to a systematic treatment known as forestry.

In America a movement for the rational

use of forests is rapidly advancing, and is certain in time to find a very wide application. Although the aims of forestry are utilitarian and not artistic, the former must inevitably affect the latter, as anyone who has seen cut-over and abandoned timber lands is well aware. It is this phase the author deals with.

Incidentally, the author gives us an attractive portrait of the woodsman. The attitude of the woodsman, he says, towards the forest is much like the affection the sailor has for the ocean. There is, indeed, a similarity between their callings and even the elements in which they pass their lives are not so dissimilar in reality as they appear on the surface. In his vast domain of evergreen trees, the woodsman is shut out from the busier haunts of men. He lives for months in his sequestered camp or cabin, where his bed is often only a narrow bunk of boughs. His food is simple and his clothing rough, to suit the conditions of his life. A large part of the time he is out in the snow and rain, tramping over rough rock and soil. The camps that are scattered through the forest are to him like islands, where he can turn aside for food and rest when on some longer journey than usual.

Like the sailor, he has learned many of Nature's secrets.

He does not need a compass, for he can tell its points by many familiar signs: by the pendent tops of the hemlocks which usually bend towards the east, or by the mossy sides of the trees which are generally in the direction of the coolest quarter of the heavens. In an extreme case he will even mount one of the tallest of the trees to find his bearings in his ocean-like forest. If well judged, the sighing of the wind in the boughs, says much about the coming weather; just as the sickly wash means something to the sailor. Withal, both he and the woodsman are natural, and generally honest fellows, hard workers at perilous callings, and less apt to speak than to commune with their own thoughts.

The Grafton Press, New York.

UP FROM GEORGIA. By Frank M. Stanton

DAINTY bits of verse are these songs of Georgia, vivacious to the rollicking point, with here and there a bit of shadow.

Frank M. Stanton is a singer of the ever new romance of hope and love. Some of his poems would put heart in a stone, yet, it is in his plantation songs and songs of the soil, that we like him best. Here is one entitled "Christmas Times in Georgia":

"Don't care how the cotton sells—
Christmas times in Georgia!
Hear the ringing of the bells—
Christmas times in Georgia!
Take your place Miss Nancy Lou,
Eyes like violets bright with dew,
Sugar is sweet an' so are you—
Christmas times in Georgia.

Don't care how the country goes—
Christmas times in Georgia!
Loud and sweet the bugle blows—
Christmas times in Georgia!
Take your place Malinda-Jane,
Curls as bright as April rain,
Lips as sweet as sugar-cane—
Christmas times in Georgia!

Don't care how the fiddle plays—
Christmas times in Georgia!
Let the roarin' oak fires blaze—
Christmas times in Georgia!
Come from East and come from West,
In your silks an' satins dressed,
Kiss the one you love the best—
Christmas times in Georgia!

Balance to your partners all—
Christmas times in Georgia!
Lead the ladies round the hall—
Christmas times in Georgia!
Roof is ringin'; snow and sleet;
But the music's in your feet!
Girls 'll pay the forfeits sweet—
Christmas times in Georgia!"

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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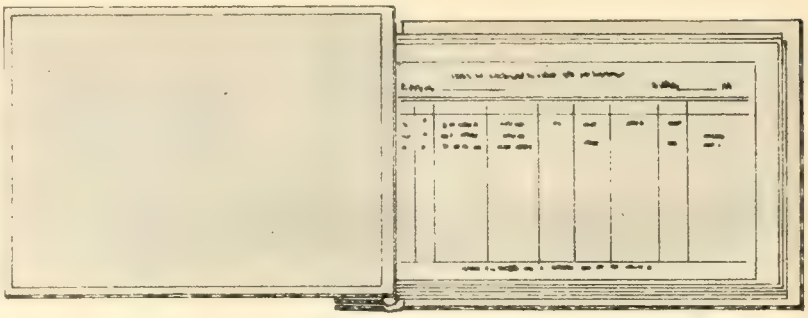

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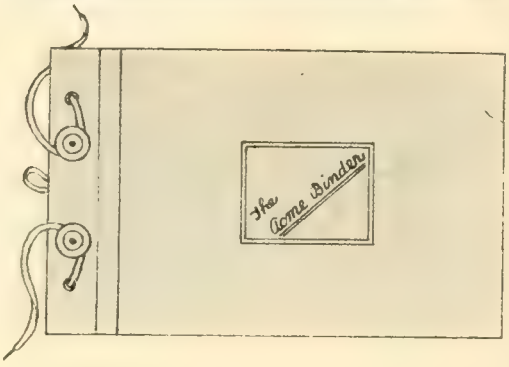

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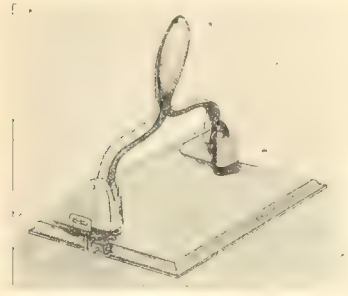

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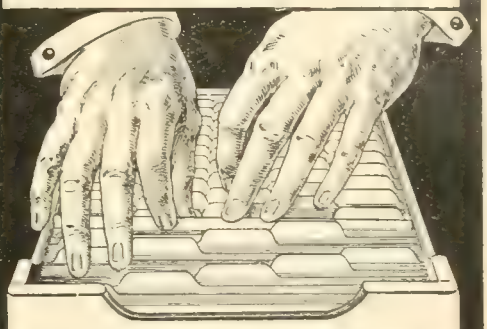

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11TH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

York County Loan and Savings Company

(INCORPORATED)

.... OF ....

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31, 1902

TORONTO, March 9th, 1903.

To Members:

The Management have pleasure in submitting the 11th Annual Report of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1902.

The business of the Company shows a very satisfactory progress.

The figures embraced in the Report bear evidence to the vast business the Company is handling.

Cash paid members amounted to $736,348.06, an increase over last year of $222,992.69.

The gross assets have increased from $1,282,808.26 to $1,572,135.78, making a net gain of $289,327.52.

An addition of $10,000.00 has been made to the Reserve Fund, which now stands at $55,000.00.

Since organization 11 years ago, this Company has paid in cash to members $2,266,659 08. In the handling of all this business, no member has lost a dollar of the money invested. The whole amount paid in with interest being returned when the required period has been reached.

Every care and attention will be given to the business by the management, so as to ensure a continuance of the progress and prosperity which the Company has so far experienced.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, *President.*

ASSETS.

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$683 250 00
Real Estate	575,598 21
Loans on this Company's Stock	72,231 45
Accrued Interest	3,592 34
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	2,820 40
Accounts Receivable	968 08
Furniture and Fixtures	7,162 88
The Molsons Bank	222,368 04
Cash on hand	4,144 38
Total Assets	$1,572,135 78

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	$1,253,438 90
Dividends Credited	42,504 34
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	46,697 03
Mortgages Assumed for Members	10,800 00
Reserve Fund	55,000 00
Contingent Account	163,695 51
Total Liabilities	$1,572,135 78

TORONTO, February 28th, 1903.

We hereby certify that we have carefully examined the books, accounts and vouchers of the **York County Loan and Savings Company,** and find the same correct and in accordance with the above Balance Sheet. We have also examined the mortgages and other securities of the Company, and find the same in good order.

THOMAS G. HAND, G. A. HARPER, } Auditors.

Results of Systematic Savings.

Date.	Total Assets	Cash Paid Members.	Reserve Fund.
Dec 31st, 1893	$17 725.86	$3,518 51	
" " 1894	68,643 14	15,993.59	
" " 1895	174,608.01	43,656.88	$1,000.00
" " 1896	288,248.97	89,339.27	2,000.00
" " 1897	469,109.92	96,894.88	13,000.00
" " 1898	540,394.91	247,691.87	18,000.00
" " 1899	732,834 27	220,852.70	25,000.00
" " 1900	1,002,480 80	298,977.95	40,000.00
" " 1901	1,282,808.26	513,355 37	45,000.00
" " **1902**	**1,572,135.78**	**736,348.06**	**55,000.00**

General Remarks.

The York County Loan and Savings Company was incorporated in December, 1891, under the Revised Statutes of Ontario, and has ever since experienced an uninterrupted growth.

It is a mutual Company. All members share alike in its earnings, proportionately to their investments.

The plan of the Company affords an opportunity to save money systematically, which experience has shown is the best way to do it.

Few people, no matter how large their incomes, save anything. The great majority live close to their incomes, if not beyond.

The value of this Company's plan of saving is that its tendency is to correct this prevailing heedlessness by requiring a regular fixed sum to be laid aside each week or month.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.
A. T. HUNTER, LL.B., Vice-President.
V. ROBIN, Treasurer.
E. J. BURT, Supervisor.
R. H. SANDERSON, Building Inspector.

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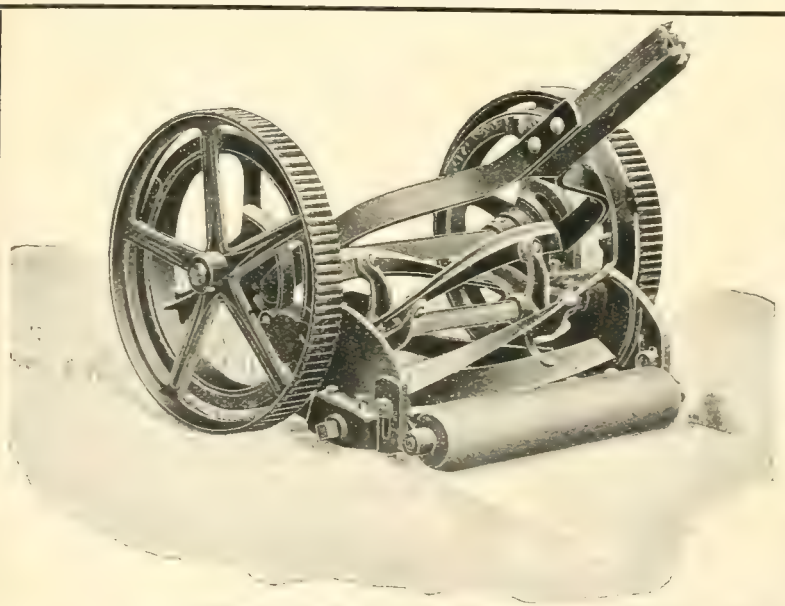

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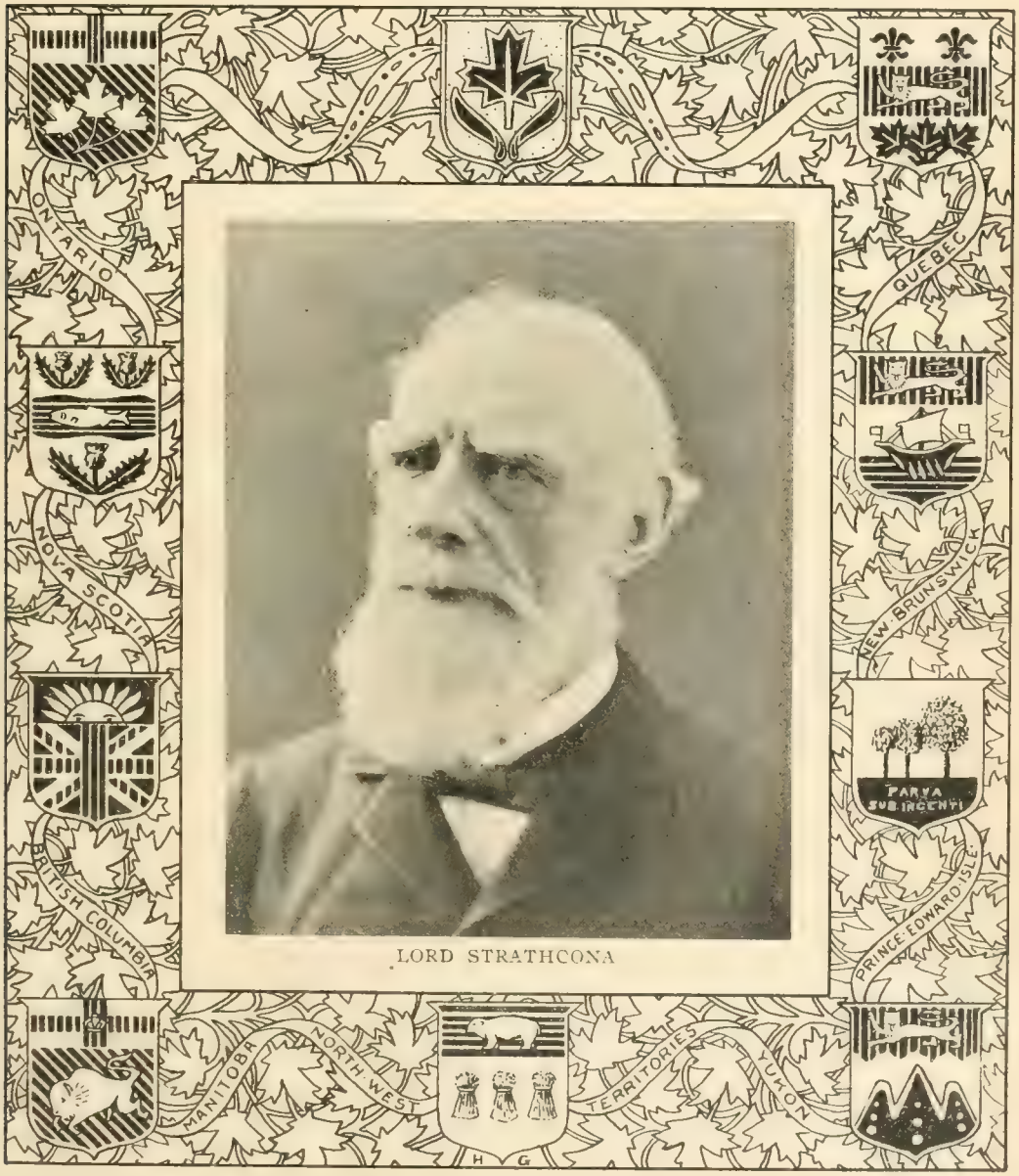

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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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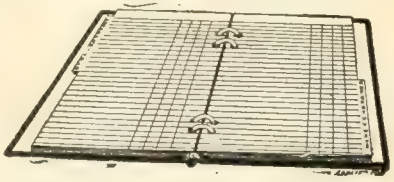

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THE
NATIONAL MONTHLY
OF CANADA

VOL. II TORONTO, JUNE, 1903 No. 6

CURRENT COMMENTS

Dominion Finances and Tariff Changes

THE annual budget of the Finance Minister, while it may sometimes be subject to political criticism, may be taken as an accurate indication of how the country's finances are moving. The budget for the last fiscal year is a notable one. It shows a steady, healthy growth, and very satisfactorily bears out the evidences on every hand of general prosperity.

Canada's revenue now amounts to sixty-five millions, and the surplus for the last financial year was $7,291,389. The estimated surplus for the year ending with this month is nearly double this, and is the largest in the history of the Dominion. This increase in the revenue has been in the face of greatly increased expenditure, yet the per capita debt has been lowered from $50.96 to $48.31. The Government finances reflect the general commerce of the country, and back of these figures is a widely-spread activity in business circles.

The position which the Government would assume in regard to the tariff question had been eagerly awaited. Mr. Fielding announced it to be a policy of compromise between the extreme free traders and the advocates of protection. "Moderation and stability" was to be the motto of the Government. Certain changes are to be made, the most notable of which are a higher tariff on German goods, in retaliation for Germany's tax on Canadian imports, made six years ago, and a duty on steel rails, to take effect as soon as the Canadian steel mills are able to meet the home demand. A policy of tariff compromise will not, however, be long satisfactory. Compromises between two such courses as are now marked out in connection with Canada's tariff have never proved lastingly effectual. The policy of the Liberal Government to-day is neither free trade nor protectionist; it is something of both, and while this is no doubt the simplest way of meeting the difficulty at the present time, the modern tendency is decidedly toward high protection. The demand for a revision of the tariff in Canada cannot be indefinitely parried by the argument that the country is already prosperous.

Mr. Fielding's announcement that Canada's finances are in a flourishing condition has been received with great satisfaction, as very naturally it would be. But the fact remains that Canada's recent growth and prosperity have not been the result of low protection, but have been realized in spite of it. The coun-

try is all right, but future budgets must necessarily reckon with public opinion on the tariff question.

Increasing the Circulating Medium

A CLEARER idea of just what Canada's increased business means may be had from a few figures showing the expansion along certain lines. For example, during the past five years no less than $375,000,000 has been added to the invested capital in the country, of which all but $25,000,000 has been directly invested in commercial enterprises. Life insurance has gone ahead by leaps and bounds. The policies in force at the end of 1902 amounted to $508,794,000, and several Canadian companies are extending their business to other countries outside of Canada.

The Dominion Government will increase its currency issue by $11,500,000. Of the Dominion notes, chiefly the one and two-dollar denominations, there is at present some $34,500,000 in circulation, and by converting its guaranteed debentures into reserve the Government will be empowered to issue currency up to the full limit of $46,000,000. From these notes, of which it has a monopoly, the Government earns a good revenue and greatly facilitates the banking and general business of the country.

What the Government is doing the banking institutions are also doing. A considerable number of the leading banks are increasing their capital in order to issue more notes, the necessity of which has been caused by the absorption of capital into various industrial enterprises. Under the laws of the Canadian banking system, chartered banks can issue only up to the amount of their paid-up capital, which at present is $72,856,000. Some tightness has been felt in the money market, and more currency and notes in circulation will be a welcome relief.

A Nation, Not Merely a Colony

WHEN so eminent an authority as Benjamin Kidd, the great sociologist, says that "Canada is no longer a colony, but a nation," some significance attaches to the statement and the facts behind it. Substantially Mr. Kidd is correct. The inherent idea of nationhood is the common political institutions of a country, and the commonalty of the people. In this latter respect Canada is fully entitled to the claim of nationhood, for despite the rapidly increasing immigration of foreign races, eighty-seven per cent. of our population is native born. In the United States there is a much larger proportion of the foreign element, which in all the larger cities varies from seventeen to thirty-five per cent. of the whole.

Industrially, Canada's claims to nationhood are the result of her agricultural resources. The wheat fields have been our great advertisement. In this connection, the testimony of the *New York Financier,* an able financial journal of wide influence, will be of interest: "The centre of agricultural development within the next five or ten years will be transferred to Canada. . . . The rush to Canada is not a temporary craze. It will continue because the farmer finds there some of the finest wheat lands in the world, and as was the case with the western United States, there will be no cessation until the free territory is exhausted. The future of Canada, once regarded as unpromising, has suddenly assumed a brighter phase. Those who express doubt as to the permanency of the agricultural migration, because of different forms of government, do not grasp the situation."

The Bugbear of Americanization

THE fears of some over-cautious Canadians that the increasing influx of settlers from the United States will lead to the Americanization of Canada

are not shared by the more intelligent Americans themselves, or by their press. Some jingoistic talk has been indulged in, it is true, and the prophecy has been made by certain American writers and speakers that the Canadian West will be gradually made American in its sympathies and character, rather than Canadian. The *New York Independent* agrees with the saner view of broader-minded Canadians that this is not at all likely. In a recent article the *Independent* says that the effect will more probably be in the other direction, their self-interest leading the new settlers to consider themselves Canadian citizens. Should a preference be given to Canadian wheat in the British market, "is it not reasonable to believe that with that market before them as a rich and unfailing customer, the American-born grain-growers of Western Canada would develop into a powerful economic interest, based on Imperial policy?" The chief result of the American immigration will be an "unprecedented invigoration of Canadian racial and business life, although it will not necessarily be followed by a change of political allegiance or by any noticeable tendency in that direction. . . . It is hardly to be supposed that the American colony in the Northwest, so long as its economic and social life proceeds on lines of least resistance, will concern itself with political agitation. In the new environment it will find its former language spoken, its former municipal life, and educational and religious privileges practically the same."

The Laboring-Man's Discontent

IT is a strange fact that while there is no country in the world where the working classes are so well paid and so comfortably circumstanced as in Canada and the United States, there are few countries where labor disturbances and strikes are more frequent. The Canadian workman has great advantages over the European. In England at the present time there are said to be over a million idle workmen, and in many of the largest English industrial centres the over-stocking of the labor market is a matter of great seriousness. A similar situation prevails in Germany, Britain's commercial rival. Numbers of German manufactories have been compelled to either shut down or to reduce their staff of men and lower the wages. Even where there is work the scale of wages is pitifully low. In the steel and iron industries, which in Canada would represent almost the height of labor-profit, five dollars a week is paid in Germany for skilled workmen. At the same time the cost of living is proportionately higher than in this country. In nearly every respect the European laborer is at a heavy disadvantage as compared with his brother in the New World.

Yet from one part of America to another there is an almost constant cry of dissatisfaction. The laboring man is not content, and he has made the present an era of strikes. It is true that strikes are by no means confined to this country, but as just shown, there is more apparent reason for them in the other countries. There is hardly a trade in Canada or the United States to-day in which high wages are not paid, and the chief claim that the workman can put forward is that the cost of living is advancing, and that he is not receiving a proportionate share of the prosperity which he is helping to create. And so the strikes are instituted, labor and capital being on terms of mutual suspicion. In the greater number of strikes the workmen have gained materially, and it is an undoubted fact that needed reforms, outside of wage questions, are resulting from the agitations of the trades unions. If, as the demand for labor continues, the labor element continues aggressive and capital continues on the defensive, only one remedy seems to be possible—arbitration. But to cure the evil

at its heart it would seem that the balance between this country and Europe might be helped by the immigration of a limited number of artisans or general workmen. There are too many there and not enough here.

Canada's Fisheries

THE first natural resource discovered by the pioneer explorers of Canada was the wealth of the waters. The early French navigators caught fish in the Bay of Fundy and the St. Lawrence River, and from that day till this the fisheries have been one of our greatest national assets. A great industry has grown from a modest beginning, and at the present time the fisheries of Canada represent a total production of over $25,000,000. The capital invested is $12,000,000, and the industry gives employment to 15,000 men. Proportions such as these belong only to great concerns.

Canada's facilities for a successful fishing industry are the best in the world. The eastern coast line covers a distance of 5,600 miles, and the western 7,180 miles, while the Great Lakes represent an area of 72,000 square miles. In all these waters there is a plentiful supply of the finest fish, in a great variety of species. The cod-fish of the Atlantic coast and the salmon of the Pacific have made Canada famous as a fishing ground the world over.

The fishery yield of 1901 was the largest in the history of Canada. For the last fiscal year it was somewhat smaller, one cause of which was a falling-off in the salmon catch in British Columbia. The decline in the herring fisheries of the Bay of Fundy is to be investigated by a Government commission.

The Economic Cost of Disease

THE danger to a nation from the presence of a widely-spread disease among its population can hardly be computed. Its seriousness is more fully realized if it takes the form of a sudden scourge, yet the slower-acting diseases to which we have become somewhat accustomed work almost equal havoc in the course of a year or so. Considerable attention has of late been paid to the prevalence of tuberculosis in this country, and preventive measures are being discussed by medical men and legislators. What this danger means to Canada may be gathered from the fact that 8,000 lives are yearly sacrificed to it, while an eminent physician estimates that fully 40,000 persons become infected each year.

Putting the loss to the nation from this cause in purely economic terms, Canada loses annually about $48,000,000, the average value of a human life at its most productive period being estimated at $6,000. The loss through the invalidation of 40,000 annually means an additional $24,000,000, bringing the total economic loss each year to the enormous amount of $72,000,000. This loss, it is claimed, can be prevented by proper measures. Dr. A. J. Richer, of Montreal, a physician who has given the matter great attention, asks if the Federal Government would not expend almost any sum in the interests of the Canadian wheat-growing industry should that industry be threatened by hail-storms or other injury; and if $72,000,000 in human value is not as well worthy of consideration as $25,000,000 in grain value. Yet very little is being done by way of remedy. Only thirteen of the thirty-six hospitals in Canada have accommodation for tuberculous patients, and consumptives are refused admittance into the other twenty-three institutions. It is generally admitted today that tuberculosis is curable if treated in time, and the situation can be very materially improved if public opinion can be directed so that the Governments, both Federal and Provincial, shall require every state-aided hospital to provide treat-

ment for tuberculous patients. Good work is being done by the sanitoria, but they are far too few to figure very largely in the relief of the situation. Meanwhile the danger continues and possibly increases —a danger which the public does not yet realize.

Reforms in Educational System

EDUCATIONAL matters have had a much-needed airing during the past few months. The public school system has always been a favorite subject of criticism, but while there has not been so much partisan fault-finding as formerly, there is a marked desire for reform along lines of practical usefulness. For instance, the course of study in the Ontario schools is to be revised, with a special view to making the subjects taught apply to the actual requirements of every-day life; it is certain that many of them do not so apply at present, and an improvement in this respect will be one of the best possible reforms. In the new courses nature study is to have a prominent part, the whole tendency of modern educationists being in the direction of "more naturalness and less bookishness."

An important change is proposed in the government of public schools in the cities, namely, that the control of the schools be vested in a board of thirteen members, twelve of whom shall be elected from the city at large, and one nominated by the Separate School Board. This will do away with a multiplicity of minor boards, and will centralize the city's school business. The change, if made, will be in line with the methods adopted in the larger American cities.

Technical education will receive increased encouragement from the Ontario Government, an appropriation of $20,000 being included in the provincial estimates. This will be divided into grants of various sizes, of which the minimum will be $750 per annum, with an additional $310 where domestic science is taught. Toronto and Brantford have well-equipped technical schools, and in the two provinces of Ontario and Quebec there are some ten or twelve institutions which may rightly be classed as technical. But an increase in educational facilities of this kind is absolutely necessary if Canadian artisans are to keep pace with those of other countries.

The Need of Accuracy

NEXT to a fund of native energy there is nothing so much needed in the equipment of the man or woman who is seeking success as accuracy. The whole world hates a bungler, and gives its rewards only to those who work on the principle of thoroughness. In modern business life inaccuracy is fatal, and has been proved so to hundreds of careless or ill-trained young men. The leaders in the business life of any town or city will be the ones who will most warmly second any attempts put forth to secure better habits of diligence and carefulness. In this lies one of the duties of modern education.

A college president, who knows whereof he writes, gives this testimony in a recent article: "Thoroughness implies accuracy. Glittering generalities may have their place, but it is not in the class-room. Dean Briggs thinks it next to impossible to find a youth who can copy a list of printed names without misspelling. There is no more valuable result of training than the habit of absolute exactness, and no greater menace to life in any phase than its lack. The world has a right to demand that our schools and colleges shall train their students to be accurate, if nothing else."

In Readiness for Future War

"IN time of peace prepare for war," is the old saying. A time of peace is now being enjoyed by the civilized world,

and there are no immediate signs of outbreak, except in Macedonia, where the situation continues to be very uncertain. This time of universal peace, however, is not being used altogether as a rest from war; nearly all the nations are actively preparing for the future, and if the energies of the War Departments are any indication, a conflict of serious proportions may be looked for somewhere and sometime in the next ten years. Be this so or not, it is at least certain that all Europe is holding itself ready for what may happen.

The best guarantee of peace, it has been said, is to have fully-equipped defences. Following this policy, the Powers are all expending vast sums upon their navies, it being believed that the war of the future, when it does come, will be fought upon the sea. Remarkable activity is being shown in this respect by the United States, whose total tonnage under construction is second only to that of Great Britain. The British War Office has decided upon a policy of naval expansion involving an outlay this year of $180,000,000, Britain's aim being to always maintain her navy at a standard equal to any other two powers in the world. The war of the future, it is very likely, will be fought between Great Britain and one or more of the other Powers, and it stands Britain in hand to be ready. The other sea powers, however, are giving a close run. The navies of the world, including the ships already built and those now under construction, are as follows:

	Number built.	Now building.	Total tonnage
Great Britain	546	78	1,807,874
France	370	83	804,274
Germany	205	20	483,428
United States	109	44	578,743
Russia	220	55	519,568
Italy	200	15	341,155
Japan	142	44	248,008

Never before in the world's history was there such activity in the construction of warships. The most active among the nations are those which are ostensibly most desirous of peace, and the signs of the times must therefore be read in a double sense.

Surveys in the Rockies

THE recent disaster at Frank, Alberta, by which a portion of the townsite and a large tract of the valley were buried under a landslide from the top of Turtle Mountain, has attracted fresh attention to the topography and the geological conditions of the Canadian Rockies. The absolute freedom which Canada has hitherto enjoyed from such disasters as this makes it the more noteworthy. It was at first thought to be due to volcanic causes, but this has since been disproved, and while there are numerous hot springs and indications of sulphur in various districts of the Coast country, there are no evidences of volcanoes or volcanic eruptions within historic times. What scientists are more concerned with at present is the accurate delineation of the Rockies and the geological formation of such districts as that of the Crow's Nest Pass.

A survey of the Canadian Rockies was begun in 1887, and continued under the direction of the Department of the Interior until last year. The work involved in this survey was most arduous, necessitating the ascent of some thirty peaks from 5,000 to 12,000 feet high. The Selkirks present difficulties as great as in the European Alps, and the construction of trails and location of supply camps was frequently necessary. As a result of this work accurate maps of a hitherto unknown region have been made, and stations established at various points for photographic and scientific observations.

A careful investigation of portions of this mountain country will probably be made this summer by the Geological Survey. The formation of the country is peculiar, and points back to an indefinite

period, when the west of Canada was the scene of mighty movements of nature—of just what kind it has not yet been agreed upon. British Columbia has mineral deposits of almost every kind, and in the light which they will throw upon the natural conditions of the mining industry, such investigations are of great industrial as well as scientific value.

New Monsters of the Deep

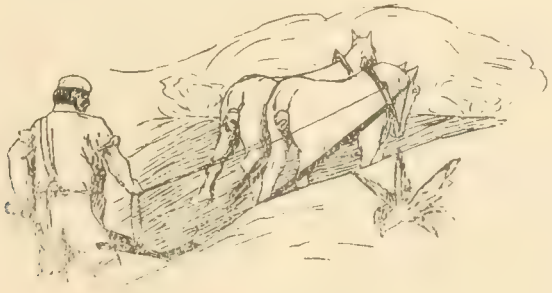
THESE are evidently the days of big ships. In all the various phases of the transportation problem the world over, no more progressive development has been made than in the matter of shipbuilding. Since a very great proportion of the world's freight goes by water this development is both natural and timely, and although mere size is not always a sign of merit, some recent achievements in the way of shipbuilding are of striking interest.

Three ships have been launched within a short time, each of which is a record-breaker in its own class. The White Star Line *Cedric* is the largest ship ever built. She is 700 feet long, 75 feet in breadth, and 50 feet deep; her gross tonnage is 21,000 tons, and her rate of speed seventeen knots. The *Cedric* is a passenger steamer, designed for first-class accommodation rather than speed, and is in every respect as much a model of modern ship architecture as she is a marvel in size.

The North German Lloyd Company has just put into commission a new steamer, which is claimed to be the fastest afloat. The *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* is six feet longer than the *Cedric,* but has considerably less displacement. Her speed of twenty-four knots, together with her splendid appointments, distinguish her among the world's liners. She will carry, when full, 2,500 persons across the Atlantic. The *Cedric* has accommodation for 3,000.

The biggest cargo-carrier ever sent into the water was launched in April. She is the *Minnesota,* built by the Great Northern Steamship Company. While of somewhat less displacement than the *Cedric,* she has greater cargo capacity, carrying 28,000 tons of dead weight, and 2,700 persons. In completeness of electric service and cold-storage plant, the *Minnesota* is said to be the most up-to-date vessel yet designed.

With these three monster ships the limit of size in shipbuilding is claimed to have been reached. Ships of somewhat greater size could no doubt be built, but experts declare that it would not be practicable to run craft of such gigantic proportions. For all practical purposes these are probably large enough, and so far they are the champions.



SOME GOOD THINGS FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

British and American Rivalry.

THERE is a tendency in this country to regard America and her progress from a mistaken point of view. We have positively given way to something like a panic of late years at our cousins' successes and their investments in the United Kingdom. This is as ridiculous as it is unmanly. Thoughtful Americans take a very different view. America is a marvellously successful nation, but she is honeycombed with problems which make her future a matter of some uncertainty. The colossal aggregations of capital under individual control, for instance, organized into huge "combines," under laws practically conferring limitless power upon them, constitute a great national peril, and nobody yet sees how it is to be averted. These enormous aggregations of capital upon which dividends must be paid, and which will certainly in many cases collapse like a house of cards at the first sign of bad times, leaving wreck and ruin behind them, form an eminent danger from which we are free. The negro problem is more insistent than ever, and further from a solution. The relations of capital and labor, harmonious now because of the high wages and bonuses which good times enable the employers to pay, may become very strained when highly paid employment is restricted—and passion and bloodshed are never far off when "labor troubles" break out in America.

"The Old Country must wake up"—by readiness to adopt American methods, when these are better; by promptly profiting by American experience; by enforcing economy in national expenditure; by seeking a more efficient Government, in which, for example, the great offices controlling trade should be filled by men of the highest business capacity, and the widest business experience; by pushing forward the education of all classes upon wiser and more practical lines; by pursuing a simpler and better informed foreign policy, with peace as its chief aim. It might be rash to prophesy that Great Britain will be hard at work and as prosperous as of old when the United States is torn from side to side by the most terrible labor conflict the world has ever seen, but it would not be a whit more unwise than the alarmist forecasts which hand over our commercial position in the world to the United States in the near future, and reduce us to "an overcrowded and discontented little island in the North Sea." There is every reason for strenuous efforts, for a wakeful outlook, and the abandonment of some of our old indifferent acceptance of things as they are; there is not the slightest ground for rushing from the one extreme of self-complacency to the opposite extreme of self-depreciation.—*World's Work* (English edition).

Successful Assurance.

AS I gradually improved in skill of reasoning, and in confidence of address, I found I was writing larger policies. From policies of $25,000 it was not a great step to a habit of getting policies of $50,000. I was now in Milwaukee, where my society put me in charge of their business covering two States. Here I wrote my first $100,000 policy, and the story of how it was obtained may illustrate the combination of qualities which are required in any one who aspires to write assurance in the larger amounts.

Among the big lumber operators of the

northern region was one man, a German, who was the king lumberman. He was said to be worth $30,000,000, and of unbounded influence. If I could get him I was sure of doing business with a good many of the others. But he was a stubbornly difficult case. Several brilliant agents had been sent on from New York, and all had failed to interest him.

My first step was to become acquainted with his closest friend, whom it was not difficult to assure for $75,000, and our business acquaintance ripened into personal confidence and regard. I soon told him it was my dearest ambition to assure his friend, Mr. W——, for $100,000. "It's absolutely no use for you to try," replied he; "he hates the idea so much that he won't even talk about it." Nevertheless, he gave me a letter of introduction, which for simplicty of effectiveness I have always kept as a model. It read:

"DEAR W.—This will introduce my friend Mr. ——, through whom I have just taken $75,000 of assurance, and it gives me great pleasure to make you acquainted. Let me tell you in advance, you will be glad to have met Mr. ——, whether you do business together or not."

I went three hundred miles into the lumber region to find my man. I knew he was so busy I could not see him until night. As he was leaving the dining-room after supper, I presented myself with the letter of introduction. He surveyed me grimly, and said, not unkindly:

"I am pleased to meet you. What can I do for you?"

"At your convenience, I would like to make the subject of life assurance interesting to you."

"There is no better time than now, though I am not in the least interested in your subject. Let us go to my room. It is now a quarter to seven; I am due at my office at seven. I will give you ten minutes."

I risked that ten minutes wholly in an attempt to get an appointment for the next day. To his asseveration that another interview would be as fruitless, I urged that after I had travelled so far to see him my people in New York would deeply appreciate his courtesy in givng me an uninterrupted chance to present the business.

"Very well," he said, hastily. "Come at ten o'clock; come in no matter who is there, and I will give you fifteen minutes."

My first work was to see our medical examiner for that town, and his alternate, and to engage them both for 9.45 the next morning. Then I went to the lawyer whose office was next to Mr. W—'s, and engaged his room at ten o'clock for half an hour for the medical men. I instructed my doctors that they must make the expected examination the most painstaking of their lives. At ten o'clock I walked boldly into Mr. W——'s inner room.

"I have come for my fifteen minutes, and I wish to use the time in my own way. I want you to step into the next office and be examined by our doctors."

"Why, what rubbish! I want no assurance. It will do me no good to be pawed over by those doctors."

"Nevertheless, you said I might use the fifteen minutes as I chose, and this is the way I select."

With a bustle of impatience he went into the next office, where my doctors proceeded to put him through the most thorough examination I ever saw. I kept up a running fire as well as I could, but he was growing interested in the thumping and in the questions of the doctors, and he asked if every one was examined in that careful fashion. Before he got his coat on he had plenty of time to talk, and as he turned to go back to his office I said:

"Before we part I want you to sign this application for $100,000. It is entirely optional with you whether you take the policy or not. The society certainly

does not want a man like you unless you heartily want a society like ours."

He readily gave his signature, and shook hands cordially as we separated. Before leaving town I made a fast agreement with his secretary that I should be promptly wired as to the train he would take when, a fortnight later, he was to make a trip to a different part of the State. The policy had arrived when the telegram came.

On a certain day, at a certain hour, I was taking my seat at a railway lunch-room table at Spooner Junction, just opposite to Mr. W——. We exchanged greetings and fell into a pleasant conversation.

"Where are you bound?" said he, as he arose.

"To Chippewa Falls, by that train out there."

"Why, that is my train, too. Come into my car, and we'll ride together."

After some chat over our newspapers, he suddenly asked:

"By the way, have you got that policy yet?"

"Yes; it is in my pocket."

He read it through, asked questions, and we continued the discussion for two or three hours. As we were leaving the train he said:

"If you are going to be in town this evening, I wish you would call at my office at seven o'clock, and I will give you my decision. Here is the policy; you had better take it; I don't know that I shall want it."

I was not discomfited at this, however. I had become able to distinguish the final flurry. As I went into his office that night, his first question was: "Have you got that policy with you?" He looked at the amount of the premium subscribed on it, compared it with a check which he drew from a drawer, and handed me the check. In response to my congratulations he looked me in the eye and asked:

"How did you happen to be at the Spooner Junction lunch-room this noon?"

"In order to meet you."

"I thought so. Let me tell you that in my thirty-five years of business experience, your method with me has been the best business I ever saw."—From *The Autobiography of a Life Assurance Man* in *Everybody's Magazine.*

The Mother of Invention.

IN America we have always been short-handed with regard to labor. We have been obliged to find methods whereby one man may accomplish the work of two or three men as compared with your practice here. We have had the best men from Europe: Englishmen, Germans, French, everybody—skilled men, highly trained men, as well as laboring men; we have combined their experience with our own, coupled it with our necessities, and have thus accomplished results unattainable in a country like this, where you have more labor than you can well keep employed.

As an illustration of what has been accomplished by the use of electricity in a great industry, I may cite the Homestead Mills of the Carnegie Company, where they produce with about 4,000 men three times as much steel as the Krupp works produce with 15,000 men. The results are simply wonderful. You can start there to-day in a building containing steel-melting furnaces, and you will there see three men mounted on a car with the charging apparatus, which is moved and operated by electricity. With a few movements of this ingenious contrivance three men charge twenty furnaces, which, prior to the use of electricity, would have required the labor of over 200 men.

I took some English friends to Homestead. Mr. Schwab, after guiding us through several departments, said: "I will now show you where we turn out 750 tons of plate girders per day." The mill

was in the shape of an "L." We went into the short end of the "L," where the furnaces were fed by natural gas, of course requiring no stokers. The end at which we entered had a rather low roof, and there was in sight a contrivance like a battering-ram in front of the furnaces; two workmen were sitting down eating their dinners near by; no one else was present. I thought: Mr. Schwab has made a mistake, he has asked us to see a mill that is not in operation. But we went through the mill, which was about 200 feet long, and suddenly we heard a rattle, and then saw a truck approaching loaded with a big ingot. No one touched the truck or the ingot. The load came to a platform, the crane overhead dropped a pair of tongs, and quickly put the ingot on the roller-table, and as it moved to the great rolls it was automatically kept in place. The adjusting screws of the rolls were turned by little electric motors, and not a man in that house did a bit of work. It was just as easy as what you are doing now—looking on! We went back to the furnaces. There was a fifteen-year-old boy seated in a place called the "pulpit." He was able, merely by the movement of levers, to open at will any of the furnace-doors and move the car along. And we saw this car come in front of a furnace and the charging machine approach, and take out of the open furnace a hot ingot which was dropped on the car and moved off to its work. There was this boy doing absolutely no hard work, and his mill was turning out 750 tons of steel-plate each day. My English friends said: "England has no chance in competition with such methods."

Now all this sort of thing came about in America because of our necessities. We hadn't men enough to do our work. There was a premium in favor of those who could invent machines to work and thus supply the deficiency.—From an address by *George Westinghouse*, reported in *The Railway and Engineering Review*.

The American Invasion a Boomerang.

WHILE, as good Americans, we are triumphing with an honest, loud noise over the victories of American industries abroad, has it ever really occurred to us that this very success carries with it its own danger? For, indeed, regarded from one aspect, our enterprise may merely be showing the nations of the earth how we do things. We are, in a way, selling the hostile our powder, and explaining to them our system of fortifications.

Almost withing the last two years, there has been established in a foreign port not six hundred miles from Cape Cod, a hostile camp, as aggressive as it is well armed; and of late it has been growing in strength by ratio arithmetical and geometrical. It has been sending its raiding fleets all over the American Atlantic. It has most audaciously invaded the great United States. It has even launched its pygmy but very vicious javelins at the rhinocerine hide of the Steel Trust itself; yes, it has paused on its march to heave large, bituminous chunks at the astonished coal-barons of Pennsylvania.

It is Mr. Henry M. Whitney, who has established, at Sydney, Cape Breton, the combined coal and steel company, which has made that "outstretched right hand of Canada" look very much like an outstretched bunch of knuckles. A few years ago he sat down with his experts to study Cape Breton steel conditions. He found that in Cape Breton there was coal at tide-water, with half a dozen fine ports on that "long dock of the Dominion," to choose among. There was ore of medium grade in almost every direction, and there was more of the highest grade only a day's sail across the channel on Belle Island. Limestone in plenty lay some fifteen miles to the north, also on tide-water—that priceless point of vantage hungered for by every great mill or factory-owner.

Then, the comparative geography of Sydney was rather astonishing, too. Mr. Whitney expected to find her much nearer Liverpool than Pittsburg, but not 1,258 miles nearer. He found that she was about 1,050 miles nearer Gibraltar and the Mediterranean; and, so much does her out-jutting into the Atlantic count for, she was 757 miles nearer Cape Town—even 200 closer than Liverpool! What would have been less suspected, she was actually nearer every South American port, from Pernambuco down, than any other shipping point on the American sea-board!

Carnegie has said that "the city or nation which can produce the cheapest steel has insured supremacy." Sydney claims to be assembling "the three raw materials," and making the finished steel at half cost at which it can be made elsewhere. Already another great corporation is building steel-mills at Sydney, and there are more to follow. Now, too, steel ships are to be built at Sydney. She will freight her coal and iron to the world's market in her own ships.

But in the meantime, she is doing anything but waiting on her future. While this is being written, a big five-master is delivering the first instalment of a 25,000-ton coke order to New York. American coal is being displaced all along the St. Lawrence, and three steam-freighters are carrying the Cape Breton product to Boston. Last year, Pennsylvania coal men got themselves a market in the Mediterranean; this year they will have to fight the Sydneyites, if they are going to keep it. As for the Cape Breton steel company, one certainly does not wish to echo the wildly exuberant note of the local journalists, but the altogether significant fact must be written down that already it is making good its boast of "cheapest in the world." Within the last twelve months it has been selling its output in Glasgow, in Liverpool, in Rotterdam, in Hamburg, and, more than all, in spite of land and water freights and a tariff meant to be prohibitive, in our coal-and-iron city of Pittsburg!—*Arthur E. McFarlane,* in *The Cosmopolitan.*

A Stroke of Genius.

THE two sons of J. J. Hill, "Jim" and "Lou," have knuckled down to work since their days in Yale, and their father is proud of their records as railroad men in the ten years since he set their respective noses to the grindstone. Both have risen to responsible positions in the Great Northern system, and have shown themselves worthy of their responsibilities without what they used to call the "old man's pull."

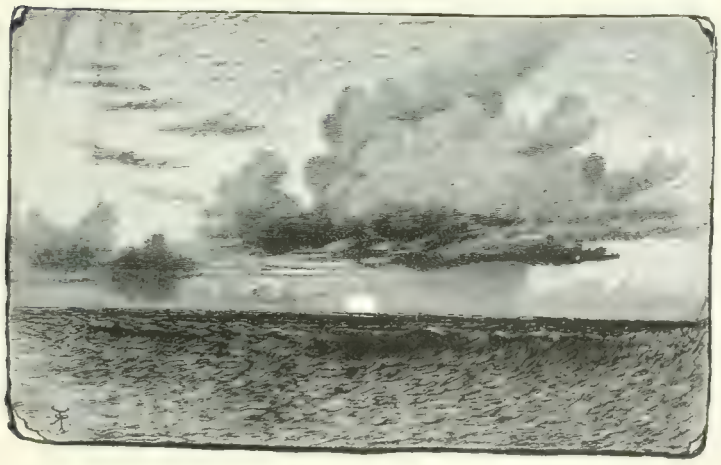
Young "Jim" Hill made his first hit as a possible railroad magnate when he was in college. In those salad days, he was not a hard student, and had several painful interviews with an unsympathetic faculty at times. It does no harm in the light of his present success to record that a warning was sent to the president of the Great Northern system, to the effect that more studious application was necessary on the part of the under-graduate in question or his college career might be frosted. Summer vacation was near at hand, and young "Jim" Hill did not view with enthusiasm his probable reception at home. His father had taken the situation too seriously for comfort, and had threatened a disastrous embargo on the vacation budget of expense.

A master stroke averted the crisis. A thesis was due in the Sheffield Scientific School course, and one of the lists of topics offered was "The Effect of Transportation Systems on the Growth of Cities." Here "Jim" Hill announced, "Here is where I save my life." He forsook his cheerful haunts for the university library. He dug out statistics by the carload, and sought chiefly information about the great Northwest. He compiled and condensed, and clipped and copied, and sweated, until the result was a thesis that showed in at least a dozen different

conclusive ways that the safety of a solar system depended on railway development, and that the Northwest, of all parts of the globe, had been developed by railways, and by the Great Northern system in particular.

The thesis passed the faculty with flying colors, and was then carefully forwarded by registered mail, well ahead of the home-coming of the author. J. J. Hill was delighted. He slew the fatted calf, and when "Young Jim" returned to New Haven in the fall, he announced that he had had the summer of his life, and a chartered yacht as a token of parental esteem.

"It was the hit of my life," said he. "Dad has me figured out as the wisest material for a railroad man that ever came down the track. 'Transportation and the Growth of Cities,' well, I guess. Couldn't have landed harder if I'd studied every day since I was a freshman."—*New York Mail and Express.*



LORD STRATHCONA.

LORD STRATHCONA

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

THE phrase "grand old man," which, although not invented for Gladstone, became so connected with him as to seem his own peculiar property, has since his death been applied to so many persons as to have lost somewhat of its pristine power.

Yet when one regards the present High Commissioner for Canada, either from the point of view of appearance or achievement, the now trite phrase really seems the only fitting one. In his official robes as Chancellor of McGill University, presiding over a brilliant convocation ceremony, he certainly presents an impressive picture of ripe old age one might go far to parallel, and even though we have never had the privilege of seeing for ourselves, we have not the slightest doubt that he can hold an undiminished head amongst his brother Peers in the House of Lords.

Although a lad well into his teens when he came to Canada, the career of Donald A. Smith has been so much a part of the history of the country that he may fairly enough be claimed as a Canadian to all intents and purposes.

Dear to the boys are the stories of Arctic adventures. They never weary of reading about white bears, and walruses, and whales, icebergs, and floes, and hummocks, of nightless days, and of dayless nights, lasting months at a time. To them the names of Franklin, Kane, McClintock, and Scoresby are as familiar as household words. The glamor of the Aurora Borealis is over the whole region, and they have no difficulty in imagining themselves dining with great gusto upon seal meat and blubber *au naturel*.

But it was because of no such romantic prepossessions that the Scotch laddie chose the far north as the scene of his first labors in the new world. It was a pure matter of business. He was in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and they sent him to wild, bleak, hard-frozen Labrador to begin his apprenticeship.

This was in the year 1838, and McLean, the chief factor for that district, thus records his appearance upon the field. "In September I was gratified by the arrival of despatches from Canada by a young clerk appointed to the district. By him we received the first intelligence of the stirring events that had taken place in the colonies during the preceding year," the reference being to the famous Papineau rebellion in Lower Canada.

Young Smith was stationed at Hamilton Inlet, and for the long period of thirteen years he faithfully fulfilled the monotonous round of duty, while cherishing dreams of the days to come when in a more congenial and civilized sphere of labor he should have opportunity to exercise the powers of mind and body that he knew himself to possess.

In trading with the Montagnois and Nascopie Indians for the valuable peltries they brought to the post, in boating, canoeing, fishing, and shooting, in doing a certain amount of office work, in writing long letters home, and in reading everything he could lay his hands upon, the long years were passed, while the young employee made himself master of the secrets of the company, and learned how to manage the Indians, and produce the best returns.

At the end of the period already mentioned, Governor Simpson, the renowned little autocrat, had become so impressed with his subordinate's high qualities, and particularly with his wonderful knack of turning everything to account, so that it was said of him, "however poor the post might be, Donald Smith always showed a balance on the right side of the ledger," that he promoted him to a chief tradership.

This responsible post he filled for a further ten years with such conspicuous

success as first to be appointed a Chief Factor, and then in 1868 he was chosen by the Governor and Committee in London for the important and lucrative position of Chief Executive Officer of the Company, with headquarters in the City of Montreal.

He had now completed his forty-eighth year, and having risen from a mere clerkship to the highest position in the trading department of the great historic country after thirty years of arduous service it might well have been supposed that he had reached the zenith of his career, and that it only remained for him to enjoy the comfort, dignity and emoluments to which he was so fully entitled.

But, instead of ending, the career of Donald A. Smith was, as it proved, merely beginning. What he had already accomplished was merely the foundation upon which he was to build a reputation that would become world-wide, and to become an important actor in events that were to constitute a significant part of the country's history.

His first opportunity for public service came not long after he had settled in his new position. The Dominion Government, realizing that the vast powers and possessions of the Hudson Bay Company stood in the way of the development of the West, decided to buy the Company out, and, after prolonged negotiation, an arrangement was effected whereby the Company surrendered all their interests

LORD STRATHCONA RESIDENCE, MONTREAL.

in the North-West to the Government in consideration of £300,000, and certain portions of the fertile lands, and of the land adjacent to the trading posts.

This transfer was regarded with such alarm and suspicion by the half-breed inhabitants of the country, that one of their number, Louis Riel, was able to foment a serious rebellion, and to proclaim himself Dictator of Rupert's Land. Supported by a large band of followers, he took possession of Fort Garry, on the Red River, and set up a Provincial Government.

In this crisis Donald A. Smith felt it his duty to do all that lay in his power to help towards a solution of the difficulty, and offered his services to the Government for that purpose. Sir John Macdonald was glad to appoint him Special Commissioner to enquire into the trouble and to act as mediator amongst the disaffected people.

In the troublous time that ensued Mr. Smith had a prominent part, at no small personal risk, being taken prisoner shortly after his arrival on the ground by Riel, who issued the following order to his guards:

"Shoot that Scotchman Smith if he makes an attempt to escape, or disobeys my commands."

Through it all Mr. Smith steadily pursued the main object of his mission, namely, the undermining of the rebel leader's power, and when it became evident that to completely crush the rebellion the intervention of troops would be necessary, he, having previously obtained his release, departed from Fort Garry to Ottawa, where he presented a full and masterly report of the whole situation.

But this did not end his active participation in the momentous affair.

In the summer of 1870, at Fort Alexander, he met Colonel Garnet Wolseley as, with his little army of red-coats, he was pressing on to Fort Garry, and with him he entered the fort soon after it had been deserted by Riel, who fled on hearing of the soldiers' approach.

Order and good government being re-established, Mr. Smith was presently elected as representative of Winnipeg in the first Legislative Assembly, and in the following year was chosen one of the four members for Manitoba in the Dominion House of Commons.

It was in March, 1871, when the new member took his seat at Ottawa, and was warmly welcomed by the chiefs of both parties. His political career was as full of dramatic incident and lively interest as could have been desired by the most enterprising of members.

At first he identified himself with the Conservative party, but parted company with them over the Pacific scandal, when, amid intense excitement, he concluded his speech in that historic debate with the significant words, "For the honor of the country no Government should exist that has a shadow of suspicion resting upon it, and for that reason I cannot give it my support."

The bitter feeling caused by his taking this stand did not soon pass away, but in course of time Sir John Macdonald and he became thoroughly reconciled, and continued warm friends to the end of the great statesman's career.

Meanwhile Mr. Smith brought to a successful issue an operation in railroading and finance that marked him out as one of the leaders of his age. The growing province of Manitoba had no communication with the rest of the world, save by the primitive Red River cart, but a railway had been partially built out from the City of St. Paul towards the rich plains of the West and the North. Bankrupt before completion, it seemed a veritable "dead horse," when the far-seeing vision of Donald A. Smith beheld in it the solution of the problem of the North-West until the great trans-continental line should be constructed.

How he enlisted the co-operation of Messrs. Kitson and J. J. Hill, of St. Paul, and Mr. George W. Stephen, of Montreal (now Lord Mountstephen), and how this quartet took hold of this

apparently hopeless "streak of iron-rust," completed it to Winnipeg, put it into good condition, equipped it with rolling-stock, and developed so vast a business over it as to pay off all its accumulated encumbrances, and pour millions of dollars into their own pockets, seems really one of the fairy tales of finance, instead of being substantial fact.

It was the renown of this achievement which indicated Messrs. Smith and Stephen as the fit and proper men to undertake the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway as a corporate rather than a Government enterprise, and the part they bore in that colossal scheme is a matter of household knowledge. Speaking in London in the year 1897 on the occasion of his handing over the High Commissionership to the subject of this sketch, Sir Charles Tupper said:

"The Canadian Pacific Railway would have no existence to-day, notwithstanding all that the Government did to support that undertaking, had it not been for the indomitable pluck and energy and determination, both financially and in every other respect, of Sir Donald Smith."

Inasmuch as Lord Strathcona has been popularly assumed to have made a huge sum out of his connection with the Canadian Pacific, it is interesting to note the statement made to a friend by himself: "I have heard that people speak of the fortune I have gained from the Canadian Pacific Railway. Let me tell you, I would have been hundreds of thousands of pounds in pocket if I had never had anything to do with that enterprise."

The difficulties of various kinds that had to be met and overcome were such as to have appalled the stoutest hearts, and there were crises which for the moment seemed unsurmountable, that only such a man as Sir Donald could have conquered. Mr. Beckles Wilson has a story which is so characteristic it convinces one of its authenticity.

The directors were discussing ways and means with anxious faces, when Mr. Smith entered briskly. On being informed of the situation, he promptly moved an adjournment.

"It is clear we want money," he remarked drily. "We can't raise it amongst ourselves. Let us come back to-morrow and report progress."

When they met on the following day the directors regarded each other with dismay. They had the same story of failure to tell until it came to Mr. Smith's turn.

"I have raised another million," he said, slowly. "It will carry us on for a bit. When it is spent we will raise some more."

It may be added that the private fortunes of Mr. Smith and Mr. Stephen were pledged deeply, in order that the great work might not cease, and it went on without break under the splendid direction of that matchless railway builder, W. C. Van Horne, until in November, 1885, five and one-half years before the time stipulated in the contract with the Government. Donald A. Smith drove the last spike at Craigellachie in British Columbia before a small but eminently representative gathering of men who had come to witness the significant ceremony.

In the year following Her Majesty conferred upon him the honor of knighthood.

Soon after this well-deserved dignity he began that series of splendid benefactions, which still continue unabated, and which will no doubt be closed only with his life. In conjunction with Lord Mountstephen he gave one million dollars for the erection of a public hospital in Montreal on the mountain side, and subsequently the same two princely givers added another million by way of endowment. This Royal Victoria Hospital, which commemorates the good Queen's Jubilee, is a superb structure, placed upon one of the finest sites in the world, and equipped with every possible appliance for the alleviation of human suffering, and the study of disease.

Gifts of great sums to McGill University, and other important institutions followed, while through less conspicuous, though not less serviceable channels, his funds were ever finding their way to accomplish good objects. Perhaps the most historic benefaction was the equipping and maintaining entirely at his own expense of the Strathcona Horse, a body of mounted troops, raised in Canada, that rendered most valuable service during the South African War.

Although since 1874 Sir Donald had ceased to have any direct connection with the management of the Hudson Bay Company in the North-West, he had, as one of the largest shareholders, to take a deep interest in its affairs, and it was therefore not at all surprising that on the exalted position of Governor of the Company becoming vacant in 1889, he should be selected to fill it, thus completing his wonderful rise from apprentice-clerk to supreme command.

After an absence from the House of Commons of six years, he returned to it in 1887, this time as representative for the St. Antoine Division of Montreal, and was re-elected by acclamation in successive general elections until he withdrew in order to accept the post of High Commissioner for Canada in London, in succession to Sir Charles Tupper, who had resigned it in order to re-enter the field of Dominion politics.

It would require far more pages than are at the disposal of the writer to present even a bare record of what Lord Strathcona has done for his country since he became her representative in the chief city of the world. He has practically devoted his own splendid abilities and his great fortune to the service of Canada, just as though he owed her some debt of gratitude which could not be too fully repaid.

Princely alike in his hospitality, and his liberality, untiringly zealous for the interests of individuals and governments alike, unfailing, genial, and kind to all who approach him (and he is he most approachable of men), amazingly indefatigable for one so well on in years, he has put this whole country under unparalleled obligations, while at the same time commanding for her and for himself the highest respect and regard of the people of Great Britain, who have learned more about Canada within the past seven years than they ever knew before.

Naturally, with increase of years and public services, came increase of honors. Ten years after being knighted he was advanced to a Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, and then, in 1897, on the completion of the sixtieth year of her reign the Queen was pleased to raise him to the Peerage as Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, of Glencoe and of Montreal.

It was not until a year after taking his seat in the House of Lords that the new Peer broke silence, the occasion being the moving of a bill for the legalization in the United Kingdom of marriages with a deceased wife's sister contracted in the colonies, which were still regarded as illegal in England. The Upper Chamber was crowded with a most brilliant audience, including the then Prince of Wales, and Lord Strathcona made a speech in every way worthy of the moment and of his reputation. The bill was carried by a big majority, but the Government refusing to take it up in the Lower House, nothing came of the matter.

Two years later he brought it up again, and again it was carried triumphantly, but again Lord Salisbury's Government refused to adopt it, and it fell dead, so that this aggravating colonial grievance still remains unredressed.

Although now in his eighty-third year, Lord Strathcona's activities show no abatement, and he successfully accomplishes a round of daily work that would tax the strength of many men of half his age.

Through all his life, since fortune smiled upon him, he has been much given

to hospitality, and is credited with possessing as many residences as some of his brother peers in the old land. He has at least three in Canada, to wit, Silver Heights in Manitoba, Norway House in Pictou, and the magnificent mansion in Montreal, while in Great Britain there are the estates of Knebworth and Glencoe in the country, and the great house in the city, all of which he is the master.

Every Viceroy of Canada, from the Marquis of Dufferin to the Earl of Minto has been his guest, and still more exalted personages, as the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the present Prince and Princess of Wales, have sojourned under his roof-tree.

With the acquisition of wealth came the opportunity to indulge his love of the beautiful, and in his later years he has formed a collection of pictures, statuary, bronzes, oriental curios, and the like whereof there are not many equals. The highest price ever paid for a modern picture ($45,000) was given by him for Jules Breton's famous "First Communion," and in his gallery at Montreal, or adorning his English residences are superb examples of Raphael, Titian, Turner, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Millais, Constable, and others of the masters.

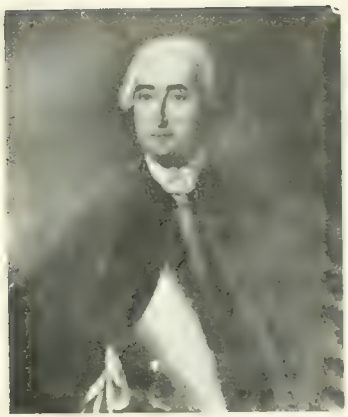
Besides the public honors which have been heaped upon him, Lord Strathcona has received academic distinctions which he prizes highly. In 1887 Cambridge University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and Yale University followed suit five years later. In 1900 he was elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, in succession to the Earl of Aberdeen, and since 1889 he has been Chancellor of McGill University.

In view of what has been all too imperfectly set down here by way of giving some conception of our subject's character and achievements, it may seem hardly necessary to add that in personal intercourse he is a man of wonderful charm and exceeding impressiveness of manner. His advancement from a lowly to an exalted position not only has not spoiled him, but has unquestionably developed the finer instincts of his nature. Those qualities which are popularly supposed to distinguish the aristocrat, such as pride, hauteur, indifference, and ingratitude are not to be found in his composition.

The exceeding graciousness of his manner is no mere surface attribute, but the true expression of his kindly nature. He delights in doing good, in conferring kindnesses, in bestowing benefactions for their own sake, and not for the sake of any plaudits the world may be moved to shower upon him. While it is impossible not to take the public into his confidence with regard to his larger benefactions, it is safe to aver that for one such which we all hear of a score have been conferred in private and known only to the giver and the recipient.

Equally unnecessary does it seem to add anything concerning his intellectual powers. His career is sufficient certificate of them, but it may at least be noted that on all occasions when he has seen fit to speak in public he has shown many of the qualities of the true orator, and has never failed to command the profound attention of his audience.

His position is to-day perhaps one of the most enviable that has ever fallen to mortal lot. Representing as he does a great country, in which he is honored and beloved from ocean to ocean, holding among the Peers of the greatest empire of the world a position which has not come to him by mere accident of birth, but has been won by his own sterling merits, enjoying practically unlimited wealth, which he finds pleasure in administering for the benefit of his fellowmen, and endowed with a vitality which promises to carry him on in the full possession of his powers to the end of his century of years, Lord Strathcona might well seem to have won the best that this world could offer.



MONTCALM

WOLFE

LOUIS JOSEPH LAUNAY

THE ROMANCE OF CANADIAN HISTORY

BY FRANK YEIGH

[Illustrations from photographs taken by the author.]

THERE is a romance of Canadian history—a romance that is revealed not only by the pen of the historian, but suggested, even more strikingly, by the reminders of our past that exist throughout the Dominion. It is surprising, indeed, how much has survived the destructiveness of man and the ravages of time in fortress and citadel, in earthwork and rampart, in battlefield and burial ground, in historic houses and churches.

In these surviving reminders of the long past days, every epoch of Canadian history is recalled: the early dominion of the Indian, the French regime, the British conquest, the wars of the Revolution and of 1812, and the Rebellion of 1837-8.

It is my purpose, therefore, to recall by word and illustration, a few of these points of historic interest, stretching from Louisbourg in the East to Fort Garry in the West, and to retell the tales they stand for.

Louisbourg easily ranks first as the king of ruins in Canada. Away down by the Cape Breton seashore, where the anthem of the Atlantic is ever heard, stand the remnants of the once proud stronghold of the King of France in America, that had cost his most Christian Majesty millions of pounds to build, and many a valiant soldier in the efforts to hold it. It is difficult to realize to-day, standing under the ruins of the King's bastion, the original might and greatness of Louisbourg, when its walls, mounting over two hundred cannon, extended for a mile and a quarter in circumference, and when a force of four thousand picked warriors were marshalled in its defence. Where once was heard the roar of cannon and the beating of drums, during the two seiges of the fortress, now one gazes on a quiet pasturage, a scene of pastoral peace, where the clover blooms on the remaining earthworks, and the waves of ocean chant a requiem over the graves of the soldier dead. A thrilling story it is that Louisbourg tells of the part it played in the great duel between France and England.

Nova Scotia is specially rich in connecting links with its past. Annapolis as the oldest European settlement on the con-

ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE KING'S BASTION IN LOUISBOURG FORTRESS.

tinent north of Florida, merits attention, but the ruins of its 17th century fortress speak of the fierce Franco-English conflict for supremacy in old Acadia. The remnants of the grassy ramparts, and the stone barracks, speak of French occupation when the spot was known as Port Royal, and of the visits of Champlain and DeMonts at an even earlier day. For over a century it was a stronghold for the possessors of New France, until 1710, when a company of New Englanders captured the fortress and renamed it Annapolis, in honor of Queen Ann. The last warlike scene—one of many during the long years—was witnessed in 1781, when two American armies captured the fort and plundered the little town.

Coming to the St. Lawrence, the old town of Tadoussac, nestling under the Laurentian hills, is one of the important cradles of Canadian history, beside being the oldest settlement in French Canada. It was an established fur-trading post as far back as 1600, and even long before that—in 1535—its site was visited by Jacques Cartier, on his second voyage from France to the then unknown world of the North.

A romantic reminder of the past in Tadoussac is the present church of the Jesuit missions, built in 1750, on the site of an earlier one, erected nearly a century before, at a time when the diocese of "the black robes," as the Indians called them, stretched from the St. Lawrence to Hudson Bay—almost an Empire in area. But the chief historic object in Tadoussac to-day is the original bell which, for two hundred and fifty years, has called its worshippers to prayer. The old bell, that has thus rung nearly a score of generations in and out of life, is the centre of a curious legend regarding the Jesuit missionary—Father La Brosse—

THE OLD TADOUSSAC CHURCH.

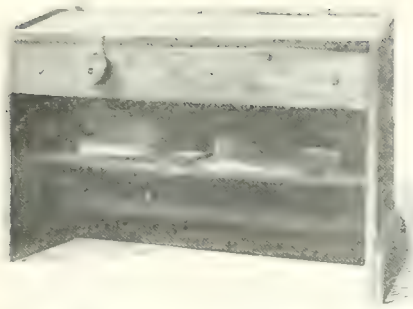
who died at Tadoussac in 1782. He had been toiling all day, so the story runs, and surprised his friends when, rising to go, he bade them good-bye—forever! At midnight, he declared, he would be dead, adding that the chapel bell would toll for his passing soul at that very hour! The priest directed that Messire Compain (who would be waiting for him the next day at Isle-aux-Coudres) should wrap him in his shroud and bury him. The hours passed by, and true enough, at the first stroke of midnight the chapel bell begin to toll. Trembling with fear, his friends entered the church, and there, prostrate before the altar, with hands joined in prayer, lay Pere La Brosse, dead! The next day was ushered in by a violent storm, but four of his flock risked their lives on the canoe journey to Isle-aux-Coudres, where, sure enough, Messire Compain was waiting for them, saying that he was forewarned of their strange errand, for the night before the bell of his island church had also been tolled by invisible hands, and a voice had given him his instructions. In all the missions that Pere La Brosse had served, the church bells, it is said, rang out their requiem at the midnight hour.

I will pass by the cities of Quebec and Montreal, the riches of whose historical treasures are too well known to require an extended reference. One may spend days of genuine pleasure in searching out all these great centres have to reveal of the prominent part both played in the unfolding of our national drama.

Many a tangible reminder of the Rebellion days of 1837-8 remain in Ontario and Quebec. In Toronto, at No. 82 Bond Street, still stands the three-storey house presented to William Lyon Mackenzie by his friends toward the end of his stormy life, and in which, in 1861, he passed away. In the Toronto Necropolis, beneath a wide-branched mountain ash, rests the dust of this "Stormy Petrel" of the 'thirties. Additional existing mementoes of the same period are found in the legislative desk Mackenzie used in the old Front Street Parliament Buildings, and which is now preserved in the log cabin of the York Pioneers in Exhibition Park.

At the north-west corner of Bay and Adelaide Streets stands a frame building, once known as the Doel House, in which

HOUSE ON CENTRE OF ROW IN WHICH WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE DIED, 82 BOND ST., TORONTO.



WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE'S DESK, AS MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE, NOW IN YORK PIONEERS' CABIN, EXHIBITION PARK, TORONTO.

the leading Reformers of the day met and organized the agitation against the Family Compact.

Dundas boasts of a house where Mackenzie lived in the early twenties, and Queenston contains the tottering ruins of Mackenzie's printing office, wherein was printed, in 1824, the first copies of the famous *Colonial Advocate*.

The mention of Mackenzie naturally suggests the name of his French-Canadian compatriot, Louis Joseph Papineau. Midway between Montreal and Ottawa, on the wooded banks of the Ottawa River, stands the Papineau chateau, filled with interesting souvenirs of its once famous owner, and containing an unique library and museum in an ivy-covered round tower. In the grounds of the estate are the burial vaults containing the remains of Papineau and members of his family.

PAPINEAU'S HOME, MONTEBELLO, QUE.

In Toronto, the Old Fort is the most interesting of all the historic landmarks. A marble tablet, placed at its entrance by the Canadian Club, tells its history in succinct terms:

"The Old Fort, established by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, at the mouth of Garrison Creek, in 1796, for the Queen's Rangers; garrisoned by British troops during the War of 1812-14, and at different times until 1871. Captured by American troops April 27, 1813, during the attack on York; evacuated May 1, 1813." Such is the story in brief of the one spot in

OLD CANNON AND EARTH-WORKS, OLD FORT, TORONTO.

Toronto that saw actual warfare, and it is to be regretted that the place is being allowed to go to decay. The old cannon have been removed, and the buildings are gradually being demolished. The Old Fort certainly deserves to be kept intact as one of the city parks.

Three Canadian rivers have witnessed a succession of historic scenes: the St. Lawrence, Detroit and Niagara, notably the latter. All along its western banks are to be found reminders of the early settlement of Upper Canada, and the war of 1812. In old Niagara—the mother town of the province—the ruins of Fort George are redolent of the struggles of 1812-14. The beautiful sycamore tree, towering above the earthworks of what

OLD GAGE HOUSE, BATTLEFIELD OF STONEY CREEK.

has been called Brock's bastion, recalls the name of that heroic leader of a brave band of defenders. At the western mouth of the river, Fort Mississauga, built by Sir Gordon Drummond in 1814, is yet intact, facing across the stream the older Fort Niagara with its eighteenth century French castellated portion showing above its walls. The parish church of St. Marks is another landmark, with its soldier graves and traces of earthworks crossing the burial ground. On the outskirts of the town in one direction is the neglected Butler's Rangers Cemetery, and, in another, the French hawthorns, a supposed legacy from the pioneers of New France long before England had thought of establishing herself on the Niagara.

Queenston Heights is another name to conjure with. While the stately pillar to the memory of Brock regally crowns the grassy height, down in the village is the cottage from which Laura Secord started on her journey to Decew Falls; a mile to the north, an earth ridge marks the site of Vrooman's Battery of 1812, and on the slopes of the heights, near where Brock fell, traces of the trenches of the dead are observable.

As Queenston Heights witnessed one of the first battles of the struggle of 1812, so Lundy's Lane saw the last—the Gettysburg of the conflict. Within sound of the great cataract, the fallen dead sleep under the green sod, a granite cairn reminding a forgetable generation of all the spot stands for in our national life.

Yet a further memory of 1812 is suggested at the battlefield of Stoney Creek, where stands the old Gage House, used as the headquarters of the American troops in their unsuccessful march on Hamilton and the West. Adjoining the main road a plateau is pointed out as the site of the American battery on that occasion.

The old Mohawk church, near Brantford, is a connecting link between the white and red men. Not only is the structure claimed to be the first Protestant church built in Upper Canada—erected

BAS-RELIEF ON THE FIRST BROCK'S MONUMENT DESTROYED BY BLING BLOWN UP.

on the Six Nations' Reserve in 1784, but it was the recipient of two royal favors—the bell being the gift of George the Third, and the silver communion service coming from Queen Anne. Beside the church is the grave of the old chieftain, Thayendanegea, Joseph Brant, whose sixty-five years were spent in many varied activities. Twice he went on the war path as a boy, and also took a leading part in the fight against Pontiac. Then came the American Revolution of 1755 when, as Chief of the Iroquois Confederation of the Six Nations, Brant rendered valuable service for British rule in Canada.

OLD ST. MARK'S CHURCH, NIAGARA.

A recent discovery in the county of Norfolk takes us back in imagination two hundred and thirty-four years. The foundations have been traced of the winter home of Father Galinee and Dollier-de-Casson, erected in 1669 by these pioneer explorers of the French King.

Many another relic of the past might be referred to did space permit. A blockhouse of 1812 stands near Amherstburg. Old gunboats, dating from the same

ALL THAT IS LEFT OF OLD FORT GARRY, WINNIPEG.

FORT ROUILLE, EXHIBITION PARK, TORONTO.

period, have been rescued from the waters of the Thames near Chatham. In the county of Simcoe, the sites of the Huron villages have been surveyed. The shores of the Georgian Bay show many an evidence of the rule of the red men and the visits of the Jesuit fathers. At Sault Ste. Marie and Fort William one is reminded, not only of these early occupants of the land, but of a later day when the Hudson Bay Company controlled almost half a continent.

Finally, Winnipeg — the city of the Western plains—is reached, a city that has sprung from the rich prairie in a generation, and within its heart stands a solitary gateway of the old Fort Garry of the 'sixties.

Thus is the romance of Canadian history recalled, in every corner of the broad Dominion, covering four centuries of time. And may the last word be a plea for the preservation of everything that reveals our historic past.

[illegible]

LOUISBOURG MONUMENT.

LAURA SECORD'S HOUSE, CHIPPAWA.

THE PREMIER'S UNDERSTUDY

By MAX JESOLEY

WHEN the new member for Sunderland was introduced to the House of Commons, being led in, as was the practice, between two Cabinet Ministers, and by them formally presented to the Speaker amid hearty cheers from the Government benches, his appearance created a decided sensation, the resemblance he bore to the Premier being so remarkable that he might well have been taken for a twin-brother.

They both had tall, shapely figures, inclining to slightness, clear-cut, smooth-shaven countenances, high, white foreheads, leading up to waving hair already touched with silver, and large grey-blue eyes, through which shrewd, strong natures looked out upon the world.

Yet, not only was there no family connection, but, as a matter of fact, the Premier had never set eyes upon his new supporter (whose advent was especially welcome since he had redeemed a constituency from the Opposition at a time when the Government majority was uncomfortably small), until Mr. Anstruther came to take his seat.

"Most extraordinary, Sir Robert," whispered the Minister of Finance, whose desk adjoined the Premier's, "If you were not sitting beside me I'd swear it was *you* being introduced. Never saw a more striking likeness in my life."

The Premier regarded the new member more intently, and had no difficulty in appreciating the similarity himself.

"It certainly *is* curious," he replied, and then, after a slight pause, he added, "Do you remember Edward Hale's famous story, "My Double and How He Undid Me?" I trust Mr. Anstruther may not be fated to serve me in similar fashion."

What was at first a joke presently became considerable of a nuisance, so far at least as Anstruther was concerned, for, although, of course, the residents at the Capital soon ceased to confuse him with his more distinguished double, among the unceasing stream of visitors there were many who naturally enough continued to make the mistake, and Anstruther frequently found himself in somewhat embarrassing situations.

Telling Sir Robert of this one day in an aggrieved tone that was mainly assumed, the Premier laughed heartily.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, patting him on the shoulder familiarly, "You really are doing me a service, for which I'm profoundly grateful. If I were only king of this country with absolute power, instead of being merely the creature of a moment, I would certainly make you my understudy, with a handsome salary, just to save me some of the wear and tear of my position."

Aside altogether from this accident of appearance, Mr. Anstruther commanded consideration, because of ability beyond the common. His maiden speech won him a reputation, which he strengthened by subsequent utterances, and the Government rejoiced over so valuable an acquisition to their debating forces.

"If Sir Robert keeps his hold on the reins you'll see Anstruther in the Cabinet yet, they want just such a man. He seems well up in everything, and he has a very taking way with folks."

So spoke a shrewd old member whose opinions carried weight, and with whom not many were disposed to disagree.

Toward the end of the session, when the pressure of public business upon the

Premier was at its height, a bye-election had to be held in a distant constituency.

Under ordinary circumstances the Government candidate would have been left to fight the battle with the aid of some of the lesser lights of the party, but in this instance there were reasons which rendered the personal assistance of the Premier important, if not indeed imperative.

The contest was certain to be close, the majority in the House could ill-afford to be reduced, a general election loomed in the near future, and the gain of the seat by the Opposition would mean a serious loss of prestige to the Government. Consequently, despite the extreme difficulty of getting away from the toils of office which so enmeshed him, the Premier had promised to appear in the constituency, and speak in his supporter's behalf the night before the election.

The day preceding this appointment Mr. Anstruther happened to call upon the Premier at his own house, and was much concerned to find his political chief looking very ill.

"Oh, it's nothing serious," said Sir Robert, anticipating his anxious inquiry. "Just a touch of the old complaint, but my doctor tells me I must lay up for a couple of days, if I don't want to be completely prostrated, and you know I've promised to speak at North Shelburne tomorrow night."

"So you have," responded Anstruther, knitting his brows, "and from all accounts you're needed there badly, too. The Oppositon seem to have got a better man than we have, and they're putting up a stiff fight."

"That's just it," continued Sir Robert, an unwontedly troubled expression clouding his handsome features, "and I'm in a regular box. I've been turning the thing over in my mind until my head's dizzy, but I can't see a way out of it."

"I suppose none of the other Minsters could do in your place," murmured Anstruther, knowing very well that they would not.

"No," growled Sir Robert. "The North Shelburne people insist upon my coming, and they are such a touchy dour folk that if I don't go we may lose the seat."

There ensued a pause, during whch Anstruther gazed into the fire as though he hoped to find there some solution to the difficulty, while the Premier studied his face with particular intentness.

Then a sudden light came into the latter's haggard countenance, and he made as if to speak, but checked himself.

Anstruther looked at him inquiringly.

"Have you thought of something?" he asked in a tone which had an accent of hope.

There was something approaching shyness in the Premier's expression, as if he feared that what he thought of would seem absurd to his friend, and his lips had a deprecating curve when he answered:

"It's a preposterous notion, of course, but I may as well out with it. What would you think of going to North Shelburne in my place? They call you my double, you know."

Anstruther sprang to his feet, completely startled out of his wonted self-control. He paced the length of the room with quick, nervous strides, while Sir Robert regarded him anxiously. Then he returned and stood before the Premier.

"Have you ever been there? Does anybody know you?" he asked abruptly.

"Never was within a hundred miles of the place in my life, and, so far as I know, not a soul there has ever seen me," was the response.

Anstruther's face lit up with a sudden resolve.

"Then, by Jove! I'll do it," he cried, holding out his hand. "It's a big risk, but the game's worth it. Do you agree?"

Sir Robert rose and grasped the extended hand warmly.

"The game *is* worth it, and we'll play it out," he responded.

The next morning Anstruther took the train for North Shelburne and had a long day on the cars to arrange his speech.

Late in the afternoon, having fallen asleep, he was awakened by the entrance of two men, who took the seat just behind his. From their conversation it presently became clear that they were going to North Shelburne to the meeting, and were looking forward eagerly to hearing the Premier.

"Have you ever seen him, Sam?" one asked the other, and Anstruther's heart stood still as he awaited the answer.

"To be sure I have, Joe, and talked with him, too," was the proud response.

Anstruther shrank down in in his seat, and pulled his travelling cap over his face. If the fellow was speaking the truth he would be an element of danger, and he did not propose that he should have the chance of proving his acquaintance any sooner than was absolutely necessary.

When they reached North Shelburne Anstruther did not move until the men had left the car, and he took a good look at them as they passed him on their way to the door.

He was met by a fussy committee, which greeted him effusively, and as he stood on the platform he saw his fellow-travellers near by.

"There he is now, why don't you go up and shake hands with him, Sam?" said Joe, pushing his friend forward.

But Sam reddened, and held back until the committee had bustled importantly away, and the opportunity was gone.

The truth was he had been simply making an unfounded boast, and Anstruther, noting his confusion, took heart of grace therefrom.

Having been escorted to the hotel, Anstruther, on plea of a nasty headache, was suffered to have a quiet dinner, and to remain in his room until the time for the meeting.

His appearance on the platform evoked an outburst of applause, that for the first time made him forget the fears which had been oppressing him all day.

"It's a ten to one chance, may be," he said to himself, "but I believe I'll carry it through all right."

The Chairman made the usual floundering speech, the gist of which was the great honor the Premier had conferred upon North Shelburne by paying it a visit, and the assurance that the majority given next day to the Government candidate would show how this honor was appreciated.

Mr. Harrington, the candidate, followed, with a weak, rambling address, that made Anstruther marvel how he had ever come to be the choice of the party in that constituency, and then Anstruther rose to speak.

Now ever since he had taken an interest in politics, Sir Robert had been his particular admiration. He never missed hearing or reading his speeches, and he had followed every incident of his career with unfaltering interest. He knew by heart many of his best stories, and could imitate him to the life in the telling of them. Moreover, Sir Robert had fully instructed him as to the line he should follow, and the pledges he should make.

Inspired by the enthusiasm of the close-packed audience, and thrilled by an excitement *they* never suspected, he was soon launched into the full current of his speech. Surrendering himself completely to the spirit of the moment, he held his audience spell-bound for the space of an hour, while he plied them with argument and appeal on behalf of the Government cause, again and again "bringing down the house" by a telling anecdote, or effective illustration. Never had he spoken so well in his own name as now that he was impersonating his leader. His effort lacked no element of success, and

when he concluded the election of the Government candidate was a foregone conclusion.

Amid tumultous cheering the meeting broke up, and Anstruther, feeling extremely well pleased with himself, was being escorted to the hotel by a crowd of admirers, when they encountered a similar crowd coming from the opposition meeting with the rival candidate in their midst.

Flouts and jeers were at once interchanged. Blows quickly followed, and then rose above all the startling report of a revolver.

Anstruther felt a sharp shock, and an agonizing pain in his right side. His first impulse was to cry out, 'I've been shot," but instantly he checked himself. If it were known that he, the supposed Premier, had received the bullet, there would inevitably be a tremendous uproar, and concealment of the truth would be impossible. He must at all hazards try to reach his room without his injury becoming known.

Awed by the sound of the revolver, the combatants ceased their strife, the two parties separated, and Anstruther's resumed its progress, its members mingling apologies for the disturbance with revilings of their opponents.

Not one of them suspected what had happened, and Anstruther, although suffering intensely, and growing weaker every moment, by heroic self-control managed to reach the hotel without having to disclose the secret.

Here his ghastly face at once attracted attention.

"You're looking ill, Sir," said his Chairman, solicitously, "I fear you have over-exerted yourself."

"I *am* rather played out," Anstruther answered with a superb effort to smile bravely, "If you will be good enough to excuse me, I think I will just go to my room, and perhaps you might ask a doctor to look in for a minute."

It was an immense relief when he was at last alone, and could throw himself down upon the bed to await the arrival of the doctor.

When he came and examined the wound, he looked very grave.

"You have had a very narrow escape, Sir," he said, "the bullet has just missed a vital spot, and the bleeding has been remarkably slight. After I have attended to you it will be necessary for you to go to bed and remain there a couple of days at least."

"I can't do that," responded Anstruther in a tone of quiet determination, "I must take the midnight train for the capital."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the doctor, "that would be madness. You must keep as quiet as possible for the present."

Anstruther gave him a keen look. He was a young man with a strong, pleasant countenance; decidedly one who could be trusted.

"One moment," he said. "You can keep a secret, I am sure, or your face belies you. I am not Sir Robert."

"Not Sir Robert!" cried the doctor. "What do you mean?" And it was not difficult to detect the disappointment he felt at his patient not being the Premier after all.

"Let me explain," answered Anstruther, and he told the whole story to his astonished listener, concluding with, "Now you understand my position, I must get away from here to-night, or the whole thing will be out in time to play the mischief with the election."

"But you're taking your life in your hands to travel with that wound," protested the doctor.

"Well, it's my own life, isn't it?" returned Anstruther, smiling gallantly.

"By George, Sir, you're a hero!" blurted out the doctor, impulsively, grasping his hand, "and I'll see you through; I'll go with you."

"You're awfully good," responded An-

struther, "I'll be so glad to have you, and you will not lose by it."

The train was caught, and the return journey accomplished, not without great suffering on Anstruther's part, which he was helped to endure by the comforting conviction that North Shelburne knew naught of the little drama that had been enacted before its very eyes.

It was many days ere he again appeared in public. But in the meantime the important election had been decisively won, and although it was, of course, impossible to keep the cat in the bag concerning his impersonation of the Premier permanently, when it did get out the country was in the humor to treat it as a good joke, and to fully appreciate Anstruther's pluck, and neither he nor the leader lost any prestige by the performance.

HOW TO COOK HUSBANDS

A GOOD many husbands are utterly spoiled by mismanagement in cooking, and so are not tender and good.

Some women go about it as though their husbands were bubbies, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water. Others let them by their carelessness, freeze. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways. Others "roast" them, and some keep them in pickle all their lives.

It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good, managed in this way, but they are really delicious when cooked properly.

In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in mackerel, nor by the golden tint, as in salmon.

Be sure and select him yourself. Do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to the door, and it is far better to have none unless you know how to cook him. Get a preserving kettle of the finest porcelain, or if you have nothing but earthenware it will do with care.

See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely laundered, and well mended with the required number of buttons tightly sewed on. Tie him in the kettle with a strong silken cord called comfort as the one called duty is apt to be weak, and they are likely to fly out and be burned and crusty on the edges, for husbands, like crabs, must be cooked when alive.

Make a steady fire of love, neatness, and cheerfulness. Set him as near this as agrees with him. If he should smoke or fizz, do not be anxious; some husbands do this until they are quite done.

Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account.

A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment.

Do not stick him with any sharp instrument to see if he is tender. Stir gently, watching all the while, lest he should lie too flat and close to the kettle, and so become useless.

You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, and will keep long, unless you become careless and put him in a cool place.

"We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

THE ACTOR FROM THE GLOBE

A SKETCH OF SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

By ARTHUR STRINGER

"But is this law?"
"Aye, marry, is't; crowner's quest law."

A GREAT play! Egad, a great thievery, to my mind!" said Master Thomas Greene, of the Red Bull Playhouse, as he strode through the muddy London streets with William Kempe at his side.

His companion shrugged his shoulders, smiled forbearingly, and said nothing.

"Heminge brings me the blessed play," went on the fiery Greene, "and all but crams the pages of the same down my gullet, and talks day in and day out of your Romeos and your Lucretias and your Richards, till it raises my gorge like beans and buttermilk. But mark my words, Will Kempe, for all his sugared sonnets and his trumped-up coats-of-arms and his buying of old houses up in Warwick, this same filching clodpate of yours is going to drive all honest men off the stage!"

William Kempe laughed lightly, seeming to know more than he cared to say. "Why so, sirrah?" he asked, with a good-natured dubiousness.

"Zounds, what with his patching-up of other men's work, and his airy picking up of this and that about the play-houses, and what with these long-faced Puritans bullying honest actors out of London Town, we shall all soon be turning to gentlemen joiners and gypsies!"

The other said nothing, but wrapt in thought, parted with his companion at the next corner. Though of one company, it was plain they were not of one mind.

It was a heavy, disheartening afternoon of late November. The rain had been falling thinly, but by this time had blown over, leaving a heavy drizzling fog hanging like a blanket on all London.

As William Kempe hurried through the narrow London streets on his way to the Falcon Tavern, he noticed that neither the well-known Bear Garden nor the familiar walls of the new Globe Theatre could be seen through the heavy yellow mist that hung over the Bankside.

The dismal, unlighted streets were all but deserted, and it was only now and then that a muffled cry or two came up from the crowded shipping on the river. Elizabethan London could boast of little pavement, and already Gravile Lane was deep with mud and water. At the foot of Old Paris Garden the Thames lay wrapt in its impenetrable fog.

When he saw, at last, the genial light glimmering from the little square windows of the Falcon, he knocked the rain from his sodden cap, gave his wet cloak an impatient shake, and pushed on through the mud and damp with a sense of returning satisfaction.

From the Red Bull play-house in upper St. John Street to the Bankside was a long tramp, and he was chafing under his ill-luck as he felt the dampness through even his thick doublet.

He had been greatly tempted to drop in at the old Mermaid, not less in popular favor than the Falcon, but he knew well enough, come five o'clock, the old coterie, on such a day, would crowd out of the smoke and torch-glare of the darkened Globe, and make through the rain for the neighboring Falcon. There, he knew, they would be found—men of letters and gentlemen of quality all. For William

Kempe, actor and stage-jester, was as fond of good-fellowship as he was of good sack.

He knew he could have sat down to just as excellent ale elsewhere, and enjoyed it in a dry jerkin at that, but in some way the thought of the Falcon and the old faces seemed to draw him like a magnet through the muddy London lanes and the darkening little streets.

As he stepped, moist and dripping, into the low-ceilinged and fire-lit room, the hum of voices, and the odor of the ale, and the Canary which the good Ben so loved and eulogized, and the pleasant warmth and shadows—all seemed like a sudden vague reminiscence to him, a picture that he had seen time and time again, long ago, and half forgotten.

For there, some clustered about the big fire-place and some back in the dusky corners of the shadowy room, sat almost every man of note in the London theatrical world. There was good old Ben himself, sulky and silent for the moment, with the honors of Cynthia's Revels still hanging over him, and with his sack chalice in his fat hand. Beside him John Heminge and Will Sly were tilted back in their seats. On the big oak settle, with the fire-light on their faces, lounged Drayton and Henry Condell and Philips, while back from the fire, in the uncertain twilight, sat Lawrence Fletcher and Dick Burbage, with a young actor of the Globe and Bob Armin.

As Kempe entered the room, the young actor from the Globe, warm with wine, was shouting across the table: "Aye, aye, Master Heminge, and you too, Henry Condell, of a truth shall I remember you both in my will!"

Ben Jonson's small eyes glanced sullenly over his sack pot at the speaker. "The young sot," he muttered, not altogether ill-naturedly, to Heminge, "a wondrous pile will he leave in his will, what with his goings on and his drinkings and his toadying after that cock-fighting Southampton and roistering young Sir William—the rustic sot!"

As Kempe stood drying himself by the fire he saw that the actor from the Globe had overheard the remark. He seemed, in truth, to overhear everything. For a moment Kempe caught his eye, and both smiled. In some way they seemed to understand each other. Then Will Sly leaned over from the settle and whispered to Kempe:

"He's out of sorts, is Ben! They've been at it again, he and Ben, you know, and our dapper Will worsted him. Egad, it was good! 'A lime and hair rhymster!' said Will. 'Deer stealer!' growled Ben. 'Ho, muse of the mortar-trough!' quoth Will, 'stand forth!' 'Bah,' growled Ben, 'an' I laid bricks, 'twas more honest labor than the filching of plays!' 'Cynthia,' lisped Will, 'there's lime in this sack!' Zounds, but 'twas good!"

Kempe glanced over at Ben. He was busy drowning his chagrin in good sack.

In the hallway to the right a sudden scuffling took place. The loungers in the tap-room could hear little screams and shouts of laughter. Three lusty chambermaids were thrusting a slim young pickpocket out into the street. The indignant youth was making futile struggles as he was hurried along the hallway, but the three laughing girls seemed to enjoy not a little the boy's struggles and vicious embraces, as they jostled him out. The actor from the Globe slipped into the hall to take in the little scene.

"He's into everything, is Will!" said Bob Armin, raising his arms above his head, and yawning.

While the comedian from the Red Bull play-house stood steaming before the blaze, the actor from the Globe came in again and joined him by the fireside. He seemed, to the young comedian, to be humming through his eyes, and despite the full lines of the sensuous mouth, lightly bearded, there was an indefinable

mellowness and urbanity lurking about the eyes.

The tapster came round with his tray of sack and Canary. The actor refused a second chalice.

Then, with a half-boyish, half-whimsical smile, he slipped Ben Jonson's cloak from the settle where it lay, spread it out on the ash-sprinkled hearth, and curled up in front of the fire. Ben noticed the theft and growled: "Go to, light-fingered rhymster!"

Without turning his face from the fire the other said sleepily: "Stick to your sack, Old Galleon, and call no player in the Lord Chamberlain's Company a rhymster."

"A pox on your thieving players!" spluttered Ben, with good-natured disgust. "You steal your lines, and you steal your plots, and now, forsooth, you have taken to stealing your clothing!"

"Ay, ay!" said the other, yawning wearily, "I am indifferent honest myself—indifferent honest myself." The phrase seemed to stick in his mind, for he said it over and over again.

Before Ben Jonson had drained his mug the light-hearted player of the Lord Chamberlain's Company had fallen asleep before the fire. Jonson looked down at the slight figure with gruff affection written on his blowzy face.

"He's a wondrous worker, is our ardent Will," said Henry Condell, gazing half-womanishly at the sleeping figure with the firelight glancing on the scant brown hair and the pale brow, already slightly lined. In the hair he could see just a streak or two of grey. "Many's the hour these last four months I have seen him squatting about the play-house with his ink-horn, writing at his precious leaves, writing, forever writing!"

"He cannot come into a tavern, egad," broke in Bob Armin, "but what he must start scratching away as if the very itch were in his dirty paper. At the Mermaid some two fortnights ago I said to him, 'Now, Will,' said I, 'does this mean more sugared sonnets, forsooth, and more vile old Adams and villainous new comedies?' 'Villainous,' said he. 'Ah, well, my hearty, I shall put good flesh over their bare old bones some fine day, and then we'll see, we'll see, my hearty!"

"Zounds!" broke in Dick Burbage, "I believe of a truth our snoring friend here thinks he has the gift of writing plays, now, like a true university wit. He's a gallant ballad-monger, is Will, and a wondrous rhymster, and can tickle our London bucks of to-day with his quips and cranks, and is, maybe, somewhat of an actor, and a good fellow, withal,—but a writer of your true play, not a bit of it, not a bit of it!"

Burbage drowned his laughter and his good-natured contempt in his big ale mug.

"He has the wit," protested Drayton, pompously, "but that unwholesome hatred of his for the unities defeats him."

"It seems to me," said Condell, glancing down at the sleeping figure, "that of late he is grown weary of it all. For of a truth, his heart seems no longer in his acting."

"And that, egad, is what comes of nosing about the Court with your fine Sir William and your swaggering Southampton," said Ben, with a knowing nod of his head. "A good thing it is this same Southampton goes into Ireland with Essex!"

"Yet think not," said Burbage, reflectively, looking up, "that our scribbler here is such a careless fellow."

"How so?" asked Drayton.

"Why," said Burbage, "have I not seen him at his great wooden chest of papers up at the Globe, and under lock and key, mind you. But a fortnight ago he sat himself down on that same great chest, after the playing of our Titus Andronicus, pulling off his silken hose and trunks. His arm knocked the candle—so

—and spilled the hot tallow on his fingers and his trunks and chest, and left us both laughing, in the dark. 'Will,' said I in jest, for I had noted how fondly his eye was wont to dwell on his box of blessed quill-scratchings, 'Will, is it your precious box of plays you be trying to burn to ashes?' How he laughed! 'My precious box,' said he. 'Ha, ha, ha, my precious pile of patchings and pen-scratchings!' Then he changed of a sudden, and caught my arm. 'It is ill-written stuff, I grant you, Dick Burbage,' said he, 'yet 'tis my very heart and soul —still in the raw! But some day, Richard, some day—well—well! But think you,' and here his face grew white all of a moment,' think you there's danger of fire in this old tinder-box of a building?'— And then he says to himself, over and over again, 'A sorry mess they'd find 'em! A sorry mess they'd find 'em!'"

At this point the sleeping figure moved uneasily. The next moment the young actor of the Globe turned his face from the fire and slowly opened his eyes. The red-faced tapster was going among his company with his huge tray of overflowing pots and mugs.

The grave-faced young barrister's clerk, who sat under the three candles on the opposite side of the room declined another measure. This brought forth a volley of derisive comment from his light-tongued companions. But none of their jests disturbed his quiet gravity. He should have left long since, but that he was waiting for the young player of the Globe and William Kempe. He felt out of place amid their gaming and junketing.

He sat there, however, with his Plowden's Reports on his knee, and an unfinished pot of ale beside him.

"Ho, ho, Littleton!" cried Drayton, swaying a little unsteadily on the big oak settle. "Reading, my lad, always reading! You are as bad as our Will here, with his blessed quill-scratching. Stop it, my lad, stop it. It leads to no good."

"Ay, of a truth it does not," said Bob Armin. "There's our ardent Will here —out upon you, Ballad-Monger, I thought you were still sleeping." The young actor from the Globe had reached over threateningly with the brass fire-tongs.

"But what have you in that musty old book of law, Sir Scholar, that so holds you down to it?"

The young clerk, who seemed to have an antipathy for Drayton, did not answer.

"Out with it, Littleton," cried Ben Jonson, smitting the table with his fist. "Out with it, so long as it be none of your ardent Pit-Charmer's piebald histories!"

The stoop-shouldered young scholar looked up and smiled. He took a light draught from his pot and said: "'Tis, sir, the wondrous and astounding case of one Sir James Hale. The good Sir James, it appears, some fifty years ago ceased to be the son of the Baron of the Exchequer, and a Justice of the Common Pleas by becoming, in brief, a suicide. Therefore," said the young clerk, with his quiet smile, "as it is writ in law, sirs, he likewise became a felon. As the book says: 'Whilst walking through divers streets and highways of Cambridge, he did wantonly enter a ditch flowing therethrough and himself therein feloniously and voluntarily drowned.' And the law saith and Master Plowden reports that by such an act he denied himself the right of Christian burial, and also escheated his goods and chattels to the Crown. But later our good Lady Hale causes an action of trespass to be brought against one Petit, who is herein named as a lessee, holding under the Crown, claiming that the dead can do no wrong, and, ergo, that Sir James' aforementioned crime was not a consummate deed until after his decease. 'The death precedes the forfeiture,' it is written here, 'for until the death is fully consummate, he is not a felon, for if he had killed another he

should not have been a felon until the other had been dead, and for the same reason he cannot be a felon until the death of himself be fully had and consummate!'

"And it seems," continued the clerk, putting down the book, "that the sergeants for the Crown in this wonderful case held that the crime lay in the act done and performed in and during the man's lifetime, which crime was the cause of death. For the act consists of three parts, these worthy men argued, the imagination, the resolution, and the perfection. Ergo, the death is a sequel, withal, to the act. Then came Sir Anthony Brown, rest his learned bones, who delivered himself of the judgment of the court in this fashion: 'Sir James Hale is dead, and how came he to his death? It may be answered, by drowning. And who drowned him? Sir James Hale. And when did he drown himself? In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hale, being alive, caused Sir James Hale to die, and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man.' Oh, 'tis rare reading," said the clerk, taking a second light draught at his mug.

"Rare trumpery!" sneered Drayton.

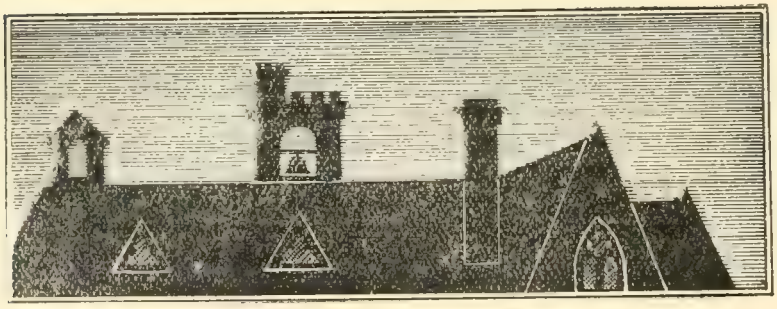
"But look at our Will there," said John Heminge, nudging Ben Jonson, now nodding drowsily before the fire. "Look at our Will there, all ears!"

"Ha, ha," laughed Burbage. "There is something for you, friend Will, to put in that dolorous Hamlet of yours, which Kempe there so talks about up and down the Bankside."

Kempe looked at the actor from the Globe with a knowing smile. They understood.

"Thanks, Richard Burbage," answered the man before the fire. "Thanks, and of a truth it shall go in, for stock-still have I been stuck in the mire with it this last three weeks."

He laughed gently to himself as he clambered up and tossed Ben back his cloak.



THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK AT HOME

By EMILY FERGUSON

FOREWORD.

IN threading together these few reminiscences of our little on-goings, the personal element is merely used to introduce the real story of others. In our halting narrative we have tried to tell in an easy way something of the life, feelings, and prospects of the people who inhabit the great West, rather than to enlarge on the material side of life, which has been so ably set forth by editors, pamphleteers, and blue books.

In a sense, there is no "virgin ground" for the traveller of to-day, but if we are careful to look from the right angle, we may always discover freshness and romance. It is to be found in the everyday lives of everyday people, in which, to the thoughtful observer, there is nothing commonplace.

To the kind and appreciative readers of THE NATIONAL MONTHLY, who have followed us "abroad," we dedicate these few impressions of our happy trip "At home."

EMILY FERGUSON.

CHAPTER I.

TO THE NORTH LAND.

It was just by the skin of our teeth we caught the train for Winnipeg that pulled out on this muggy April day from the Union Station at Toronto. Four or five breaths, and then we settle down to "take in" the bridal couple in the next seat. There is no mistaking them for anything but *nouveaux maries*. Their clothes are painfully new. The bride is attired in a beguiling "tailor-made." It is modish, too, after the styles that bloom in the spring. All the women in the car are envying her (I'm the only other female) and wish they were getting married, too. It was a knowing old man who said women looked upon marriage as a clothesline upon which to hang their millinery. *They do,* in every age and in every clime.

It is passing strange that the most important event in people's lives should evoke naught but amused smiles from onlookers. Yet so it is. It is only the principals who feel the gravity of the situation. The view point makes the difference. Love is a communistic sentiment that brings us all down to the common level of absurdity.

At Gravenhurst there was a welcome call to supper in the refreshment room, and we all "fell to" with appetites generously uncritical. It was feeding, not lunching, but how were we to know the train would wait, when supper was on the American plan.

We keep our eyes wide open for Nature's "beauty spots," for this is Muskoka, "the country of clear sky," whose haunts of pleasure are so justly renowned. Pan and all his Satyr and Dryad followers could find a home of happiness here. Assuredly, Gravenhurst is an excellent place for the consumptive sanitarium. The untainted air, uncontaminated water, the alchemy of the sun, and electric currents of the air would revive anyone although as good as dead.

9.45. North Bay, and through a glass darkly we watch the driving rain and the quivering lances of jagged steel-blue light. Nature is getting ready for her grand Spring Opening.

In spite of the boasting about them, Pullman berths leave much to be desired. They are as comfortable and commodious as coffins. We grow dolorously eloquent of the discomfort. They are sheep-pens where we cannot stand erect, but reel to and fro and stagger like drunken men. The aristocratic darkey makes himself generally officious and objectionable. He *knows* my boots are dirty. "Of course they are," I tell him, "Very dirty. I prefer them so." There is no escaping his obsequious attentions, and as we are not a honeymoon couple or others, we cannot have a stateroom, so suffer on. At the witching hour of 23 o'clock, I am glad to call his sable Highness to beg him reason with a couple of snorers who carry on a soul-harrowing duet in tenor and mezzo-soprano with all the monotonous iteration of the drum, and the confident flamboyance of the trombone.

We wake at Chapleau, a divisional point on Lake Kabequashesing, the waters of which flow into James' Bay. Throughout the day our route lay through a dense, unbroken forest of spruce, tamarack, and poplar. The trees are of little value, and string themselves out into a tiresome blur of green, except where the white birch stems shine in satin purity. What little soil there is has an appearance anything but generous, and the vast huddle of glacier-scraped hummocks are undeniably dismal in aspect. Perhaps Mr. Clergue, or some electric American, will one day turn all this by-product to account. At present it is a picture of desolation without sublimity, and of barrenness without relief. There is no life in all these "aching leagues of solitude," save only an occasional moody raven beating the air with listless wings. No need to "spy out the nakedness of the land," it is thrust upon you at every turn. The whole scene becomes monotonous, and yet, it is a sweet monotony like the monotony of daily bread.

In the afternoon, we skirt the north shores of Lake Superior, the train running through deep rock-cuttings, viaducts and tunnels. The sweep around Jack Fish Bay is particularly fine. It is said that in the Nepigon River, which empties into Lake Superior, speckled trout weighing as much as six pounds have been caught. Later experiences in the West taught me the sad lesson that the trout lives in all the pools and can be caught whenever he will bite. I usually enjoyed the distinction of being the only person who had ever failed in that spot, so that was something.

Around Lake Superior the trees are heavier, but the relentless fire demon has given them little quarter. Nature has attempted to cover the stark, black victims with a verdant covering, and the young saplings are springing into vigor from the ashes and mouldering remains of their martyred predecessors. Looking at these barbarous, melancholy ruins, one recalls Thoreau's remark when contemplating the desolation of the forests. He said that one day the country would be so bald that every man would have to grow whiskers to hide its nakedness, but he thanked God that at least the sky was safe. I told this to the Padre, for he is "all shaven and shorn." He agreed with the statement, but he thought the case was hopeless, "For you know," he said, "any idiot can burn trees. They cannot run away, and if they could they would be chased. God saved them for centuries, but He cannot save them from fools."

Night overtook us at Port Arthur, and after a short sleep we came to a "lie still" in some wilderness. There was a smash-up a few hundred yards ahead, and we had been signalled by torpedoes on the track. It is desperate to be anchored in a fog amid icebergs, but for downright torture it is not comparable with a nocturnal position in a north country frog-pond. We lay-to and listened to a *soiree musicale,* in which each performer was

ambitious of being the noisiest frog that ever croaked. There was not a note of which their throats were capable that they did not perform with all the variations. It is not at all incredible that the Abderites should have gone into voluntary exile rather than share their country unequally with frogs. Writing of these "hummingbirds of the swamp," Martin Luther said, "The croaking of frogs edifies nothing at all; it is mere sophistry and fruitless." I suppose all this krink and kronk is the frog way of thrusting his amours upon our notice. In all "the majesty of mud," the cavalier is serenading his fair one, and telling her she is sweet enough to eat. But, alack a day! being only a frog, he cannot impress it with a kiss.

We had taken our meals on the Duke of York's dining car until we reached Port Arthur, and now there was none on the train. The news made us suddenly feel very hungry, especially in view of the fact that some hours must elapse before the wreckage could be cleared. The smelly people in the colonist cars were the only ones not reduced to abstemiousness. About ten o'clock, however, the train was backed down several miles to a small wayside hotel, where we were all bundled out to a greasy but abundant breakfast.

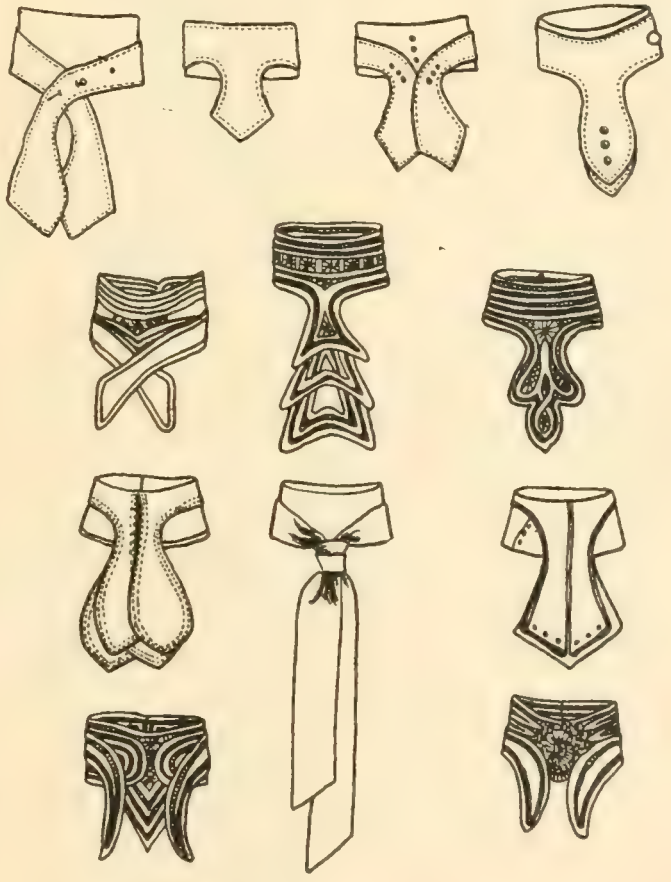
Rat Portage is a better place than it sounds. We know, because we stopped off there. It is situated at the head of the Lake of the Woods, a body of water eighty miles long and sixty broad. The town commands a view of the watery mazes leading into the interior. It is a veritable happy hunting grounds, containing feathered spoil of the most tempting variety. If you wish to go farther afield, you will find that the moose, bear, deer, beaver, and cariboo almost jostle each other. The 10,000 islands hereabouts make this a popular summer resort for Winnipeggers.

Under the kind ciceronage of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Ferguson, we were driven to view the principal points of interest. It is claimed that Rat Portage possesses the finest available water-power in the world, the Lake of the Woods, with its area of 3,000 square miles, being used as a gigantic mill-pond. It is held back by an enormous dam that was built at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars, and is owned by a Canadian syndicate.

The Rat Portage Lumber Company keep things busy in sawing up 275,000 feet of lumber daily, and at Keewatin, a suburb of Rat Portage, the Lake of the Woods Milling Company can grind up 4,000 barrels of flour per day. This is the day of small things for Rat Portage. The key to the great gold-fields in the district to the south, situated on the largest body of water touched by the railway between Lake Superior and the Pacific, with unrivalled water-power, unexploited fisheries and picturesque resorts, it bids fair one day to be a big place.

THE LATEST THINGS IN DRESS

SUMMER STOCKS



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SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS

ON WHAT TO SERVE DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE

Breakfasts.	Luncheons.	Dinners.
Stewed rhubarb. Cup of chicken broth. Manitoba grits, sugar and cream. Broiled bacon. Eggs. French fried potatoes. Toast. Coffee.	Bovril. Hashed beef. Plain rice pudding. Buns. Tea. Ice Cream.	Clear soup. Roast leg of mutton, currant jelly. Asparagus. Boiled potatoes. Lettuce. French dressing. Raspberry roly-poly. Coffee.
Strawberries and cream. Manitoba breakfast food. Broiled finnan haddie. Creamed potatoes. Corn muffins. Coffee.	Clear soup. Cold meat. Mashed potatoes. Bread pudding. Ice Cream. Cocoa.	Vegetable soup. Roast beef, brown gravy. Brown potatoes. Horse radish. Canned corn. Lettuce. French dressing. Plain rice pudding. Coffee.
Sliced bananas and cream. Rolled oats, sugar and cream. Lamb croquettes. Lyonaise potatoes. Rolls. Marmalade. Coffee.	Asparagus soup. Broiled beef-steak, water-cress. Strawberry shortcake. Tea.	Tomato soup. Roast chicken. Boiled potatoes. Creamed carrots. Radishes. Rhubarb pie. Custard. Coffee.
Stewed rhubarb. Force, sugar and cream. Minced beef. Poached eggs on toast. Scalloped potatoes. Buckwheat pancakes. Coffee.	Grilled smoked herring. Sliced lemon. Royal buns. Honey. Coffee.	Cream of potato soup. British Columbia Salmon. Boiled potatoes. Boiled beets. Lettuce. French dressing. Saratoga pudding, cream sauce. Tea or coffee.
Strawberries Quaker Oats, sugar and cream. Corned-beef hash. Baked potatoes. Toast. Jam. Coffee.	Tomato soup. Fried smelts. Cold slaw. Scalloped potatoes. Rhubarb pie. Biscuits. Cream cheese. Tea.	Mutton broth. Boiled mutton. Boiled potatoes. Canned beans. Water-cress. Baked apple dumplings, sweet sauce. Coffee.
Raspberries and cream. Manitoba wheatlets, sugar and cream. Broiled steak. Boiled potatoes. Sally lunn. Canned pears. Coffee.	Cream of celery soup. Welsh rarebit. Sago pudding. Strawberry shortcake. Coffee.	Split pea soup. Boiled fish, parsley sauce. Boiled potatoes. Tomatoes. Lettuce. French dressing. Rhubarb pie. Tea or coffee.
Stewed rhubarb. Corn mush, sugar and cream, Fried herrings. Fried potatoes. Toast. Coffee.	Soup. Boston baked beans. Brown bread. Preserves. Tapioca cream. Cocoa.	Onion soup. Lamb with mint sauce. Boiled potatoes. Peas. Lettuce. French dressing. Sago pudding, cream sauce. Coffee.

HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

HOW TO CURE "DRY DRUNK."

FIFTY years ago it was "liver;" to-day it is "nerves," and nerves that are growing at a frightfully accelerated ratio every year. "The world hums through us—the beautiful, dangerous world," till there is nothing left of our vital energy but dust and ashes.

Daily we see neurotics, neurasthenics, hysterics and the like. There are people who cannot bear sunshine in the house. The swell of the wind in the pines makes them gloomy. The crash of the thunder prostrates them with terror, the noise of the streets, the play of children, the chirp of a cricket, or a singer's practice is intolerable to them. Dore's pictures are too intense, Wagner's music too sensational, and Kipling too virile.

Nordau brutally tells us that we have moody passions, sentimental cynicisms, half ludicrous despairs, new and inscrutable degenerations; that we suffer from unrest, unnatural appetites; are whimsical, morbid, and over-delicate—and Nordau is right.

Not long ago, I was at the Asylum in London—visiting, be it understood—and one of the physicians told me the Government institutions are taxed to their utmost limits, insanity being greatly on the increase. But when the tired nerves of the patients get rested and fed, the majority of them recover.

And no wonder we have nerves. The morning paper calls for tears and subscriptions. At dinner we are expected to talk with the tongues of men and of angels. Whiles between, we are pelted with telegrams, whirled from Dan to Beersheba, and pursued by the desperate Dollar Devil.

We even make a task of our pleasures. We must have lessons in whist before we dare play the game, and we must get the tangles out of our feet ere we "trip the light fantastic toe."

The School Fiend, by sharp rivalry and all-devouring ambition drives the over-wrought student into what physicians call "Cerebral Exhaustion."

Young men are subject to over-pressure by being placed prematurely in positions of grave responsibility, without having had any experience worth speaking of. Andrew Carnegie was set to drive an engine at thirteen, till even in sleep, the boy's nerves were as excitable as the cork of a champagne bottle when the wires are half cut.

Our children have such highly-strung organizations that if you treat your girl to a well-deserved spanking, like as not she will take "Rough on Rats." The country is full of young invalids, young wrecks, young drug-victims, young inebriates, young suicides.

The harassed bread-winner, the disappointed speculator, the workworn Martha, have not yet reached that ideal life where all shall work and none faint.

Every city is filled with nerve-specialists, and nerve-tonics. Electric machines are sold over every counter. The printing presses are kept hot with advertise-

ments for health-resorts, rest-cures, and innumerable nervine hospitals. But what of them? We go on just the same as ever. Our pleasures still sting our skin. We still become dyspeptic, melancholic, hysterical. We still work on and on regardless of the fertilizing hours of rest, and poison our nerves with tea, and our blood with stuffy air. We try hypnotism, pepsine, chloral, and alcohol, and endeavor in our artificial state of life to adjust our worthless nerves to nature's laws by artificial means.

"But what are we to do about it?" you ask. We curse the Nerve Fiend with deep curses. We bid him lift his beak from out our hearts, his form from off our door, but the mangy demon only mocks us with his sinister, damnable "Nevermore."

But you *can* rout him. I know it, for I've "been there." I have had the "dry drunk" very badly—that is want of nerve control; and I've had its delirium tremens, too,—that is nervous prostration. I hide my face in confusion when I think of it, but my youth and inexperience must be my excuse. I am too poor to afford "nerves" now—and too wise.

Several years ago, we spent a couple of weeks in Merritton, Ontario. I went everywhere, photographed nearly everything, and talked to everybody, and then, to relieve the intolerable *ennui,* borrowed some books from the parson's library. It was one of these books that gave me the key to the subject of nerves. All I had to do was to turn the key. It turned heavily and slowly, but surely, and you may turn it, too.

The book was written by Annie Payson Call, and is entitled "Power Through Repose." It taught me that it was foolish to take periodic rests. What I needed was to *rest always.*

This does not mean cessation from work; on the contrary, it means more work and better work.

In nearly all labor, and even in rest, it is our habit to keep the nerves tense instead of relaxed. This is wrong. We may hurry with our muscles, but not with our nerves.

If you have to catch a train and have not time to take "Shank's mare," then you will hastily take a carriage, but in your anxiety you will doubtless keep up exactly the same strain that you would have had in walking. Your spine will be rigid, your muscles tense, and you will be hurrying mentally. It is needless to remind you that this strain is not only useless, but is exhausting your vital forces. Why not relax yourself and let the horses take the tension?

To most of us, an hour's wait at the depot is as tiresome as a day's work. Like the German soldiers, we look as if we had swallowed ramrods, and we feel like it, too. Much of the fatigue of the journey comes from our unconscious officious effort of trying to carry the train instead of letting the train carry us.

In driving, we resist the motion instead of yielding to it. If we go round a corner quickly, we waste our nervous force by stiffening ourselves and pressing our feet forcibly against the floor.

In writing, we get a hard, unyielding pen, and hold it as if all the principalities and powers of darkness were trying to pull it away. We write with our jaw set, our throats contracted, and with a powerful tension of the tongue muscles. No wonder we get writer's cramp.

To rest the hands, and incidentally the nerves, stop writing every half hour, stretch out your fingers, and let the muscles relax of their own accord. It will not take long to change the habit from one of tension to one of ease.

This habit of relaxation is not acquired at once, but it is decidedly worth while acquiring. Lift a baby's arm and let it fall. There is no tightness of the nerves. This is why children do not injure themselves when they tumble. Lift a cat when she is quiet, and see how perfectly relaxed

she is in every muscle. If we could learn to rest like this, five minutes would give us more refreshment than an hour in the usual way.

When you rest, *be a dead weight.* Let the bed hold you instead of your trying to hold yourself on the bed. Let your spine *give* to the bed. Don't try to work yourself to sleep. If you are fully relaxed sleep will come. In other words, let go of your muscles, and you will find you have let go of your nerves as well.

Or you may lie on your face with the chest relaxed. This is how children often sleep. A member of the celebrated Alpine Club told me that the guides made the climbers take short rests in this manner. It relaxes the spinal column quicker than in any other way, and rests the whole body.

Visitors tire us because we talk all over ourselves. We shake our heads, wrinkle our faces, and wash our hands with "invisible soap," and "imperceptible water," and not content with this, we reflect the visitor's talking all over. We should talk only with our vocal apparatus. What we lose in expressive power, we will gain in force.

The spine is the centre of the nervous system. To save it in lifting, press hard with the feet on the floor and *think* the power of lifting in the legs. Try it, and you will be surprised how you will be freed from strain.

When you go to a picture-gallery, your eyes ache. It is because you go out too far to meet the pictures. You should be quiet and let the pictures come out to meet you.

It is a great temptation to most of us to meet the irritability of others by echoing it, but it is a vastly greater relief to relax yourself and refuse to reflect it. In this way you keep a clear head, a good heart, and a steady nerve.

Never resist a worry. Let it slip off your nerves, and it will disappear.

This subject opens up innumerable suggestions as to how to rout the Nerve Demon, but you can find them out by practising relaxation for yourself.

The whole prescription may be summed up thus: *You cannot have repose of nerve unless you have repose of muscle.*

SOME SECRETS FOR GIRLS.

EXPLANATORY:

THESE secrets are for women only —the men can shift for themselves.

These secrets are intended for poor girls. The rich girl does not need them, for no matter how ill-favored, cross-grained, hysterical, or sickly she may be, she is sure to find a husband.

These secrets are not to be accepted as though they were personally proven by the writer. If one is seen with her hat in her hand, every one leaps to the conclusion that it fits her head. Even so, any woman discussing the grand passion with its whirling implications will be suspected of advertising her own experiences. This explanation is made, not because I fear publicity in the matter, but because I positively refuse to be held responsible

for any unfortunate results that may arise from the experimental use of these secrets.

Of a truth, my personal experiences were so absurdly brief as to be hardly worth relating. Reared at a certain well-known boarding-school, with the other girls, I was taught to take immediate alarm whenever a horrid man appeared on the horizon (which horrid man we secretly considered *such* a love, with *such* a moustache), and to screen ourselves behind the governesses, like scared birdlings hiding from the ken of a hawk.

As the natural result, most of the birdlings were engaged at sixteen, and I, even I, *Janey Canuck,* among the number.

This is why my advice must be accepted as the resultant only of observation and worldly wisdom, yet, it must not be held lightly on this account, for it will at least have the saving grace of impartiality and freedom from bias.

Being disclosed under the cover of a pen-name, this advice will also have the advantage of an entire freedom from pose. People rarely tell the whole truth in discussions on these subjects because they assume an artificial position. It is only under the shield of a *nom de plume* that we can uncover our inmost opinions; that we can be cold, calculating, slow.

* * *

At what age should a woman marry? I should say at the marri-age.

* * *

Men prefer girls from eighteen to twenty-eight.

* * *

Now, if you have been angling and never got a bite, don't fall into a panic. You know "There never was a goose so grey," etc., and then the fishing is sure to be better to-morrow.

* * *

It is said if you anoint the wings of a dove with sweet ointment, and set it loose, it will allure others to its dove-cote by its fragrance. The meaning of this I leave for your own elucidation.

* * *

If a man meets you at six and proposes to you at nine, rest assured he will forget you by twelve.

* * *

"What is the secret of Reçamier's power?" asked one French wit of another in the prime of that fascinating woman's career. "*Sympathy,*" was the simple but sufficient answer.

No matter how stupid you are, my dear young Miss, be sympathetic, look interested, be a listener, and you have him.

* * *

Don't let every stray man who makes "advances" kiss you to see if you suit his royal fancy. Let Tom, Dick, and Harry be kiss-hungry and starve, too, if they like, but keep your kisses for the Prince Charming and not for his footmen and outriders.

A kiss is love's autograph. Labial contact meant more in "the good old times" than now. When a Roman kissed his betrothed, she gained thereby half his effects in the event of his dying before the celebration of the marriage.

* * *

But how are you to know "the dangler," or "hanger-on," who lounges in the purlieus and haunts the court of the great goddess, but never ventures in?

Depend upon it, Jill, if in his overtures and preludings, he is self-possessed, complimentary and gallant, *without being confused or shy,* he is not in love.

* * *

People who make idols spend their lives in keeping them in repair.

* * *

Is it possible for a girl to love two men at a time? Yes, my dear, but I am told it takes genius to do it.

There is no particular reason why a bright girl should put all her cargo in one vessel. Think of it! her little all embarked in one frail ship, battling against "bad blows," and hungry waves on the ocean of life. Believe me, in the language of the bookmaker, it is best to "hedge a bit."

* * *

The supreme benefit of being a woman is that you don't have to marry one.

* * *

Vivacity is one of the most powerful among human attractions.

* * *

Don't marry a genius unless you have what Sir Walter Scott declared to be the requisite qualities for the wife of such a rare bird—"Either taste enough to relish her husband, or good-nature enough to pardon his infirmities."

* * *

Clever is the woman who sees the outcome of a man, and, taking him when young, spurs his ambitions and makes him a power.

One of Beethoven's flames, an opera-singer, refused him because he was "so ugly and half-cracked."

You say this contradicts what I said about marrying a genius. Not at all! Love is such a ridiculous paradox, you may say anything you like about it and be quite right.

* * *

It is not a sufficent reason to marry a man because he wants to marry you.

* * *

If mamma is foolish enough to let you sit up with Jack after the family have gone to bed, don't you be foolish enough to do it.

It is not good form, besides, it may prove injurious to your health or morals —possibly to both.

A man can give one woman absolute love *for the time being*—a day, a month, a year—and then he is ready for another love, equally absolute, *for the time being.*

It is well to know this. Forewarned is forearmed."

* * *

Mr. Herbert Spencer is of the opinion that the saying "Beauty is but skin deep," is itself a skin-deep saying. He is quite correct.

In reality beauty is the very best guide. A fine physique, a clean skin, a clear eye, and good teeth, conspire to make up a vigorous, healthy man. They imply a good circulation, and a freedom from disease, hereditary or acquired, all of which, Milady, are *absolute essentials* in the father of your children.

* * *

Be it understood that I have no reference to the *Beaute du diable,* which is a distinctly different type. The term has been almost entirely applied to females, but this is a mistake. Satan belongs to the male sex, so that the type must be masculine.

Perhaps you have a different conception of this wicked beauty, but this is what the term conjures up for me:—

A man of the pictorial kind, long, swarthy, handsome. His figure is well-knit and shapely, muscles of wrought iron over a framework of steel. His features are well moulded, and bespeak a high intellectuality.

Now, don't run away with the idea that every man whom this description fits is a bad man—not at all. He may be a saint. *But if, under the influence of love, his eyes take on a dry glitter instead of a melting softness,* you may know without the shadow of a doubt that his beauty is only a covering for vitrified nerves, and a heart as hard as ice, but withal as hot as the fires of hell.

Such a man could no more fall in love with a woman than with the Nicene

Creed. He will bring chiaroscuro into wedlock, but he will bring a lot else.

* * *

Ninon de L'Enclos says that glances are the first love-letters.

* * *

Look well to the main chance before you leap into matrimony. It is the most important contract in human society.

Don't be nervous about "turning down" the spindle-legged, hollow-chested youth, who looks like nothing so much as a tailor's dummy.

Fight shy, too, of the darkly-sensitive, cogitative, high-strung, poetic man. You will not find him a profitable source of revenue to the household.

And write it on the tablets of your heart, Jill, that the "gay dogs," the cynical, vice-worn grasshoppers, who sow wild oats, have never, since the days of Cain, been known to sow much else.

* * *

Don't tell anyone about his offer of marriage. It is *his* secret, italicize "his," because it can never be your secret until he first tells it to others.

That reminds me of a story I came across the other day. They were two wretches of men who met in the seclusion of their club. "What are the three quickest modes of communication?" queried one. "Telegram, telephone, and cablegram." "No, wrong in the last one!" "Well, what are they?" "Telegraph, telephone, and tellawoman."

Now, this is no mere bachelor fling from Shea's Theatre. You will find it in the *Christian Guardian* of March 25th.

* * *

But how is a girl to know when she is in love ?

To be candid, I really cannot tell you. The seat of the affections has never been fully located. Popular opinion places them in the heart, but scientists have proven beyond a doubt that jealousy affects the biliary organs, so that the affections probably lodge in the liver. All are agreed that they are not at home in the brain. I have a kind of a shy opinion that love makes itself felt in *a painful dryness of the throat* quicker than in any other way. And Jack London believes something like this, too, for he makes an Esquimaux girl to express her love-hunger as the clutching of little hands on her throat.

It is not well to bother about it, though, because most women do not love the man they wed. They marry him because it pleases them to be loved by him. Woman's love, as a rule, is a thing of accident, born of pressing solicitation, and kept alive by contiguity.

* * *

If Frailty is the name of woman, Vanity is the name of man. Vanity is the side entrance to every man's heart. Bright men have a seaside appetite for praise, and are ostriches in the digestion of it.

This is why the quiet, unpretentious woman, who can administer a judicious amount of flattery, either sincere or otherwise, so often leads a man captive from the centre of a group of unsympathetic beauties.

* * *

A man's ideal? Ah, well, it's every man to his taste, but if we are to judge by their writings and shy glances, we may postulate that *all* men like a woman with a certain fulness of flesh and a well developed bust.

* * *

This is how terms are defined:—

Courtship—yearn.
Betrothal—yarn.
Marriage—yawn.

* * *

A French proverb tells us "What a woman wants, God wants." This is another way of saying that we get from life

what we demand from it. Don't forget this when you are angling.

* * *

The purest and sweetest happiness which woman can know this side of heaven flows from an harmonious marriage.

* * *

A woman who marries beneath her is everlastingly done for. She has not only sinned against her class instincts, but against her nature. She has destroyed her life as much as the woman who goes wrong.

* * *

About old bachelors. These spoiled darlings of fortune are shy, and the net must be spread by an adept hand.

Opulent and distinguished bachelors don't expect to marry. They are wedded to a sense of their own importance.

* * *

Now, girls, I would like to tell you other secrets, but the man behind the desk keeps a dreadful blue pencil, and he uses it to a stub every day, but, the blue pencil willing, I'll take you into my confidence soon again.

Just a word about keeping Jack when you get him.

A woman sang once how she tamed a falcon, but he flew away from her, and now wears other chains. Stripping this of poetry, Jill, she henpecked him.

The world abhors a henpecked husband, and the world is right. There is no surer way of turning out a no-good man than by killing his self-respect. Let him have full fling. The spectacle of his dictatorial moods, his changing crotchets, and flustering airs of superiority, may be interesting and funny by-play for you. Besides, shamefaced repentance and apologies are sure to come.

And if he gets positively rude, try the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

* * *

Here is an example for you. The other day a woman deposited two cents on the stamp counter. "Well, what do you want?" snorted the gruff clerk. She answered very gently—"An automobile, please."

LITERATVRE

SUN DIALS AND ROSES OF YESTERDAY.

By Alice Morse Earle.

ROBERT HEGGE, living in 1630, said, "*A Dial is the Visible Map of Time, till Whose Invention 'twas follie in the Sun to play with a Shadow. It is the Anatomie of the Day, and a Scale of Miles for the Jornie of the Sun. It is the Silent Voice of Time, and without it the day were dumbe. . . . It is ye Book of ye Sun on which he writes the Storie of the Day. Lastly Heaven itself is but a generall Dial it, in a lesser volume.*"

If it was the utility and sublimity of the dial that was felt in those centuries, it is its charm and sentiment that appeal to the people of to-day.

The author makes an exhaustive study of the subject of dialling, and has illustrated the text by several hundred photographs and drawings, which add immensely to the interest and use of the volume.

The subject is too minutely treated to permit of review, but the chapter on sundial mottoes is particularly interesting. One almost unvarying characteristic of all the mottoes is solemnity. A few are jocose, a few are cheerful, nearly all are solemn, many are sad, even gloomy. They teach no light lesson of life, but a regard of the passing of every day as a serious thing.

Biblical texts offer a vast field for culling. Here are some of the favorites:—

Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.—1 Chron. xx : 15.

Abide with us, O Lord, for it is toward evening.—Luke xxiv : 29.

He brought back the shadow by degrees.—2 Kings xx : 11.

Some of the posies run thus:—

"A clock the time may wrongly tell;
I, never, if the sun shines well."

"Light rules me
The shadows, Thee."

"Time goes, you say? Ah, no!
Alas, Time stays, *we* go!"

Harriet Martineau's dial at Ambleside, England, bears the words:—

"Come! Light! Visit me!"

King Edward's dial at Sandringham carries the inscription:—

"Let others tell of storms and showers,
I'll only count your sunny hours."

The author makes the suggestion to architects that fine brass meridian lines be laid on the floors of broad vestibules, of open porches, and paved terraces wherever the sun rays can shine, in order to prove the use and interest of the noon mark.

The author also points out that the Washington monument, with its superb shaft of 555 feet traces unnoticed day by day its wonderful parabolic path on the green-sward around it. She makes the proposition that Government order the tracing of its analemma, and mark the hours by beds of flowers.

The union of this subject with the "roses of yesterday" has not been through any relation of one to the other, but simply a placing together of what Bacon calls two "garden delights," and with somewhat of the thought that a dial standing alone in a garden was a bit bare without flowers, so it was likewise in a book.

MacMillan Co., New York.

OUR LADY OF THE BEECHES. By The Baroness Von Hutten.

ALL in all, "Our Lady of the Beeches" is an exceptional book. Its subtle psychology of falling in love, its passionate situations, and its tender, disturbing sentiments make it a book to be taken up and read "reverently, discreetly, and advisedly."

But that is just what you cannot do. I read the first page, and then it gripped me. I read it all the way from town, and tramped eight blocks from the cars, bumping into lamp-posts, trees, cows, and people, but never once closing the book. And when the last page was reached, I put it down with a pang that I could not forget it and start it all over again.

But the story! There are only four people in it, and no villain. But what of that?

"In tragic life, God wot no villain need be! Passions spin the plot. We are betrayed by what is false within."

The lover is a bachelor physician, slightly over the meridian of life. He is an author of note, and he has a laboratory, or as the woman described it, a place where he made "Nasty messes in crucibles and soap-bubbly things that explode."

The Lady of the Beeches was one of those unusual women who could no more help attracting men to her than a magnet to steel filings. And she had piquancy, that saving grace of heroines and mortal women. No wonder the Doctor fell in love with her. Any mitigation of feeling on his part would have been inexcusable.

But—she was married. True, her liegelord wandered all over the world and left her alone in the Beeches; true her weary soul was stifled with too much masking, but nevertheless it was a very shabby trick for the sly godling, Dan Cupid, to play the lovers, and it was not to be wondered that the two plucked out his arrows with resentment.

Without a doubt, it was highly improper for our hero and heroine to slip into an adoration that was warmer than it was wise, but then people who are not all ice and immaculateness sometimes do highly improper things.

But this was all. There was no cup of flame, just one kiss, and a parting forever.

—And sorrow, too, but quoth the woman, "It is a sorrow sweeter than all the happiness in the world."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE BATTLE WITH THE SLUMS. By Jacob A. Riis.

TEN years ago, Jacob Riis wrote a remarkable book, entitled, "How the Other Half Live." "The Battle with the Slums" is its sequel. As we turn its pages, and eagerly follow the moving story of how the slum denizens of New York have been "druv into decency," we realize more vividly than ever that he is a brave man who dares say anything is impossible.

And Jacob Riis knows the slums. He was born in them. He tells us this incident about his boyhood. "It is in the retrospect that one sees how far we have come, after all, and from that gathers courage for the rest of the way. Thirty-two years have passed since I slept in a police-station lodging-house, a lonely boy, who was robbed, beaten, and thrown out for protesting; and when the vagrant cur that joined its homelessness to mine, and had sat all night at the door, waiting for me to come out,—it had been clubbed away the night before—snarled and showed its teeth at the door-man, raging and impotent, I saw it beaten to death on the step. I little dreamed then that the friendless beast, dead, should prove the undoing of the monstrous wrong done by the maintenance of these evil holes to every man and woman who was without shelter in New York; but it did. It was after an inspection of the lodging-room, when I stood with Theodore Roosevelt,

then president of the Police Board, in the one where I had slept that night, and told him of it, that he swore they should go. And go they did."

And Riis is a big man—one of those few big souls who possess the courage which enables a man to "ride in the whirlwind and dwell in the storm"—one of the big-eyed, clear-sighted men who see only the goal, and so always prefer to vault over obstacles, follow the shortest line, and cut the knot rather than waste time in untying it.

His description of how his forces dealt with the brutal greed and grinding inhumanity of the tenement landlords is interesting, not merely because it is a new view-point, but because it sums up the energy, fearlessness and common-sense of this ardent reformer. "*Arbitration is good*," he says, "*but there are times when it becomes necessary to knock a man down, and arbitrate sitting on him.*"

Riis tells us in this thrilling tale that ten years ago in the slum-cursed regions of New York, one-tenth of the population was always in the hospital, and the ambulance and dead-waggon made well-worn ruts at the doors. Because of the darkness, dank rottenness, and infernal system of sewerage in these "hell-holes," one in every five babies died. The houses were dens of death. The rent was literally the "price of blood." Human life weighed as light as punk against the "Vested rights" of the landlord, for vested rights were sacred, but not the blood, the sweat, or the tears of men.

But a day came when it dawned surely upon the great multitudes that go to make up the dense, slow public mind, that they must wipe out the slum or the slum would wipe out them. It dawned upon them, too, that air, light, and water are man's natural rights, because they are necessary to his being. But above all it dawned upon them that the grievance was theirs and not the landlords'; that it was a mistake to discuss damages with him, and that the community has a right to destroy that which destroys life and manhood.

It was then that slumdom and Tammany stood aghast for their kingdom had been numbered, divided, and given over to the Medes and Persians.

New York has not reached the millennium yet. But the grip of the tramp on her throat has been loosened. Slowly, and with many set-backs, she is battling her way into light. On the spot where every foot of the ground once reeked with incest and murder, and where squalid beggary and pitiable poverty lay stewing in their own slime, to-day, on beautiful school-houses, bath-houses, and lusty children at play, the sun shines and is glad. It has been amply demonstrated that while the poor we shall always have with us, the slums we need not have. A hundred years ago they hanged a woman on Tyburn Hill for stealing a loaf of bread. To-day, we destroy the den that made her a thief.

To us the most interesting part of the story is how the play-ground is successfully "heading off the gang." The average boy is just like a steam-engine with steam always up. But in the slum with the "cop" in the street, and the landlord at the door, sitting on his safety-valve, the boy was bound to explode. Every game was haunted by the spectre of the avenging policeman. That he was not "doing anything" was no defence. The mere claim was proof that he was up to mischief of some sort. And so the "Kids" of the "pack" cultivated the gutter side of their characters till eventually they developed into the "toughs" of the "gang." And could it be otherwise, when the slum had stacked the cards against the boy?

But Reform recognized that character implies depth, a soil, and growth. The street is all surface. Nothing grows there; it hides only a sewer. Reform recognizes that the boy who flings mud and stones is entering his protest in his

own way against the purblind policy that gives him jails for schools, the gutter for a playground, and the tenement for a home.

But Reform has captured the boy. It does not hold him in its grip. It stands behind him with heart, and mind, and eyes open. It is heading off the gang, the jail, and the gallows, by substituting the club, the library, the school, the playground, the savings-banks, the military brigade, the church, and the home.

All this Reform has done and more. But above all, it has given to the word "brother" a new and hearty sound that is full of hope.

MacMillan & Co., New York.

PASCAL AND THE PORT ROYALISTS. By Professor William Clark, LL.D., D.C.L.

PROFESSOR CLARK, of Trinity College, Toronto, places us under another debt of gratitude by the publication of this new book, which is in every respect an intellectual luxury. We have learned with not a few others to take up with eagerness whatever bears the name of this author, and this work on Pascal is in every way worthy his reputation.

It is the latest addition to the series of volumes known as "The World's Epoch-Makers," which are edited by Oliphant Smeaton.

For most of us Pascal lives, moves, and has his being in "The Provincial Letters," those searching but dignified arraignments of the tortuous, sinister, psychical tenets of the Jesuits.

Yet these "Letters" are by no means the only claim of this strong, unquiet soul to the gratitude of posterity. In the preface of "The Provincal Letters," his biographer says, "Such was this extraordinary man, who was endowed with the choicest gifts of mind, a geometrician of the first order, a profound dialectician, an eloquent and sublime writer. If we recollect that in the course of a short life, oppressed with almost continual suffering, he invented the arithmetical machine, the principles of the calculations of probabilities, the method for resolving the problems of the Cycloid; that he reduced to certainty the opinions of philosophers relative to the weight of the atmosphere; that he was the first to establish on geometrical demonstration, the general laws of the equilibrium of fluids; that he was the author of one of the most perfect specimens of composition in the French language; that in his *Thoughts* there are fragments of incomparable profundity and eloquence, we shall be disposed to believe that there never existed in any nation a greater genius, or, we may add, a more devout believer."

Professor Clark has brought to the discussion of Pascal's life and work a nice sense of perspective, catholicity of view, a tempered judgment, and an impartiality of decision. On the whole, this critique is the production of a singularly well-balanced and finely-cultured mind.

T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.

IN QUEST OF THE QUAINT. By Eliza B. Chase.

HERE we see ourselves as others see us. The author is an American, or rather a United Stater, who visits Nova Scotia and Quebec in quest of the quaint.

Needless to say, she finds what she looks for, and so gives us some smart, readable impressions of the habitans, Acadian fishing-folk, and farmers.

Canadian lore, French chansons, and legends of the Manitoulin and Nipissing are interwoven with the old yet ever new romance of youth and love.

The author can observe foreign scenes and foreign types through unbiassed eyes, with, perhaps, just a tinge of blue in her spectacles. Anyone who did not know the types would have rather a poor opinion of the classes.

"The habitan," she says, "is happy,—but his is the bliss of ignorance. He is a

literal person with slight sense of humor, slow of comprehension, accepting blindly the tenets and fiats of the church, never thinking it possible to 'make reply or reason why.' More liberal education would have taught him to make more of himself and his possessions. Even his land would become more productive under more enlightened culture; but apparently he is content to grub along in slow, antique fashion."

Now, it is the habit of our neighbors from the land of "Iwantoknow" to wink patronizingly at Jacques, and to tell us he lacks smartness, and is stupidly faithful.

But for 'a that and 'a that, you know where to find Jacques when you want him. He is not showy, and has failings, but you must admit that "E'en his failings lean to virtue's side."

Perhaps he does cultivate his land in slow, antique fashion, and perhaps he does not go into debt for gang-ploughs, self-binders, and horse-rakes, but in the end he leaves no "abandoned farm" in his townward wake, like his pushing New England cousin.

You ought of a certainty to read his "giftie" that the fays have "gie us."

Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia.

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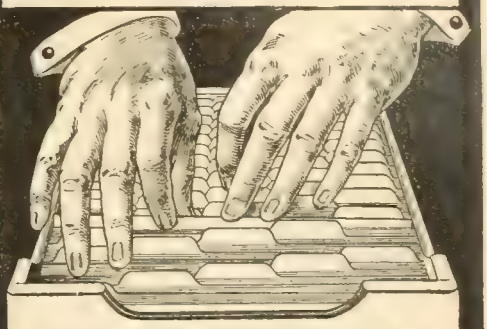

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11TH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

York County Loan and Savings Company

(INCORPORATED)

.... OF ....

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31, 1902

TORONTO, March 9th, 1903.

To Members:

The Management have pleasure in submitting the 11th Annual Report of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1902.

The business of the Company shows a very satisfactory progress.

The figures embraced in the Report bear evidence to the vast business the Company is handling.

Cash paid members amounted to $736,348.06, an increase over last year of $222,992.69.

The gross assets have increased from $1,282,808.26 to $1,572,135.78, making a net gain of $289,327.52.

An addition of $10,000.00 has been made to the Reserve Fund, which now stands at $55,000.00.

Since organization 11 years ago, this Company has paid in cash to members $2,266,659 08. In the handling of all this business, no member has lost a dollar of the money invested. The whole amount paid in with interest being returned when the required period has been reached.

Every care and attention will be given to the business by the management, so as to ensure a continuance of the progress and prosperity which the Company has so far experienced.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, *President.*

ASSETS.

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$683,250 00
Real Estate	575,598 21
Loans on this Company's Stock	72,231 45
Accrued Interest	3,592 34
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	2,820 40
Accounts Receivable	968 08
Furniture and Fixtures	7,162 88
The Molsons Bank	222,368 04
Cash on hand	4,144 38
Total Assets	$1,572,135 78

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	$1,253,438 90
Dividends Credited	42,504 34
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	46,697 03
Mortgages Assumed for Members	10,800 00
Reserve Fund	55,000 00
Contingent Account	163,695 51
Total Liabilities	$1,572,135 78

TORONTO, February 28th, 1903.

We hereby certify that we have carefully examined the books, accounts and vouchers of the **York County Loan and Savings Company,** and find the same correct and in accordance with the above Balance Sheet. We have also examined the mortgages and other securities of the Company, and find the same in good order.

THOMAS G. HAND, G. A. HARPER, } Auditors.

Results of Systematic Savings.

Date.	Total Assets.	Cash Paid Members.	Reserve Fund.
Dec 31st, 1893	$17 725.86	$3,548 51	
" " 1894	68,643.14	15,993.59	
" " 1895	174,608.04	43,656.88	$1,000.00
" " 1896	288,248.97	89,339.27	2,000.00
" " 1897	469,109.92	96,894.88	13,000.00
" " 1898	540,394.91	247,691.87	18,000.00
" " 1899	732,834.27	220,852.70	25,000.00
" " 1900	1,002,480.89	298,977.95	40,000.00
" " 1901	1,282,808.26	513,355.37	45,000.00
" " **1902**	**1,572,135.78**	**736,348.06**	**55,000.00**

General Remarks.

The York County Loan and Savings Company was incorporated in December, 1891, under the Revised Statutes of Ontario, and has ever since experienced an uninterrupted growth.

It is a mutual Company. All members share alike in its earnings, proportionately to their investments.

The plan of the Company affords an opportunity to save money systematically, which experience has shown is the best way to do it.

Few people, no matter how large their incomes, save anything. The great majority live close to their incomes, if not beyond.

The value of this Company's plan of saving is that its tendency is to correct this prevailing heedlessness by requiring a regular fixed sum to be laid aside each week or month.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.
A. T. HUNTER, LL.B., Vice-President.
V. ROBIN, Treasurer.
E. J. BURT, Supervisor.
R. H. SANDERSON, Building Inspector.

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